

POEMS  
TEACHERS  
ASK FOR

BOOK TWO





1943.









POEMS TEACHERS  
ASK FOR  
BOOK TWO

Selected by  
READERS OF "NORMAL INSTRUCTOR-  
PRIMARY PLANS"

CONTAINING MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED POEMS  
REQUESTED FOR PUBLICATION IN THAT  
MAGAZINE ON THE PAGE "POEMS OUR  
READERS HAVE ASKED FOR"

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## PREFACE

In homely phrase, this is a sort of "second helping" of a dish that has pleased the taste of thousands. Our first collection of *Poems Teachers Ask For* was the response to a demand for such a book, and this present volume is the response to a demand for "more." In Book One it was impracticable to use all of the many poems entitled to inclusion on the basis of their being desired. We are constantly in receipt of requests that certain selections be printed in NORMAL INSTRUCTOR-PRIMARY PLANS on the page "Poems Our Readers Have Asked For." More than two hundred of these were chosen for Book One, and more than two hundred others, as much desired as those in the earlier volume, are included in Book Two.

Because of copyright restrictions, we often have been unable to present, in magazine form, verse of large popular appeal. By special arrangement, a number of such poems were included in Book One of *Poems Teachers Ask For*, and many more are given in the pages that follow. Acknowledgment is made below to publishers and authors for courteous permission to reprint in this volume material which they control:

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HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY—*The Sandman*, by Margaret Vandegrift; *The Sin of Omission* and *Our Own*, by Margaret E. Sangster; *The Ballad of the Tempest*, by James T. Fields; also the poems by Henry W. Longfellow, John G. Whittier, James Russell Lowell, Alice Cary, Phoebe Cary, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and J. T. Trowbridge, of whose works they are the authorized publishers.

CHARLES H. L. JOHNSTON—*The President*.

RUDYARD KIPLING and DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY (A P. WATT & SON, London, England)—*Mother o' Mine*.

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD COMPANY—*Hullo* and *The Volunteer Organist*, both from "Back Country Poems," by Sam Walter Foss, and *He Worried About It*, from "Whiffs from Wild Meadows," by Sam Walter Foss.

EDWIN MARKHAM—*Lincoln, the Man of the People*.

REILLY & LEE CO.—*Home*, from "A Heap o' Livin'," by Edgar A. Guest.

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY—*Our Flag*, by Margaret E. Sangster.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS—*I Have a Rendezvous with Death*, by Alan Seeger; *Song of the Chattahoochee*, by Sidney Lanier; *If All the Skies*, by Henry van Dyke.

HARR WAGNER PUBLISHING COMPANY—*Mothers of Men* and *The Fortunate Isles*, by Joaquin Miller.

THE PUBLISHERS.

# POEMS TEACHERS ASK FOR

## BOOK TWO

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### Home

It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t'  
make it home,  
A heap o' sun an' shadder, an' ye  
sometimes have t' roam  
Afore ye really 'preciate the things ye  
left behind,  
An' hunger fer 'em somehow, with 'em  
allus on yer mind.  
It don't make any differunce how rich  
ye get t' be,  
How much yer chairs an' tables cost,  
how great yer luxury;  
It ain't home t' ye, though it be the  
palace of a king,  
Until somehow yer soul is sort o' wrap-  
ped 'round everything.

Home ain't a place that gold can buy  
or get up in a minute;  
Afore it's home there's got t' be a  
heap o' livin' in it:  
Within the walls there's got t' be some  
babies born, and then  
Right there ye've got t' bring 'em up  
t' women good, an' men;  
And gradjerly, as time goes on ye find  
ye wouldn't part  
With anything they ever used—they've  
grown into yer heart;  
The old high chairs, the playthings,  
too, the little shoes they wore  
Ye hoard; an' if ye could ye'd keep the  
thumbmarks on the door.

Ye've got t' weep t' make it home,  
ye've got t' sit and sigh  
An' watch beside a loved one's bed,  
an' know that Death is nigh;  
An' in the stillness o' the night t' see  
Death's angel come,  
An' close the eyes o' her that smiled,  
an' leave her sweet voice dumb.  
Fer these are scenes that grip the  
heart, an' when yer tears are  
dried,  
Ye find the home is dearer than it  
was, an' sanctified;  
An' tuggin' at ye always are the pleas-  
ant memories  
O' her that was an' is no more—ye  
can't escape from these.

Ye've got t' sing and dance fer years,  
ye've got t' romp an' play,  
An' learn t' love the things ye have by  
usin' 'em each day;  
Even the roses 'round the porch must  
blossom year by year  
Afore they 'come a part o' ye, sug-  
gestin' someone dear  
Who used t' love 'em long ago, an'  
trained 'em jes' t' run  
The way they do, so's they would get  
the early mornin' sun;  
Ye've got t' love each brick an' stone  
from cellar up t' dome:  
It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t'  
make it home.

*Edgar A. Guest.*



### The House with Nobody in It

Whenever I walk to Suffern along the  
Erie track

I go by a poor old farm-house with its  
shingles broken and black;

I suppose I've passed it a hundred  
times, but I always stop for a  
minute

And look at the house, the tragic house,  
the house with nobody in it.

I've never seen a haunted house, but I  
hear there are such things;

That they hold the talk of spirits, their  
mirth and sorrowings.

I know that house isn't haunted and I  
wish it were, I do,

For it wouldn't be so lonely if it had a  
ghost or two.

This house on the road to Suffern  
needs a dozen panes of glass,  
And somebody ought to weed the walk  
and take a scythe to the grass.

It needs new paint and shingles and  
vines should be trimmed and tied,  
But what it needs most of all is some  
people living inside.

If I had a bit of money and all my  
debts were paid,

I'd put a gang of men to work with  
brush and saw and spade.

I'd buy that place and fix it up the way  
that it used to be,

And I'd find some people who wanted  
a home and give it to them free.

Now a new home standing empty with  
staring window and door

Looks idle perhaps and foolish, like a  
hat on its block in the store,

But there's nothing mournful about it,  
it cannot be sad and lone

For the lack of something within it  
that it has never known.

But a house that has done what a house  
should do, a house that has shel-  
tered life,

That has put its loving wooden arms  
around a man and his wife,

A house that has echoed a baby's laugh  
and helped up his stumbling feet,

Is the saddest sight, when it's left  
alone, that ever your eyes could  
meet.

So whenever I go to Suffern along the  
Erie track

I never go by the empty house without  
stopping and looking back.

Yet it hurts me to look at the crumb-  
ling roof and the shutters fallen  
apart,

For I can't help thinking the poor old  
house is a house with a broken  
heart.

*Joyce Kilmer.*

### Color in the Wheat

Like liquid gold the wheat field lies,

A marvel of yellow and russet and  
green,

That ripples and runs, that floats and  
flies,

With the subtle shadows, the  
change, the sheen,

That play in the golden hair of a  
girl,—

A ripple of amber—a flare

Of light sweeping after—a curl

In the hollows like swirling feet  
Of fairy waltzers, the colors

run

To the western sun

Through the deeps of the ripen-  
ing wheat.

Broad as the fleckless, soaring sky,

Mysterious, fair as the moon-led  
sea,

The vast plain flames on the dazzled  
eye

Under the fierce sun's alchemy.

The slow hawk stoops

To his prey in the deeps;

The sunflower droops

To the lazy wave; the wind  
sleeps—

Then swirling in dazzling links  
and loops,

A riot of shadow and shine,

A glory of olive and amber and  
wine,

To the westering sun the colors  
run

Through the deeps of the ripen-  
ing wheat.

O glorious land! My western land,  
Outspread beneath the setting sun!  
Once more amid your swells, I stand,  
And cross your sod-lands dry and  
dun.

I hear the jocund calls of men  
Who sweep amid the ripened grain  
With swift, stern reapers; once again  
The evening splendor floods the  
plain,

The crickets' chime

Makes pauseless rhyme,

And toward the sun

The colors run

Before the wind's feet

In the wheat!

*Hamlin Garland.*

### The Broken Pinion

I walked through the woodland  
meadows,

Where sweet the thrushes sing;

And I found on a bed of mosses

A bird with a broken wing.

I healed its wound, and each morning

It sang its old sweet strain,

But the bird with a broken pinion

Never soared as high again.

I found a young life broken

By sin's seductive art;

And touched with a Christlike pity,

I took him to my heart.

He lived with a noble purpose

And struggled not in vain;

But the life that sin had stricken

Never soared as high again.

But the bird with a broken pinion

Kept another from the snare;

And the life that sin had stricken

Raised another from despair.

Each loss has its compensation,

There is healing for every pain;

But the bird with a broken pinion

Never soars as high again.

*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

### Jamie Douglas

It was in the days when Claverhouse  
Was scouring moor and glen,  
To change, with fire and bloody sword,  
The faith of Scottish men.

They had made a covenant with the  
Lord

Firm in their faith to bide,

Nor break to Him their plighted word,

Whatever might betide.

The sun was well-nigh setting,

When o'er the heather wild,

And up the narrow mountain-path,

Alone there walked a child.

He was a bonny, blithesome lad,

Sturdy and strong of limb—

A father's pride, a mother's love,

Were fast bound up in him.

His bright blue eyes glanced fearless  
round,

His step was firm and light;

What was it underneath his plaid

His little hands grasped tight?

It was bannocks which, that very morn,  
 His mother made with care,  
 From out her scanty store of meal;  
 And now, with many a prayer,

Had sent by Jamie her ane boy,  
 A trusty lad and brave,  
 To good old Pastor Tammons Roy,  
 Now hid in yonder cave,

And for whom the bloody Claverhouse  
 Had hunted long in vain,  
 And swore they would not leave that  
 glen  
 Till old Tam Roy was slain.

So Jamie Douglas went his way  
 With heart that knew no fear;  
 He turned the great curve in the rock,  
 Nor dreamed that death was near.

And there were bloody Claverhouse  
 men,  
 Who laughed aloud with glee,  
 When trembling now within their  
 power,  
 The frightened child they see.

He turns to flee, but all in vain,  
 They drag him back apace  
 To where their cruel leader stands,  
 And set them face to face.

The cakes concealed beneath his plaid  
 Soon tell the story plain—  
 "It is old Tam Roy the cakes are for,"  
 Exclaimed the angry man.

"Now guide me to his hiding place  
 And I will let you go."  
 But Jamie shook his yellow curls,  
 And stoutly answered—"No!"

"I'll drop you down the mountain-side,  
 And there upon the stones  
 The old gaunt wolf and carrion crow  
 Shall battle for your bones."

And in his brawny, strong right hand  
 He lifted up the child,  
 And held him where the clefted rocks  
 Formed a chasm deep and wild

So deep it was, the trees below  
 Like stunted bushes seemed.  
 Poor Jamie looked in frightened maze,  
 It seemed some horrid dream.

He looked up at the blue sky above  
 Then at the men near by;  
 Had *they* no little boys at home,  
 That they could let him die?

But no one spoke and no one stirred,  
 Or lifted hand to save  
 From such a fearful, frightful death,  
 The little lad so brave.

"It is woeful deep," he shuddering  
 cried,  
 "But oh! I canna tell,  
 So drop me down then, if you will—  
 It is nae so deep as hell!"

A childish scream, a faint, dull sound,  
 Oh! Jamie Douglas true,  
 Long, long within that lonely cave  
 Shall Tam Roy wait for you.

Long for your welcome coming  
 Waits the mother on the moor,  
 And watches and calls, "Come, Jamie,  
 lad,"  
 Through the half-open door.

No more adown the rocky path  
 You come with fearless tread,  
 Or, on moor or mountain, take  
 The good man's daily bread.

But up in heaven the shining ones  
 A wondrous story tell,  
 Of a child snatched up from a rocky  
 gulf  
 That is nae so deep as hell.



And there before the great white throne,

Forever blessed and glad,  
His mother dear and old Tam Roy  
Shall meet their bonny lad.

### The Ensign Bearer

Never mind me, Uncle Jared, never  
mind my bleeding breast!

They are charging in the valley and  
you're needed with the rest.

All the day long from its dawning till  
you saw your kinsman fall,

You have answered fresh and fearless  
to our brave commander's call;

And I would not rob my country of  
your gallant aid to-night,

Though your presence and your pity  
stay my spirit in its flight.

All along that quivering column see  
the death steed trampling down  
Men whose deeds this day are worthy  
of a kingdom and a crown.

Prithee hasten, Uncle Jared, what's the  
bullet in my breast

To that murderous storm of fire rain-  
ing tortures on the rest?

See! the bayonets flash and falter—  
look! the foe begins to win;

See! oh, see our falling comrades!  
God! the ranks are closing in.

Hark! there's quickening in the dis-  
tance and a thundering in the air,  
Like the roaring of a lion just emerg-  
ing from his lair.

There's a cloud of something yonder  
fast unrolling like a scroll—

Quick! oh, quick! if it be succor that  
can save the cause a soul!

Look! a thousand thirsty bayonets are  
flashing down the vale,

And a thousand thirsty riders dashing  
onward like a gale!

Raise me higher, Uncle Jared, place  
the ensign in my hand!

I am strong enough to float it while  
you cheer that flying band;

Louder! louder! shout for Freedom  
with prolonged and vigorous  
breath—

Shout for Liberty and Union, and the  
victory over death!—

See! they catch the stirring numbers  
and they swell them to the  
breeze—

Cap and plume and starry banner  
waving proudly through the trees.

Mark our fainting comrades rally, see  
that drooping column rise!

I can almost see the fire newly kindled  
in their eyes.

Fresh for conflict, nerved to conquer,  
see them charging on the foe—

Face to face with deadly meaning—  
shot and shell and trusty blow.

See the thinned ranks wildly breaking  
—see them scatter to the sun—

I can die, Uncle Jared, for the glorious  
day is won!

But there's something, something  
pressing with a numbness on my  
heart,

And my lips with mortal dumbness fail  
the burden to impart.

Oh I tell you, Uncle Jared, there is  
something back of all

That a soldier cannot part with when  
he heeds his country's call!

Ask the mother what, in dying, sends  
her yearning spirit back

Over life's rough, broken marches,  
where she's pointed out the track.

Ask the dear ones gathered nightly  
round the shining household  
hearth,

What to them is dearer, better, than  
the brightest things of earth.  
Ask that dearer one whose loving, like  
a ceaseless vestal flame,  
Sets my very soul a-glowing at the  
mention of her name;  
Ask her why the loved in dying feels  
her spirit linked with his  
In a union death but strengthens, she  
will tell you what it is.

And there's something, Uncle Jared,  
you may tell her if you will—  
That the precious flag she gave me, I  
have kept unsullied still.  
And—this touch of pride forgive me—  
where death sought our gallant  
host—  
Where our stricken lines were weakest,  
there it ever waved the most.  
Bear it back and tell her fondly,  
brighter, purer, steadier far,  
'Mid the crimson tide of battle, shone  
my life's fast setting star.

But forbear, dear Uncle Jared, when  
there's something more to tell,  
When her lips with rapid blanching  
bid you answer how I fell;  
Teach your tongue the trick of slight-  
ing, though 'tis faithful to the rest,  
Lest it say her brother's bullet is the  
bullet in my breast;  
But if it must be that she learn it de-  
spite your tenderest care,  
'Twill soothe her bleeding heart to  
know my bayonet pricked the air.

Life is ebbing, Uncle Jared, my enlist-  
ment endeth here;  
Death, the Conqueror, has drafted—I  
can no more volunteer,—  
But I hear the roll call yonder and I  
go with willing feet—  
Through the shadows of the valley  
where victorious armies meet,

Raise the ensign, Uncle Jared, let its  
dear folds o'er me fall—  
Strength and Union for my country—  
and God's banner over all.

### The Real Riches

Every coin of earthly treasure  
We have lavished upon earth  
For our simple worldly pleasure  
May be reckoned something worth;  
For the spending was not losing,  
Tho' the purchase were but small;  
It has perished with the using.  
We have had it,—that is all!

All the gold we leave behind us,  
When we turn to dust again,  
Tho' our avarice may blind us,  
We have gathered quite in vain;  
Since we neither can direct it,  
By the winds of fortune tost,  
Nor in other worlds expect it;  
What we hoarded we have lost.

But each merciful oblation—  
Seed of pity wisely sown,  
What we gave in self-negation,  
We may safely call our own;  
For the treasure freely given  
Is the treasure that we hoard,  
Since the angels keep in heaven,  
What is lent unto the Lord.  
*John G. Saxe.*

### The Polish Boy

Whence come those shrieks so wild and  
shrill,  
That cut, like blades of steel, the air,  
Causing the creeping blood to chill  
With the sharp cadence of despair?

Again they come, as if a heart  
Were cleft in twain by one quick  
blow,  
And every string had voice apart  
To utter its peculiar woe.

Whence came they? From yon temple,  
where

An altar, raised for private prayer,  
Now forms the warrior's marble bed  
Who Warsaw's gallant armies led.

The dim funereal tapers throw  
A holy luster o'er his brow,  
And burnish with their rays of light  
The mass of curls that gather bright  
Above the haughty brow and eye  
Of a young boy that's kneeling by.

What hand is that, whose icy press  
Clings to the dead with death's own  
grasp,

But meets no answering caress?  
No thrilling fingers seek its clasp.  
It is the hand of her whose cry  
Rang wildly, late, upon the air,  
When the dead warrior met her eye  
Outstretched upon the altar there.

With pallid lip and stony brow  
She murmurs forth her anguish now.  
But hark! the tramp of heavy feet  
Is heard along the bloody street;  
Nearer and nearer yet they come,  
With clanking arms and noiseless  
drum.

Now whispered curses, low and deep,  
Around the holy temple creep;  
The gate is burst; a ruffian band  
Rush in, and savagely demand,  
With brutal voice and oath profane,  
The startled boy for exile's chain.

The mother sprang with gesture wild,  
And to her bosom clasped her child;  
Then, with pale cheek and flashing eye,  
Shouted with fearful energy,  
"Back, ruffians, back! nor dare to tread  
Too near the body of my dead;  
Nor touch the living boy; I stand  
Between him and your lawless band.  
Take *me*, and bind these arms—these  
hands,—  
With Russia's heaviest iron bands,

And drag me to Siberia's wild  
To perish, if 'twill save my child!"

"Peace, woman, peace!" the leader  
cried,

Tearing the pale boy from her side,  
And in his ruffian grasp he bore  
His victim to the temple door.  
"One moment!" shrieked the mother;  
"one!

Will land or gold redeem my son?  
Take heritage, take name, take all,  
But leave him free from Russian thrall!  
Take these!" and her white arms and  
hands

She stripped of rings and diamond  
bands,

And tore from braids of long black  
hair

The gems that gleamed like starlight  
there;

Her cross of blazing rubies, last,  
Down at the Russian's feet she cast.  
He stooped to seize the glittering  
store;—

Up springing from the marble floor,  
The mother, with a cry of joy,  
Snatched to her leaping heart the boy.  
But no! the Russian's iron grasp  
Again undid the mother's clasp.  
Forward she fell, with one long cry  
Of more than mortal agony.

But the brave child is roused at length,  
And, breaking from the Russian's  
hold,

He stands, a giant in the strength  
Of his young spirit, fierce and bold.  
Proudly he towers; his flashing eye,  
So blue, and yet so bright,  
Seems kindled from the eternal sky,  
So brilliant is its light.

His curling lips and crimson cheeks  
Foretell the thought before he speaks;  
With a full voice of proud command  
He turned upon the wondering band.



"Ye hold me not! no! no, nor can;  
This hour has made the boy a man.  
I knelt before my slaughtered sire,  
Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire.  
I wept upon his marble brow,  
Yes, wept! I was a child; but now  
My noble mother, on her knee,  
Hath done the work of years for me!"

He drew aside his brodered vest,  
And there, like slumbering serpent's  
crest,

The jeweled haft of poniard bright  
Glittered a moment on the sight.  
"Ha! start ye back? Fool! coward!  
knave!

Think ye my noble father's glaive  
Would drink the life-blood of a slave?  
The pearls that on the handle flame  
Would blush to rubies in their shame;  
The blade would quiver in thy breast  
Ashamed of such ignoble rest.  
No! thus I rend the tyrant's chain,  
And fling him back a boy's disdain!"

A moment, and the funeral light  
Flashed on the jeweled weapon bright;  
Another, and his young heart's blood  
Leaped to the floor, a crimson flood.  
Quick to his mother's side he sprang,  
And on the air his clear voice rang:  
"Up, mother, up! I'm free! I'm free!  
The choice was death or slavery.  
Up, mother, up! Look on thy son!  
His freedom is forever won;  
And now he waits one holy kiss  
To bear his father home in bliss;  
One last embrace, one blessing,—one!  
To prove thou knowest, approvest thy  
son.

What! silent yet? Canst thou not feel  
My warm blood o'er thy heart congeal?  
Speak, mother, speak! lift up thy head!  
What! silent still? Then art thou dead:  
—Great God, I thank thee! Mother, I  
Rejoice with thee,—and thus—to die."

One long, deep breath, and his pale  
head

Lay on his mother's bosom,—dead.

*Ann S. Stephens.*

## The Height of the Ridiculous

I wrote some lines once on a time  
In wondrous merry mood,  
And thought, as usual, men would say  
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,  
I laughed as I would die;  
Albeit, in the general way,  
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;  
How kind it was of him  
To mind a slender man like me,  
He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaimed.  
And, in my humorous way,  
I added (as a trifling jest),  
"There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched,  
And saw him peep within;  
At the first line he read, his face  
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,  
And shot from ear to ear;  
He read the third; a chuckling noise  
I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;  
The fifth; his waistband split;  
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,  
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless  
eye,

I watched that wretched man,  
And since, I never dare to write  
As funny as I can.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

**Excelsior**

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

His brow was sad his eye beneath  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and  
bright;  
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;  
'Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"  
And loud the clarion voice replied,  
Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!"  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered, with a sigh,  
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered  
branch!  
Beware the awful avalanche!"  
This was the peasant's last Good-night,  
A voice replied, far up the height,  
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air,  
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
Half-buried in the snow was found,

Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,  
Excelsior!

*Henry W. Longfellow.*

**The Bivouac of the Dead**

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The soldier's last tattoo;  
No more on life's parade shall meet  
That brave and fallen few.  
On fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And Glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance  
Now swells upon the wind;  
No troubled thought at midnight  
haunts  
Of loved ones left behind;  
No vision of the morrow's strife  
The warrior's dream alarms;  
No braying horn or screaming fife  
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with  
rust;  
Their plumed heads are bowed;  
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,  
Is now their martial shroud;  
And plenteous funeral tears have  
washed  
The red stains from each brow;  
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,  
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,  
The bugle's stirring blast,

The charge, the dreadful cannonade,  
 The din and shout are passed.  
 Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,  
 Shall thrill with fierce delight  
 Those breasts that nevermore shall feel  
 The rapture of the fight.

Like a fierce northern hurricane  
 That sweeps his great plateau,  
 Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,  
 Came down the serried foe.  
 Who heard the thunder of the fray  
 Break o'er the field beneath,  
 Knew well the watchword of that day  
 Was "Victory or Death!"

Full many a mother's breath hath  
 swept

O'er Angostura's plain,  
 And long the pitying sky hath wept  
 Above its moulder'd slain.  
 The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,  
 Or shepherd's pensive lay,  
 Alone now wake each solemn height  
 That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the "dark and bloody ground,"  
 Ye must not slumber there,  
 Where stranger steps and tongues re-  
 sound

Along the heedless air!  
 Your own proud land's heroic soil  
 Shall be your fitter grave;  
 She claims from war its richest spoil,—  
 The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,  
 Far from the gory field,  
 Borne to a Spartan mother's breast  
 On many a bloody shield.  
 The sunshine of their native sky  
 Smiles sadly on them here,  
 And kindred eyes and hearts watch by  
 The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!  
 Dear as the blood ye gave;

No impious footsteps here shall tread  
 The herbage of your grave;  
 Nor shall your glory be forgot  
 While fame her record keeps,  
 Or honor points the hallowed spot  
 Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone  
 In deathless song shall tell,  
 When many a vanished year hath flown,  
 The story how ye fell.  
 Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's  
 blight,  
 Nor time's remorseless doom,  
 Can dim one ray of holy light  
 That gilds your glorious tomb.

*Theodore O'Hara.*

### Children

Come to me, O ye children!  
 For I hear you at your play,  
 And the questions that perplexed me  
 Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,  
 That look towards the sun,  
 Where thoughts are singing swallows  
 And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the  
 sunshine,

In your thoughts the brooklet's flow  
 But in mine is the wind of Autumn  
 And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us  
 If the children were no more?  
 We should dread the desert behind us  
 Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,  
 With light and air for food,  
 Ere their sweet and tender juices  
 Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;  
 Through them it feels the glow

Of a brighter and sunnier climate  
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!  
And whisper in my ear  
What the birds and the winds are sing-  
ing  
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,  
And the wisdom of our books,  
When compared with your caresses,  
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads  
That ever were sung or said;  
For ye are living poems,  
And all the rest are dead.  
*Henry W. Longfellow.*

### The Eve of Waterloo

(The battle of Waterloo occurred June 18, 1815)

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gathered  
then

Her beauty and her chivalry, and  
bright

The lamps shone o'er fair women  
and brave men.

A thousand hearts beat happily; and  
when

Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which  
spake again,

And all went merry as a marriage bell;  
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes  
like a rising knell.

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the  
wind,

Or the car rattling o'er the stony  
street:

On with the dance! let joy be uncon-  
fined;

No sleep till morn, when youth and  
pleasure meet

To chase the glowing hours with fly-  
ing feet—

But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks  
in once more,

As if the clouds its echo would re-  
peat

And nearer, clearer, deadlier than be-  
fore!

Arm! arm! it is—it is the cannon's  
opening roar.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to  
and fro,

And gathering tears, and tremblings  
of distress,

And cheeks all pale, which but an hour  
ago

Blush'd at the praise of their own  
loveliness;

And there were sudden partings,  
such as press

The life from out young hearts, and  
choking sighs

Which ne'er might be repeated: who  
could guess

If ever more should meet those mutual  
eyes,

Since upon night so sweet such aw-  
ful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste:  
the steed,

The mustering squadron, and the  
clattering car

Went pouring forward with impetuous  
speed,

And swiftly forming in the ranks of  
war;

And the deep thunder, peal on peal  
afar;

And near, the beat of the alarming  
drum

Roused up the soldier ere the morn-  
ing star;

While thronged the citizens with ter-  
ror dumb,



Or whispering with white lips, "The  
foe! they come! they come!"

Last noon beheld them full of lusty  
life,

Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly  
gay,

The midnight brought the signal sound  
of strife,

The morn the marshaling in arms,  
—the day

Battle's magnificently stern array!

The thunder clouds close o'er it, which  
when rent

The earth is covered thick with  
other clay,

Which her own clay shall cover, heap-  
ed and pent,

Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one  
red burial blent.

*Lord Byron.*

### **The Land Where Hate Should Die**

This is the land where hate should  
die—

No feuds of faith, no spleen of race,  
No darkly brooding fear should try  
Beneath our flag to find a place.

Lo! every people here has sent

Its sons to answer freedom's call,  
Their lifeblood is the strong cement  
That builds and binds the nation's  
wall.

This is the land where hate should  
die—

Though dear to me my faith and  
shrine,

I serve my country when I

Respect the creeds that are not  
mine.

He little loves his land who'd cast  
Upon his neighbor's word a doubt,  
Or cite the wrongs of ages past  
From present rights to bar him out.

This is the land where hate should  
die—

This is the land where strife should  
cease,

Where foul, suspicious fear should fly  
Before the light of love and peace.

Then let us purge from poisoned  
thought

That service to the state we give,  
And so be worthy as we ought

Of this great land in which we live.

*Denis A. McCarthy.*

### **Trouble in the "Amen Corner"**

'Twas a stylish congregation, that of  
Theophrastus Brown,

And its organ was the finest and the  
biggest in the town,

And the chorus—all the papers favor-  
ably commented on it,

For 'twas said each female member  
had a forty-dollar bonnet.

Now in the "amen corner" of the  
church sat Brother Eyer,

Who persisted every Sabbath-day in  
singing with the choir;

He was poor, but genteel-looking, and  
his heart as snow was white,

And his old face beamed with sweet-  
ness when he sang with all his might.

His voice was cracked and broken, age  
had touched his vocal chords,

And nearly every Sunday he would  
mispronounce the words

Of the hymns, and 'twas no wonder, he  
was old and nearly blind,

And the choir rattling onward always  
left him far behind.

The chorus stormed and blustered,  
Brother Eyer sang too slow,

And then he used the tunes in vogue a  
hundred years ago;

At last the storm-cloud burst, and the church was told, in fine,  
That the brother must stop singing, or the choir would resign.

Then the pastor called together in the vestry-room one day  
Seven influential members who subscribe more than they pay,  
And having asked God's guidance in a printed pray'r or two,  
They put their heads together to determine what to do.

They debated, thought, suggested, till at last "dear Brother York,"  
Who last winter made a million on a sudden rise in pork,  
Rose and moved that a committee wait at once on Brother Eyer,  
And proceed to rake him lively "for disturbin' of the choir."

Said he: "In that 'ere organ I've invested quite a pile,  
And we'll sell it if we cannot worship in the latest style;  
Our Philadelphy tenor tells me 'tis the hardest thing  
Fer to make God understand him when the brother tries to sing.

"We've got the biggest organ, the best-dressed choir in town,  
We pay the steepest sal'ry to our pastor, Brother Brown;  
But if we must humor ignorance because it's blind and old—  
If the choir's to be pestered, I will seek another fold."

Of course the motion carried, and one day a coach and four,  
With the latest style of driver, rattled up to Eyer's door;  
And the sleek, well-dress'd committee, Brothers Sharkey, York and Lamb,

As they crossed the humble portal took good care to miss the jamb.

They found the choir's great trouble sitting in his old arm chair,  
And the Summer's golden sunbeams lay upon his thin white hair;  
He was singing "Rock of Ages" in a cracked voice and low  
But the angels understood him, 'twas all he cared to know.

Said York: "We're here, dear brother, with the vestry's approbation  
To discuss a little matter that affects the congregation";  
"And the choir, too," said Sharkey, giving Brother York a nudge,  
"And the choir, too!" he echoed with the graveness of a judge.

"It was the understanding when we bargained for the chorus  
That it was to relieve us, that is, do the singing for us;  
If we rupture the agreement, it is very plain, dear brother,  
It will leave our congregation and be gobbled by another.

"We don't want any singing except that what we've bought!  
The latest tunes are all the rage; the old ones stand for naught;  
And so we have decided—are you list'n'ing, Brother Eyer?—  
That you'll have to stop your singin' for it flurrrytates the choir."

The old man slowly raised his head, a sign that he did hear,  
And on his cheek the trio caught the glitter of a tear;  
His feeble hands pushed back the locks white as the silky snow,  
As he answered the committee in a voice both sweet and low:

"I've sung the psalms of David nearly eighty years," said he;  
 "They've been my staff and comfort all along life's dreary way;  
 I'm sorry I disturb the choir, perhaps I'm doing wrong;  
 But when my heart is filled with praise,  
 I can't keep back a song.

"I wonder if beyond the tide that's breaking at my feet,  
 In the far-off heav'nly temple, where the Master I shall greet—  
 Yes, I wonder when I try to sing the songs of God up high'r,  
 If the angel band will church me for disturbing heaven's choir."

A silence filled the little room; the old man bowed his head;  
 The carriage rattled on again, but Brother Eyer was dead!  
 Yes, dead! his hand had raised the veil the future hangs before us,  
 And the Master dear had called him to the everlasting chorus.

The choir missed him for a while, but he was soon forgot,  
 A few church-goers watched the door; the old man entered not.  
 Far away, his voice no longer cracked, he sang his heart's desires,  
 Where there are no church committees and no fashionable choirs!

*T. C. Harbaugh.*

### Duty

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,  
 Whose deeds, both great and small,  
 Are close knit strands of an unbroken thread,  
 Whose love ennobles all.  
 The world may sound no trumpet, ring no bells;

The book of life, the shining record tells.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes,

After its own life-working. A child's kiss

Set on thy singing lips shall make thee glad;

A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;

A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;

Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense

Of service thou renderest.

*Robert Browning.*

### The Last Leaf

I saw him once before,  
 As he passed by the door,  
 And again

The pavement stones resound,  
 As he totters o'er the ground  
 With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
 Ere the pruning-knife of Time  
 Cut him down,  
 Not a better man was found  
 By the Crier on his round  
 Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,  
 And he looks at all he meets  
 Sad and wan,  
 And he shakes his feeble head,  
 That it seems as if he said  
 "They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest  
 On the lips that he has prest  
 In their bloom,  
 And the names he loved to hear  
 Have been carved for many a  
 year  
 On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said,—  
 Poor old lady, she is dead  
     Long ago,—  
 That he had a Roman nose,  
 And his cheek was like a rose  
     In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,  
 And it rests upon his chin  
     Like a staff,  
 And a crook is in his back,  
 And a melancholy crack  
     In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
 For me to sit and grin  
     At him here;  
 But the old three-cornered hat,  
 And the breeches, and all that,  
     Are so queer!

And if I should live to be  
 The last leaf upon the tree  
     In the spring,  
 Let them smile, as I do now,  
 At the old forsaken bough  
     Where I cling.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

### Old Flag Forever

She's up there—Old Glory—where  
 lightnings are sped;  
 She dazzles the nations with ripples of  
 red;  
 And she'll wave for us living, or droop  
 o'er us dead,—  
 The flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—how  
 bright the stars stream!  
 And the stripes like red signals of  
 liberty gleam!  
 And we dare for her, living, or dream  
 the last dream,  
 'Neath the flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—no tyrant-  
 dealt scars,  
 No blur on her brightness, no stain on  
 her stars!  
 The brave blood of heroes hath crim-  
 soned her bars.  
 She's the flag of our country forever!  
     *Frank L. Stanton.*

### The Death of the Flowers

The melancholy days are come, the  
 saddest of the year,  
 Of wailing winds, and naked woods,  
 and meadows brown and sear.  
 Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the  
 withered leaves lie dead;  
 They rustle to the eddying gust, and  
 to the rabbit's tread.  
 The robin and the wren are flown, and  
 from the shrub the jay,  
 And from the wood-top calls the crow,  
 through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young  
 flowers, that lately sprang and stood  
 In brighter light and softer airs, a  
 beauteous sisterhood?  
 Alas! they all are in their graves; the  
 gentle race of flowers  
 Are lying in their lowly beds, with the  
 fair and good of ours.  
 The rain is falling where they lie; but  
 the cold November rain  
 Calls not from out the gloomy earth  
 the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they  
 perished long ago,  
 And the brier-rose and the orchis died  
 amid the summer glow;  
 But on the hill the golden-rod, and the  
 aster in the wood,  
 And the yellow sun-flower by the  
 brook, in autumn beauty stood,  
 Till fell the frost from the clear cold  
 heaven, as falls the plague on men,



And the brightness of their smile was  
gone from upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild  
day, as still such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee from  
out their winter home,  
When the sound of dropping nuts is  
heard, though all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light the  
waters of the rill,  
The south wind searches for the flow-  
ers, whose fragrance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood and  
by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her  
youthful beauty died,  
The fair, meek blossom that grew up  
and faded by my side.  
In the cold, moist earth we laid her  
when the forest cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely should  
have a life so brief;  
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like  
that young friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful, should  
perish with the flowers.

*W. C. Bryant.*

### The Heritage

The rich man's son inherits lands,  
And piles of brick, and stone, and  
gold,  
And he inherits soft white hands,  
And tender flesh that fears the cold,  
Nor dares to wear a garment old;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;  
The bank may break, the factory  
burn,  
A breath may burst his bubble shares,  
And soft white hands could hardly  
earn

A living that would serve his turn;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,  
His stomach craves for dainty fare;  
With sated heart, he hears the pants  
Of toiling hinds with brown arms  
bare,  
And wearies in his easy-chair;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,  
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;  
King of two hands, he does his part  
In every useful toil and art;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble  
things,  
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,  
Content that from employment  
springs,  
A heart that in his labor sings;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
A patience learned of being poor,  
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,  
A fellow-feeling that is sure  
To make the outcast bless his door;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil  
That with all others level stands;  
Large charity doth never soil,  
But only whiten, soft white hands,—  
This is the best crop from thy lands;  
A heritage it seems to me,  
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;  
 There is worse weariness than thine,  
 In merely being rich and great;  
 Toil only gives the soul to shine  
 And makes rest fragrant and benign;  
 A heritage, it seems to me,  
 Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both heirs to some six feet of sod,  
 Are equal in the earth at last;  
 Both, children of the same dear God,  
 Prove title to your heirship vast  
 By record of a well-filled past;  
 A heritage, it seems to me,  
 Well worth a life to hold in fee.

*James Russell Lowell.*

### The Ballad of East and West

Oh, East is East, and West is West,  
 and never the twain shall meet,  
 Till Earth and Sky stand presently at  
 God's great Judgment Seat;  
 But there is neither East nor West,  
 Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,  
 When two strong men stand face to  
 face, tho' they come from the ends  
 of the earth!

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise  
 the Border side,  
 And he has lifted the Colonel's mare  
 that is the Colonel's pride:  
 He has lifted her out of the stable-door  
 between the dawn and the day,  
 And turned the calkins upon her feet,  
 and ridden her far away.  
 Then up and spoke the Colonel's son  
 that led a troop of the Guides:  
 "Is there never a man of all my men  
 can say where Kamal hides?"  
 Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan,  
 the son of the Ressaldar,  
 "If ye know the track of the morning-  
 mist, ye know where his pickets are.  
 At dust he harries the Abazai—at  
 dawn he is into Bonair,

But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his  
 own place to fare,  
 So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast  
 as a bird can fly,  
 By the favor of God ye may cut him  
 off ere he win to the Tongue of  
 Jagai,

But if he be passed the Tongue of  
 Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,  
 For the length and the breadth of that  
 grisly plain is sown with Kamal's  
 men.

There is rock to the left, and rock to  
 the right, and low lean thorn be-  
 tween,

And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick  
 where never a man is seen."

The Colonel's son has taken a horse,  
 and a raw rough dun was he,  
 With the mouth of a bell and the heart  
 of Hell, and the head of the gallows-  
 tree.

The Colonel's son to the Fort has won  
 they bid him stay to eat—

Who rides at the tail of a Border thief,  
 he sits not long at his meat.

He's up and away from Fort Bukloh  
 as fast as he can fly,

Till he was aware of his father's mare  
 in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,

Till he was aware of his father's mare  
 with Kamal upon her back,

And when he could spy the white of  
 her eye, he made the pistol crack.

He has fired once, he has fired twice,  
 but the whistling ball went wide.

"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said.  
 "Show now if ye can ride."

It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai,  
 as blown dust-devils go,

The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but  
 the mare like a barren doe.

The dun he leaned against the bit and  
 slugged his head above,

But the red mare played with the snaf-

fe-bars, as a maiden plays with a glove.  
There was rock to the left and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,  
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a man was seen.  
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,  
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.  
The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful heap fell he,  
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.  
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room was there to strive,  
"Twas only by favor of mine," quoth he, "ye rode so long alive:  
There was not a rock of twenty mile, there was not a clump of tree,  
But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee.  
If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,  
The little jackals that flee so fast, were feasting all in a row:  
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,  
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not fly."  
Lightly answered the Colonel's son:  
"Do good to bird and beast,  
But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a feast.  
If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,  
Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief could pay.  
They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on the garnered grain,  
The thatch of the byres will serve their

fires when all the cattle are slain.  
But if thou thinkest the price be fair, —thy brethren wait to sup.  
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn, howl, dog, and call them up!  
And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and stack,  
Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own way back!"  
Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.  
"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf and gray wolf meet.  
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;  
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death?"  
Lightly answered the Colonel's son:  
"I hold by the blood of my clan:  
Take up the mare of my father's gift —by God, she has carried a man!"  
The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled against his breast,  
"We be two strong men," said Kamal then, "but she loveth the younger best.  
So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,  
My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain."  
The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end,  
"Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he; "will ye take the mate from a friend?"  
"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight; "a limb for the risk of a limb.  
Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!"  
With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest—  
He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.  
"Now here is thy master," Kamal said,

"who leads a troop of the Guides,  
And thou must ride at his left side as  
shield on shoulder rides.  
Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at  
camp and board and bed,  
Thy life is his—thy fate is to guard  
him with thy head.  
So thou must eat the White Queen's  
meat, and all her foes are thine,  
And thou must harry thy father's hold  
for the peace of the Border-line,  
And thou must make a trooper tough  
and hack thy way to power—  
Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar  
when I am hanged in Peshawur."  
They have looked each other between  
the eyes, and there they found no  
fault,  
They have taken the Oath of the  
Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread  
and salt:  
They have taken the Oath of the  
Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-  
cut sod,  
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber  
knife, and the wondrous Names of  
God.  
The Colonel's son he rides the mare  
and Kamal's boy the dun,  
And two have come back to Fort Buk-  
loh where there went forth but one.  
And when they drew to the Quarter-  
Guard, full twenty swords flew  
clear—  
There was not a man but carried his  
feud with the blood of the moun-  
taineer.  
'Ha' done! ha' done!" said the Colo-  
nel's son. "Put up the steel at your  
sides!  
Last night ye had struck at a Border  
thief—to-night 'tis a man of the  
Guides!"  
Oh, East is East, and West is West,  
and never the two shall meet,

Till Earth and Sky stand presently at  
God's great Judgment Seat;  
But there is neither East nor West,  
Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,  
When two strong men stand face to  
face, tho' they come from the ends  
of the earth.

*Rudyard Kipling.*

### Annabel Lee

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you  
may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee;  
And this maiden she lived with no other  
thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
But we loved with a love that was  
more than love,  
I and my Annabel Lee;  
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of  
heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her highborn kinsmen came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in  
heaven,  
Went envying her and me;  
Yes! that was the reason (as all men  
know,  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud  
by night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.



But our love it was stronger by far  
than the love

Of those who were older than we,  
Of many far wiser than we;  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the  
soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without  
bringing me dreams

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And the stars never rise, but I feel the  
bright eyes

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:  
And so all the night-tide, I lie down by  
the side

Of my darling—my darling—my life  
and my bride,

In her sepulchre there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

*Edgar Allan Poe.*

### April Showers

There fell an April shower, one night:  
Next morning, in the garden-bed,  
The crocuses stood straight and gold:  
"And they have come," the children  
said.

There fell an April shower, one night:  
Next morning, thro' the woodland  
spread

The Mayflowers, pink and sweet as  
youth:

"And they are come," the children  
said.

There fell an April shower, one night:  
Next morning, sweetly, overhead,  
The blue-birds sung, the blue-birds  
sung:

"And they have come," the children  
said.

*Mary E. Wilkins.*

### The Voice of Spring

I come, I come! ye have called me long;  
I come o'er the mountains, with light  
and song;

Ye may trace my step o'er the waking  
earth

By the winds which tell of the violet's  
birth,

By the primrose stars in the shadowy  
grass,

By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the  
chestnut flowers

By thousands have burst from the for-  
est bowers,

And the ancient graves and the fallen  
fanes

Are veiled with wreaths as Italian  
plains;

But it is not for me, in my hour of  
bloom,

To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have looked o'er the hills of the  
stormy North,

And the larch has hung all his tassels  
forth;

The fisher is out on the sunny sea,  
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pas-  
tures free,

And the pine has a fringe of softer  
green,

And the moss looks bright, where my  
step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a  
glowing sigh,

And called out each voice of the deep  
blue sky,

From the night-bird's lay through the  
starry time,

In the groves of the soft Hesperian  
clime,

To the swan's wild note by the Iceland  
lakes,

When the dark fir-branch into verdure  
breaks.

From the streams and founts I have  
loosed the chain;

They are sweeping on to the silvery  
main,

They are flashing down from the moun-  
tain brows,

They are flinging spray o'er the forest  
boughs,

They are bursting fresh from their  
sparry caves,

And the earth resounds with the joy  
of waves.

*Felicia D. Hemans.*

### The Boys

Has there any old fellow got mixed  
with the boys?

If there has take him out, without  
making a noise.

Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Cat-  
alogue's spite!

Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-  
night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who  
says we are more?

He's tipsy—young jackanapes!—show  
him the door!

"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes!  
*white* if we please;

Where the snowflakes fall thickest  
there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse  
the mistake!

Look close—you will see not a sign of  
a flake!

We want some new garlands for those  
we have shed,

And these are white roses in place of  
the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you  
may have been told,

Of talking (in public) as if we were  
old;

That boy we call "Doctor," and this  
we call "Judge";

It's a neat little fiction—of course it's  
all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker"—the one  
on the right;

"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are  
you to-night?

That's our "Member of Congress," we  
say when we chaff;

There's the "Reverend" What's-his-  
name?—don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical  
look

Made believe he had written a wonder-  
ful book,

And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought  
it was *true*!

So they chose him right in; a good joke  
it was, too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a  
three-decker brain,

That could harness a team with a log-  
ical chain;

When he spoke for our manhood in  
syllabled fire,

We called him "The Justice," but now  
he's "The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excel-  
lent pith:

Fate tried to conceal him by naming  
him Smith;

But he shouted a song for the brave  
and the free—

Just read on his medal, "My country,"  
"of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? You  
think he's all fun;

But the angels laugh, too, at the good  
he has done.

The children laugh loud as they troop  
to his call,  
And the poor man that knows him  
laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys—always playing with  
tongue or with pen;  
And I sometimes have asked, Shall we  
ever be men?  
Shall we always be youthful and  
laughing and gay,  
Till the last dear companion drops  
smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold  
and its gray!  
The stars of its winter, the dews of its  
May!  
And when we have done with our life-  
lasting toys,  
Dear Father, take care of Thy chil-  
dren, THE BOYS!

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

### The Rainy Day

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
The vine still clings to the mouldering  
wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
My thoughts still cling to the moulder-  
ing past,  
But the hopes of youth fall thick in  
the blast,  
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shin-  
ing;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

### Let Me Walk With the Men in the Road

'Tis only a half truth the poet has sung  
Of the "house by the side of the  
way";  
Our Master had neither a house nor a  
home,  
But He walked with the crowd day  
by day.  
And I think, when I read of the poet's  
desire,  
That a house by the road would be  
good;  
But service is found in its tenderest  
form  
When we walk with the crowd in  
the road.

So I say, let me walk with the men in  
the road,  
Let me seek out the burdens that  
crush,  
Let me speak a kind word of good  
cheer to the weak  
Who are falling behind in the rush.  
There are wounds to be healed, there  
are breaks we must mend,  
There's a cup of cold water to give;  
And the man in the road by the side of  
his friend  
Is the man who has learned to live.

Then tell me no more of the house by  
the road.  
There is only one place I can live—  
It's there with the men who are toiling  
along,  
Who are needing the cheer I can  
give.  
It is pleasant to live in the house by  
the way  
And be a friend, as the poet has  
said;  
But the Master is bidding us, "Bear  
ye their load,  
For your rest waiteth yonder ahead."

I could not remain in the house by the  
road

And watch as the toilers go on,  
Their faces beclouded with pain and  
with sin,

So burdened, their strength nearly  
gone.

I'll go to their side, I'll speak in good  
cheer,

I'll help them to carry their load;  
And I'll smile at the man in the house  
by the way,

As I walk with the crowd in the road.

Out there in the road that goes by the  
house,

Where the poet is singing his song,  
I'll walk and I'll work midst the heat  
of the day,

And I'll help falling brothers along—  
Too busy to live in the house by the  
way,

Too happy for such an abode.  
And my heart sings its praise to the  
Master of all,

Who is helping me serve in the road.

*Walter J. Gresham.*

### If We Understood

Could we but draw back the curtains  
That surround each other's lives,  
See the naked heart and spirit,  
Know what spur the action gives,  
Often we should find it better,  
Purer than we judged we should,  
We should love each other better,  
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,  
See the good and bad within,  
Often we should love the sinner  
All the while we loathe the sin;  
Could we know the powers working  
To o'erthrow integrity,  
We should judge each other's errors  
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,  
Knew the effort all in vain,  
And the bitter disappointment,  
Understood the loss and gain—  
Would the grim, eternal roughness  
Seem—I wonder—just the same?  
Should we help where now we hinder,  
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,  
Knowing not life's hidden force;  
Knowing not the fount of action  
Is less turbid at its source;  
Seeing not amid the evil  
All the golden grains of good;  
Oh! we'd love each other better,  
If we only understood.

### A Laugh in Church

She sat on the sliding cushion,  
The dear, wee woman of four;  
Her feet, in their shiny slippers,  
Hung dangling over the floor.  
She meant to be good; she had prom-  
ised,

And so, with her big, brown eyes,  
She stared at the meeting-house win-  
dows

And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher,  
But she thought of the honey bees  
Droning away at the blossoms  
That whitened the cherry trees.  
She thought of a broken basket,  
Where, curled in a dusky heap,  
*Three sleek, round puppies, with  
fringy ears*

*Lay snuggled and fast asleep.*

Such soft warm bodies to cuddle,  
Such queer little hearts to beat,  
Such swift, round tongues to kiss,  
Such sprawling, cushiony feet;  
She could feel in her clasping fingers  
The touch of a satiny skin



And a cold wet nose exploring  
The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter  
Ran over the parted lips  
So quick that she could not catch it  
With her rosy finger-tips.  
The people whispered, "Bless the  
child,"  
As each one waked from a nap,  
But the dear, wee woman hid her face  
For shame in her mother's lap.

### "One, Two, Three!"

It was an old, old, old, old lady,  
And a boy that was half past three;  
And the way that they played together  
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,  
And the boy, no more could he;  
For he was a thin little fellow,  
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,  
Out under the maple-tree;  
And the game that they played I'll tell  
you,  
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were  
playing,  
Though you'd never have known it  
to be—  
With an old, old, old, old lady,  
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down  
On his one little sound right knee,  
And he'd guess where she was hiding,  
In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china-closet!"  
He would cry, and laugh with glee—  
It wasn't the china-closet;  
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,  
In the chest with the queer old key!"  
And she said: "You are *warm* and  
*warmer*;  
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard  
Where Mamma's things used to be—  
So it must be the clothes-press, Gran'-  
ma!"  
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her  
fingers,  
That were wrinkled and white and  
wee,  
And she guessed where the boy was  
hiding,  
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their  
places,  
Right under the maple-tree—  
This old, old, old, old lady,  
And the boy with the lame little  
knee—  
This dear, dear, dear old lady,  
And the boy who was half past  
three.

*Henry Cuyler Bunner.*

### Unawares

They said, "The Master is coming  
To honor the town to-day,  
And none can tell at what house or  
home  
The Master will choose to stay."  
And I thought while my heart beat  
wildly,  
What if He should come to mine,  
How would I strive to entertain  
And honor the Guest Divine!

And straight I turned to toiling  
To make my house more neat;  
I swept, and polished, and garnished,

And decked it with blossoms sweet.  
I was troubled for fear the Master  
Might come ere my work was done,  
And I hasted and worked the faster,  
And watched the hurrying sun.

But right in the midst of my duties  
A woman came to my door;  
She had come to tell me her sorrows  
And my comfort and aid to implore,  
And I said, "I cannot listen  
Nor help you any, to-day;  
I have greater things to attend to."  
And the pleader turned away.

But soon there came another—  
A cripple, thin, pale and gray—  
And said, "Oh, let me stop and rest  
A while in your house, I pray!  
I have traveled far since morning,  
I am hungry, and faint, and weak;  
My heart is full of misery,  
And comfort and help I seek."

And I cried, "I am grieved and sorry,  
But I cannot help you to-day.  
I look for a great and noble Guest,"  
And the cripple went away;  
And the day wore onward swiftly—  
And my task was nearly done,  
And a prayer was ever in my heart  
That the Master to me might come.

And I thought I would spring to meet  
Him,  
And serve him with utmost care,  
When a little child stood by me  
With a face so sweet and fair—  
Sweet, but with marks of teardrops—  
And his clothes were tattered and  
old;  
A finger was bruised and bleeding,  
And his little bare feet were cold.

And I said, "I'm sorry for you—  
You are sorely in need of care;

But I cannot stop to give it,  
You must hasten elsewhere."  
And at the words, a shadow  
Swept o'er his blue-veined brow,—  
"Someone will feed and clothe you,  
dear,  
But I am too busy now."

At last the day was ended,  
And my toil was over and done;  
My house was swept and garnished—  
And I watched in the dark—alone.  
Watched—but no footfall sounded,  
No one paused at my gate;  
No one entered my cottage door;  
I could only pray—and wait.

I waited till night had deepened,  
And the Master had not come.  
"He has entered some other door," I  
said,  
"And gladdened some other home!"  
My labor had been for nothing,  
And I bowed my head and I wept,  
My heart was sore with longing—  
Yet—in spite of it all—I slept.

Then the Master stood before me,  
And his face was grave and fair;  
"Three times to-day I came to your  
door,  
And craved your pity and care;  
Three times you sent me onward,  
Unhelped and un comforted;  
And the blessing you might have had  
was lost,  
And your chance to serve has fled."

"O Lord, dear Lord, forgive me!  
How could I know it was Thee?"  
My very soul was shamed and bowed  
In the depths of humility.  
And He said, "The sin is pardoned,  
But the blessing is lost to thee;  
For comforting not the least of Mine  
You have failed to comfort Me."

*Emma A. Lent.*

### The Land of Beginning Again

I wish there were some wonderful  
place  
Called the Land of Beginning Again,  
Where all our mistakes and all our  
heartaches,  
And all our poor, selfish griefs  
Could be dropped, like a shabby old  
coat, at the door,  
And never put on again.

I wish we could come on it all unaware,  
Like the hunter who finds a lost trail;  
And I wish that the one whom our  
blindness had done  
The greatest injustice of all  
Could be at the gate like the old friend  
that waits  
For the comrade he's gladdest to hail.

We would find the things we intended  
to do,  
But forgot and remembered too late—  
Little praises unspoken, little promises  
broken,  
And all of the thousand and one  
Little duties neglected that might have  
perfected  
The days of one less fortunate.

It wouldn't be possible not to be kind  
In the Land of Beginning Again;  
And the ones we misjudged and the  
ones whom we grudged  
Their moments of victory here,  
Would find the grasp of our loving  
handclasp  
More than penitent lips could explain.

For what had been hardest we'd know  
had been best,  
And what had seemed loss would be  
gain,  
For there isn't a sting that will not  
take wing

When we've faced it and laughed it  
away;  
And I think that the laughter is most  
what we're after,  
In the Land of Beginning Again.

So I wish that there were some won-  
derful place  
Called the Land of Beginning Again,  
Where all our mistakes and all our  
heartaches,  
And all our poor, selfish griefs  
Could be dropped, like a ragged old  
coat, at the door,  
And never put on again.

*Louisa Fletcher Tarkington.*

### Poor Little Joe

Prop yer eyes wide open, Joey,  
Fur I've brought you sumpin' great.  
Apples? No, a derned sight better!  
Don't you take no int'rest? Wait!  
Flowers, Joe—I know'd you'd like  
'em—  
Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't  
them high?  
Tears, my boy? Wot's them fur, Joey?  
There—poor little Joe—don't cry!

I was skippin' past a winder  
W're a bang-up lady sot,  
All amongst a lot of bushes—  
Each one climbin' from a pot;  
Every bush had flowers on it—  
Pretty? Mebbe not! Oh, no!  
Wish you could 'a seen 'em growin',  
It was such a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller,  
Lyin' here so sick and weak,  
Never knowin' any comfort,  
And I puts on lots o' cheek.  
"Missus," says I, "if you please, mum,  
Could I ax you for a rose?  
For my little brother, missus—  
Never seed one, I suppose."

Then I told her all about you—

How I bringed you up—poor Joe!  
(Lackin' women folks to do it)

Sich a imp you was, you know—

Till you got that awful tumble,

Jist as I had broke yer in  
(Hard work, too), to earn your livin'  
Blackin' boots for honest tin.

How that tumble crippled of you,

So's you couldn't hyper much—  
Joe, it hurted when I seen you

Fur the first time with yer crutch.  
"But," I says, "he's laid up now, mum,  
'Pears to weaken every day";

Joe, she up and went to cuttin'—  
That's the how of this bokay.

Say! it seems to me, ole feller,

You is quite yourself to-night—  
Kind o' chirck—it's been a fortnit  
Sense yer eyes has been so bright.  
Better? Well, I'm glad to hear it!  
Yes, they're mighty pretty, Joe.  
Smellin' of 'em's made you happy?  
Well, I thought it would, you know.

Never see the country, did you?

Flowers growin' everywhere!  
Some time when you're better, Joey,  
Mebbe I kin take you there.  
Flowers in heaven? 'M—I s'pose so;  
Dunno much about it, though;  
Ain't as fly as wot I might be  
On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heerd it hinted somewheres

That in heaven's golden gates  
Things is everlastin' cheerful—  
B'lieve that's what the Bible states.  
Likewise, there folks don't git hungry:  
So good people, w'en they dies,  
Finds themselves well fixed forever—  
Joe, my boy, wot ails yer eyes?

Thought they looked a little sing'ler.

Oh, no! Don't you have no fear;

Heaven was made fur such as you is—  
Joe, wot makes you look so queer?  
Here—wake up! Oh, don't look that  
way!

Joe! My boy! Hold up yer head!  
Here's yer flowers—you dropped em,  
Joey.

Oh, my God, can Joe be dead?  
*David L. Proudfit (Peleg Arkwright).*

### The Ladder of St. Augustine

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,  
That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder, if we will but tread  
Beneath our feet each deed of  
shame!

All common things, each day's events,  
That with the hour begin and end,  
Our pleasures and our discontents,  
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,  
That makes another's virtues less;  
The revel of the ruddy wine,  
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;  
The strife for triumph more than  
truth;

The hardening of the heart, that brings  
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,  
That have their root in thoughts of  
ill;

Whatever hinders or impedes  
The action of the nobler will; —

All these must first be trampled down  
Beneath our feet, if we would gain  
In the bright fields of fair renown  
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The cloudy summits of our time.



The mighty pyramids of stone  
That wedge-like cleave the desert  
airs,

When nearer seen, and better known,  
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear  
Their solid bastions to the skies,  
Are crossed by pathways, that appear  
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and  
kept

Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore  
With shoulders bent and downcast  
eyes,

We may discern—unseen before—  
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past  
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If, rising on its wrecks, at last  
To something nobler we attain.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

### Loss and Gain

When I compare  
What I have lost with what I have  
gained,

What I have missed with what attained,  
Little room do I find for pride.

I am aware  
How many days have been idly spent;  
How like an arrow the good intent  
Has fallen short or been turned  
aside.

But who shall dare  
To measure loss and gain in this wise?  
Defeat may be victory in disguise;  
The lowest ebb in the turn of the  
tide.

*H. W. Longfellow.*

### John Thompson's Daughter

(A Parody on "Lord Ullin's Daughter")

A fellow near Kentucky's clime  
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry,  
And I'll give thee a silver dime  
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who would cross the Ohio,  
This dark and stormy water?"

"Oh, I am this young lady's beau,  
And she John Thompson's daughter.

"We've fled before her father's spite  
With great precipitation,  
And should he find us here to-night,  
I'd lose my reputation.

"They've missed the girl and purse be-  
side,

His horsemen hard have pressed me,  
And who will cheer my bonny bride,  
If yet they shall arrest me?"

Out spoke the boatman then in time,  
"You shall not fail, don't fear it;  
I'll go not for your silver dime,  
But for your manly spirit.

"And by my word, the bonny bird  
In danger shall not tarry;  
For though a storm is coming on,  
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the wind more fiercely rose,  
The boat was at the landing,  
And with the drenching rain their  
clothes

Grew wet where they were standing.

But still, as wilder rose the wind,  
And as the night grew drearer,  
Just back a piece came the police,  
Their tramping sounded nearer.

"Oh, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,  
"It's anything but funny;  
I'll leave the light of loving eyes,  
But not my father's money!"

And still they hurried in the race  
 Of wind and rain unsparing;  
 John Thompson reached the landing-  
 place,  
 His wrath was turned to swearing.

For by the lightning's angry flash,  
 His child he did discover;  
 One lovely hand held all the cash,  
 And one was round her lover!

"Come back, come back," he cried in  
 woe,  
 Across the stormy water;  
 "But leave the purse, and you may go,  
 My daughter, oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain; they reached the other  
 shore,  
 (Such dooms the Fates assign us),  
 The gold he piled went with his child,  
 And he was left there, minus.  
*Phoebe Cary.*

### Grandfather's Clock

My grandfather's clock was too tall  
 for the shelf,  
 So it stood ninety years on the floor;  
 It was taller by half than the old man  
 himself,  
 Though it weighed not a pennyweight  
 more.  
 It was bought on the morn of the day  
 that he was born,  
 And was always his treasure and pride,  
 But it stopped short never to go again  
 When the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swing to and  
 fro,  
 Many hours had he spent while a boy;  
 And in childhood and manhood the  
 clock seemed to know  
 And to share both his grief and his  
 joy,  
 For it struck twenty-four when he en-  
 tered at the door,

With a blooming and beautiful bride,  
 But it stopped short never to go again  
 When the old man died.

My grandfather said that of those he  
 could hire,  
 Not a servant so faithful he found,  
 For it wasted no time and had but one  
 desire,  
 At the close of each week to be wound.  
 And it kept in its place, not a frown  
 upon its face,  
 And its hands never hung by its side.  
 But it stopped short never to go again  
 When the old man died.

*Henry C. Work.*

### A Cradle Hymn

Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber,  
 Holy angels guard thy bed!  
 Heavenly blessings without number  
 Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,  
 House and home, thy friends pro-  
 vide;  
 All without thy care or payment:  
 All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended  
 Than the Son of God could be,  
 When from heaven He descended  
 And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle:  
 Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,  
 When His birthplace was a stable  
 And His softest bed was hay.

Blessed babe! what glorious features—  
 Spotless fair, divinely bright!  
 Must He dwell with brutal creatures?  
 How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger  
 Cursed sinners could afford  
 To receive the heavenly stranger?  
 Did they thus affront their Lord?

Soft, my child: I did not chide thee,  
Though my song might sound too  
hard;

'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,  
And her arm shall be thy guard.

\* \* \* \*

See the kinder shepherds round Him,  
Telling wonders from the sky!  
Where they sought Him, there they  
found Him,  
With His Virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing;  
Lovely infant, how He smiled!  
When He wept, His mother's blessing  
Soothed and hush'd the holy Child.

Lo, He slumbers in a manger,  
Where the hornèd oxen fed:—  
Peace, my darling, here's no danger;  
There's no ox anear thy bed.

\* \* \* \*

May'st thou live to know and fear  
Him,

Trust and love Him all thy days;  
Then go dwell forever near Him,  
See His face, and sing His praise!  
*Isaac Watts.*

### If All the Skies

If all the skies were sunshine,  
Our faces would be fain  
To feel once more upon them  
The cooling splash of rain.

If all the world were music,  
Our hearts would often long  
For one sweet strain of silence,  
To break the endless song.

If life were always merry,  
Our souls would seek relief,  
And rest from weary laughter  
In the quiet arms of grief.

*Henry van Dyke.*

### The Petrified Fern

In a valley, centuries ago,  
Grew a little fern leaf, green and  
slender,  
Veining delicate and fibers tender,  
Waving when the wind crept down so  
low;  
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew  
round it;  
Playful sunbeams darted in and found  
it;  
Drops of dew stole down by night and  
crowned it;  
But no foot of man e'er came that way;  
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main;  
Stately forests waved their giant  
branches;  
Mountains hurled their snowy ava-  
lanches;  
Mammoth creatures stalked across the  
plain,  
Nature reveled in grand mysteries.  
But the little fern was not like these,  
Did not number with the hills and trees,  
Only grew and waved its sweet, wild  
way;  
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,  
Heaved the rocks and changed the  
mighty motion  
Of the strong, dread currents of the  
ocean;  
Moved the hills and shook the haughty  
wood;  
Crushed the little fern in soft, moist  
clay,  
Covered it, and hid it safe away.  
Oh, the long, long centuries since that  
day;  
Oh, the changes! Oh, life's bitter cost,  
Since the little useless fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man

Searching Nature's secrets far and deep;

From a fissure in a rocky steep  
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran

Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,  
Leafage, veining, fibers, clear and fine,  
And the fern's life lay in every line.  
So, I think, God hides some souls away,  
Sweetly to surprise us the Last Day.

*Mary L. Bolles Branch.*

### Cleon and I

Cleon hath ten thousand acres,

Ne'er a one have I;

Cleon dwelleth in a palace,

In a cottage, I;

Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,

Not a penny, I,

Yet the poorer of the twain is

Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,

But the landscape, I;

Half the charms to me it yieldeth

Money cannot buy;

Cleon harbors sloth and dullness,

Freshening vigor, I;

He in velvet, I in fustian—

Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur,

Free as thought am I;

Cleon fees a score of doctors,

Need of none have I;

Wealth-surrounded, care-environed,

Cleon fears to die;

Death may come—he'll find me ready,

Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in nature,

In a daisy, I;

Cleons hears no anthems ringing

'Twixt the sea and sky;

Nature sings to me forever,

Earnest listener, I;

State for state, with all attendants—

Who would change?—Not I.

*Charles Mackay.*

### Washington

Great were the hearts and strong the minds

Of those who framed in high debate  
The immortal league of love that binds

Our fair, broad empire, State with State.

And deep the gladness of the hour

When, as the auspicious task was done,

In solemn trust the sword of power

Was given to Glory's Unspoiled Son.

That noble race is gone—the suns

Of fifty years have risen and set;—

But the bright links, those chosen ones,

So strongly forged, are brighter yet.

Wide—as our own free race increase—

Wide shall extend the elastic chain,

And bind in everlasting peace

State after State, a mighty train.

*W. C. Bryant.*

### Towser Shall Be Tied To-Night

A Parody on "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night."

Slow the Kansas sun was setting,

O'er the wheat fields far away,

Streaking all the air with cobwebs

At the close of one hot day;

And the last rays kissed the forehead

Of a man and maiden fair,

He with whiskers short and frowsy,

She with red and glistening hair,

He with shut jaws stern and silent;

She, with lips all cold and white,

Struggled to keep back the murmur,

"Towser shall be tied to-night."



"Papa," slowly spoke the daughter,  
"I am almost seventeen,  
And I have a real lover,  
Though he's rather young and green;  
But he has a horse and buggy  
And a cow and thirty hens,—  
Boys that start out poor, dear Papa,  
Make the best of honest men.  
But if Towser sees and bites him,  
Fills his eyes with misty light,  
He will never come again, Pa;  
Towser must be tied to-night."

"Daughter," firmly spoke the farmer,  
(Every word pierced her young  
heart  
Like a carving knife through chicken  
As it hunts the tender part)—  
"I've a patch of early melons,  
Two of them are ripe to-day;  
Towser must be loose to watch them  
Or they'll all be stole away.  
I have hoed them late and early  
In dim morn and evening light;  
Now they're grown I must not lose  
them;  
Towser'll not be tied to-night."

Then the old man ambled forward,  
Opened wide the kennel-door,  
Towser bounded forth to meet him  
As he oft had done before.  
And the farmer stooped and loosed him  
From the dog-chain short and stout;  
To himself he softly chuckled,  
"Bessie's feller must look out."  
But the maiden at the window  
Saw the cruel teeth show white;  
In an undertone she murmured,—  
"Towser must be tied to-night."

Then the maiden's brow grew thought-  
ful  
And her breath came short and  
quick,  
Till she spied the family clothesline,

And she whispered, "That's the  
trick."  
From the kitchen door she glided  
With a plate of meat and bread;  
Towser wagged his tail in greeting,  
Knowing well he would be fed.  
In his well-worn leather collar,  
Tied she then the clothesline tight,  
All the time her white lips saying:  
"Towser shall be tied to-night."

"There, old doggie," spoke the maiden,  
"You can watch the melon patch,  
But the front gate's free and open,  
When John Henry lifts the latch.  
For the clothesline tight is fastened  
To the harvest apple tree,  
You can run and watch the melons,  
But the front gate you can't see."  
Then her glad ears hear a buggy,  
And her eyes grow big and bright,  
While her young heart says in glad-  
ness,  
"Towser dog is tied to-night."

Up the path the young man saunters  
With his eye and cheek aglow;  
For he loves the red-haired maiden  
And he aims to tell her so.  
Bessie's roguish little brother,  
In a fit of boyish glee,  
Had untied the slender clothesline,  
From the harvest apple tree.  
Then old Towser heard the footsteps,  
Raised his bristles, fixed for fight,—  
"Bark away," the maiden whispers;  
"Towser, you are tied to-night."

Then old Towser bounded forward,  
Passed the open kitchen door;  
Bessie screamed and quickly followed,  
But John Henry's gone before.  
Down the path he speeds most quickly,  
For old Towser sets the pace;  
And the maiden close behind them  
Shows them she is in the race.

Then the clothesline, can she get it?  
 And her eyes grow big and bright;  
 And she springs and grasps it firmly:  
 "Towser shall be tied to-night."

Oftentimes a little minute  
 Forms the destiny of men.  
 You can change the fate of nations  
 By the stroke of one small pen.  
 Towser made one last long effort,  
 Caught John Henry by the pants,  
 But John Henry kept on running  
 For he thought that his last chance.  
 But the maiden held on firmly,  
 And the rope was drawn up tight.  
 But old Towser kept the garments,  
 For he was not tied that night.

Then the father hears the racket;  
 With long strides he soon is there,  
 When John Henry and the maiden,  
 Crouching, for the worst prepare.  
 At his feet John tells his story,  
 Shows his clothing soiled and torn;  
 And his face so sad and pleading,  
 Yet so white and scared and worn,  
 Touched the old man's heart with pity,  
 Filled his eyes with misty light.  
 "Take her, boy, and make her happy,—  
 Towser shall be tied to-night."

### Law and Liberty

O Liberty, thou child of Law,  
 God's seal is on thy brow!  
 O Law, her Mother first and last,  
 God's very self art thou!  
 Two flowers alike, yet not alike,  
 On the same stem that grow,  
 Two friends who cannot live apart,  
 Yet seem each other's foe.  
 One, the smooth river's mirrored flow  
 Which decks the world with green;  
 And one, the bank of sturdy rock  
 Which hems the river in.  
 O Daughter of the timeless Past,  
 O Hope the Prophets saw,

God give us Law in Liberty  
 And Liberty in Law!

*E. J. Cutler.*

### His Mother's Song

Beneath the hot midsummer sun  
 The men had marched all day,  
 And now beside a rippling stream  
 Upon the grass they lay.  
 Tiring of games and idle jest  
 As swept the hours along,  
 They cried to one who mused apart,  
 "Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I can not please," he said;  
 "The only songs I know  
 Are those my mother used to sing  
 For me long years ago."  
 "Sing one of those," a rough voice  
 cried.  
 "There's none but true men here;  
 To every mother's son of us  
 A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice  
 Amid unwonted calm:  
 "Am I a soldier of the Cross,  
 A follower of the Lamb?  
 And shall I fear to own His cause?"  
 The very stream was stilled,  
 And hearts that never throbbed with  
 fear,  
 With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song, the singer said,  
 As to his feet he rose,  
 "Thanks to you all, my friends; good-  
 night.  
 God grant us sweet repose."  
 "Sing us one more," the captain  
 begged.  
 The soldier bent his head,  
 Then, glancing round, with smiling lips,  
 "You'll join with me?" he said.

"We'll sing that old familiar air  
 Sweet as the bugle call,  
 'All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
 Let angels prostrate fall.'"  
 Ah, wondrous was the old tune's spell,  
 As on the soldiers sang;  
 Man after man fell into line,  
 And loud the voices rang.

The songs are done, the camp is still,  
 Naught but the stream is heard;  
 But, ah! the depths of every soul  
 By those old hymns are stirred,  
 And up from many a bearded lip,  
 In whispers soft and low,  
 Rises the prayer that mother taught  
 Her boy long years ago.

### When Father Carves the Duck

We all look on with anxious eyes  
 When Father carves the duck,  
 And Mother almost always sighs  
 When Father carves the duck;  
 Then all of us prepare to rise  
 And hold our bibs before our eyes,  
 And be prepared for some surprise  
 When Father carves the duck.

He prances up and grabs the fork,  
 Whene'er he carves the duck,  
 And won't allow a soul to talk  
 Until he carves the duck.  
 The fork is jabbed into the sides,  
 Across the breast the knife he slides,  
 While every careful person hides  
 From flying chips of duck.

The platter's always sure to slip  
 When Father carves the duck,  
 And how it makes the dishes skip—  
 Potatoes fly amuck.  
 The squash and cabbage leap in space,  
 We get some gravy in our face,  
 And Father mutters Hindoo grace  
 Whene'er he carves a duck.

We then have learned to walk around  
 The dining room and pluck  
 From off the window-sills and walls  
 Our share of Father's duck.  
 While Father growls and blows and  
 jaws,  
 And swears the knife was full of flaws,  
 And Mother laughs at him because  
 He couldn't carve a duck.

*E. V. Wright.*

### Papa's Letter

I was sitting in my study,  
 Writing letters when I heard,  
 "Please, dear mamma, Mary told me  
 Mamma mustn't be 'isturbed.

"But I'se tired of the kitty,  
 Want some ozzier fing to do.  
 Witing letters, is 'ou, mamma?  
 Tan't I wite a letter too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy;  
 Run and play with kitty, now."  
 "No, no, mamma, me wite letter;  
 Tan if 'ou will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait  
 As his sweet eyes searched my  
 face—  
 Hair of gold and eyes of azure,  
 Form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded,  
 As I slowly shook my head,  
 Till I said, "I'll make a letter  
 Of you, darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses  
 From his forehead high and white,  
 And a stamp in sport I pasted  
 'Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now, little letter,  
 Go away and bear good news."  
 And I smiled as down the staircase  
 Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried  
Down to Mary in his glee,  
"Mamma's witing lots of letters;  
I'se a letter, Mary—see!"

No one heard the little prattler,  
As once more he climbed the stair,  
Reached his little cap and tippet,  
Standing on the entry stair.

No one heard the front door open,  
No one saw the golden hair,  
As it floated o'er his shoulders  
In the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened  
Till he reached the office door.  
"I'se a letter, Mr. Postman;  
Is there room for any more?"

"'Cause dis letter's doin' to papa,  
Papa lives with God, 'ou know,  
Mamma sent me for a letter,  
Does 'ou fink 'at I tan go?"

But the clerk in wonder answered,  
"Not to-day, my little man."  
"Den I'll find anozzer office,  
'Cause I must go if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained  
him,  
But the pleading face was gone,  
And the little feet were hastening—  
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,  
People fled to left and right,  
As a pair of maddened horses  
At the moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—  
No one saw the golden hair,  
Till a voice of frightened sweetness  
Rang out on the autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only  
Stood the beauteous vision there,

Then the little face lay lifeless,  
Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverently they raised my darling,  
Brushed away the curls of gold,  
Saw the stamp upon the forehead,  
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,  
Showing where a hoof had trod;  
But the little life was ended—  
"Papa's letter" was with God.

### Who Stole the Bird's Nest?

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!  
Will you listen to me?  
Who stole four eggs I laid,  
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!  
Such a thing I'd never do;  
I gave you a wisp of hay,  
But didn't take your nest away.  
Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!  
Such a thing I'd never do."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!  
Will you listen to me?  
Who stole four eggs I laid,  
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!  
I wouldn't be so mean, anyhow!  
I gave the hairs the nest to make,  
But the nest I did not take.  
Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!  
I'm not so mean, anyhow."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!  
Will you listen to me?  
Who stole four eggs I laid,  
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the sheep, "oh, no!  
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so  
I gave the wool the nest to line,  
But the nest was none of mine.



Baa! Baa!" said the sheep; "oh, no!  
I wouldn't treat a poor lird so."

"Caw! Caw!" cried the crow;  
"I should like to know  
What thief took away  
A bird's nest to-day?"

"I would not rob a bird,"  
Said little Mary Green;  
"I think I never heard  
Of anything so mean."

"It is very cruel, too,"  
Said little Alice Neal;  
"I wonder if he knew  
How sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,  
And went and hid behind the bed,  
For he stole that pretty nest  
From poor little yellow-breast;  
And he felt so full of shame,  
He didn't like to tell his name.

*Lydia Maria Child.*

### Over the Hill from the Poor-House

I, who was always counted, they say,  
Rather a bad stick anyway,  
Splintered all over with dodges and  
tricks,

Known as "the worst of the Deacon's  
six";

I, the truant, saucy and bold,  
The one black sheep in my father's  
fold,

"Once on a time," as the stories say,  
Went over the hill on a winter's day—  
*Over the hill to the poor-house.*

Tom could save what twenty could  
earn;

But *givin'* was somethin' he ne'er  
would learn;

Isaac could half o' the Scriptur's  
speak—

Committed a hundred verses a week;  
Never forgot, an' never slipped;  
But "Honor thy father and mother,"  
he skipped;

*So over the hill to the poor-house!*

As for Susan, her heart was kind  
An' good—what there was of it, mind;  
Nothin' too big, an' nothin' too nice,  
Nothin' she wouldn't sacrifice  
For one she loved; an' that 'ere one  
Was herself, when all was said an'  
done;

An' Charley an' 'Becca meant well, no  
doubt,

But anyone could pull 'em about;  
An' all o' our folks ranked well, you  
see,

Save one poor fellow, an' that was me;  
An' when, one dark an' rainy night,  
A neighbor's horse went out o' sight,  
They hitched on me, as the guilty chap  
That carried one end o' the halter-  
strap.

An' I think, myself, that view of the  
case

Wasn't altogether out o' place;  
My mother denied it, as mothers do,  
But I am inclined to believe 'twas true.  
Though for me one thing might be  
said—

That I, as well as the horse, was led;  
And the worst of whisky spurred me  
on,

Or else the deed would have never been  
done.

But the keenest grief I ever felt  
Was when my mother beside me knelt,  
An' cried, an' prayed, till I melted  
down,

As I wouldn't for half the horses in  
town.

I kissed her fondly, then an' there,  
An' swore henceforth to be honest and  
square.

I served my sentence—a bitter pill  
 Some fellows should take who never  
 will;  
 And then I decided to go “out West,”  
 Concludin’ ’twould suit my health the  
 best;  
 Where, how I prospered, I never could  
 tell,  
 But Fortune seemed to like me well;  
 An’ somehow every vein I struck  
 Was always bubbling over with luck.  
 An’, better than that, I was steady an’  
 true,  
 An’ put my good resolutions through.  
 But I wrote to a trusty old neighbor,  
 an’ said,  
 “You tell ’em, old fellow, that I am  
 dead,  
 An’ died a Christian; ’twill please ’em  
 more,  
 Than if I had lived the same as be-  
 fore.”

But when this neighbor he wrote to me,  
 “Your mother’s in the poor-house,”  
 says he,  
 I had a resurrection straightway,  
 An’ started for her that very day.  
 And when I arrived where I was  
 grown,  
 I took good care that I shouldn’t be  
 known;  
 But I bought the old cottage, through  
 and through,  
 Of someone Charley had sold it to;  
 And held back neither work nor gold  
 To fix it up as it was of old.  
 The same big fire-place, wide and high,  
 Flung up its cinders toward the sky;  
 The old clock ticked on the corner-  
 shelf—  
 I wound it an’ set it a-goin’ myself;  
 An’ if everything wasn’t just the same,  
 Neither I nor money was to blame;  
 Then—*over the hill to the poor-  
 house!*

One blowin’, blusterin’ winter’s day,  
 With a team an’ cutter I started away;  
 My fiery nags was as black as coal;  
 (They some’at resembled the horse I  
 stole;)  
 I hitched, an’ entered the poor-house  
 door—  
 A poor old woman was scrubbin’ the  
 floor;  
 She rose to her feet in great surprise,  
 And looked, quite startled, into my  
 eyes;  
 I saw the whole of her trouble’s trace  
 In the lines that marred her dear old  
 face;  
 “Mother!” I shouted, “your sorrows is  
 done!  
 You’re adopted along o’ your horse  
 thief son,  
 Come *over the hill from the poor-  
 house!*”

She didn’t faint; she knelt by my side,  
 An’ thanked the Lord, till I fairly  
 cried.  
 An’ maybe our ride wasn’t pleasant  
 an’ gay,  
 An’ maybe she wasn’t wrapped up that  
 day;  
 An’ maybe our cottage wasn’t warm  
 an’ bright,  
 An’ maybe it wasn’t a pleasant sight,  
 To see her a-gettin’ the evenin’s tea,  
 An’ frequently stoppin’ an’ kissin’ me;  
 An’ maybe we didn’t live happy for  
 years,  
 In spite of my brothers’ and sisters’  
 sneers,  
 Who often said, as I have heard,  
 That they wouldn’t own a prison-bird;  
 (Though they’re gettin’ over that, I  
 guess,  
 For all of ’em owe me more or less;)  
 But I’ve learned one thing; an’ ’t  
 cheers a man  
 In always a-doin’ the best he can;

That whether on the big book, a blot  
 Gets over a fellow's name or not,  
 Whenever he does a deed that's white,  
 It's credited to him fair and right.  
 An' when you hear the great bugle's  
 notes,  
 An' the Lord divides his sheep and  
 goats,  
 However they may settle my case,  
 Wherever they may fix my place,  
 My good old Christian mother, you'll  
 see,  
 Will be sure to stand right up for me,  
*With over the hill from the poor-  
 house!*

*Will Carleton.*

### "'Specially Jim"

I was mighty good-lookin' when I was  
 young,  
 Peert an' black-eyed an' slim,  
 With fellers a-courtin' me Sunday  
 nights,  
 'Specially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all was he,  
 Chipper an' han'som' an' trim,  
 But I tossed up my head an' made fun  
 o' the crowd,  
 'Specially Jim!

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men,  
 An' I wouldn't take stock in him!  
 But they kep' up a-comin' in spite o'  
 my talk,  
 'Specially Jim!

I got so tired o' havin' 'em roun'  
 ('Specially Jim!)  
 I made up my mind I'd settle down  
 An' take up with him.

So we was married one Sunday in  
 church,  
 'Twas crowded full to the brim;  
 'Twas the only way to get rid of 'em  
 all,  
 'Specially Jim.

### O'Grady's Goat

O'Grady lived in Shanty row.  
 The neighbors often said  
 They wished that Tim would move  
 away

Or that his goat was dead.  
 He kept the neighborhood in fear,  
 And the children always vexed;  
 They couldn't tell jist whin or where  
 The goat would pop up nexht.

Ould Missis Casey stood wan day  
 The dirty clothes to rub  
 Upon the washboard, when she dived  
 Headforemosht o'er the tub;  
 She lit upon her back an' yelled,  
 As she was lying flat:  
 "Go git your goon an' kill the bashte."  
 O'Grady's goat doon that.

Pat Doolan's woife hung out the wash  
 Upon the line to dry.  
 She wint to take it in at night,  
 But stopped to have a cry.  
 The sleeves av two red flannel shirts,  
 That once were worn by Pat,  
 Were chewed off almost to the neck.  
 O'Grady's goat doon that.

They had a party at McCune's,  
 An' they wor having foon,  
 Whin suddinly there was a crash  
 An' ivrybody roon.  
 The iseter soup fell on the floor  
 An' nearly drowned the cat;  
 The stove was knocked to smithereens.  
 O'Grady's goat doon that.

Moiike Dyle was coortin' Biddy Shea,  
 Both standin' at the gate,  
 An' they wor just about to kiss  
 Aich oother sly and shwate.  
 They coom togihter loike two rams,  
 An' mashed their noses flat.  
 They niver shpake whin they goes by.  
 O'Grady's goat doon that.

O'Hoolerhan brought home a keg

Av dannymite wan day  
To blow a cistern in his yard  
An' hid the stuff away.  
But suddinly an airthquake coom,  
O'Hoolerhan, house an' hat,  
An' ivrything in sight wint up.  
O'Grady's goat doon that.

An' there was Dooley's Savhin's Bank,  
That held the byes' sphare cash.  
One day the news came doon the  
sthreet

The bank had gone to smash.  
An' ivrybody 'round was dum  
Wid anger and wid fear,  
Fer on the dhoor they red the whords,  
"O'Grady's goat sthruck here."

The folks in Grady's naborhood  
All live in fear and fright;  
They think it's certain death to go  
Around there after night.  
An' in their shlope they see a ghost  
Upon the air afloat,  
An' wake thimselves by shoutin' out:  
"Luck out for Grady's goat."

*Will S. Hays.*

### The Burial of Moses

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of  
Moab, over against Bethpeor; but no man  
knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
On this side Jordan's wave,  
In a vale in the land of Moab

There lies a lonely grave,  
And no man knows that sepulchre,  
And no man saw it e'er,  
For the angels of God upturn'd the sod  
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral  
That ever pass'd on earth;  
But no man heard the trampling,  
Or saw the train go forth—  
Noiselessly as the daylight  
Comes back when night is done,

And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek  
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the springtime  
Her crown of verdure weaves,  
And all the trees on all the hills  
Open their thousand leaves;  
So without sound of music,  
Or voice of them that wept,  
Silently down from the mountain's  
crown  
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle  
On gray Beth-peor's height,  
Out of his lonely eyrie  
Look'd on the wondrous sight;  
Perchance the lion, stalking,  
Still shuns that hallow'd spot,  
For beast and bird have seen and heard  
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,  
His comrades in the war,  
With arms reversed and muffled drum,  
Follow his funeral car;  
They show the banners taken,  
They tell his battles won,  
And after him lead his masterless  
steed,  
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land  
We lay the sage to rest,  
And give the bard an honor'd place,  
With costly marble drest,  
In the great minster transept  
Where lights like glories fall,  
And the organ rings, and the sweet  
choir sings  
Along the emblazon'd wall.

This was the truest warrior  
That ever buckled sword,  
This was the most gifted poet  
That ever breathed a word;  
And never earth's philosopher  
Traced with his golden pen,



On the deathless page, truths half so  
sage  
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor,—  
The hillside for a pall,  
To lie in state while angels wait  
With stars for tapers tall,  
And the dark rock-pines like tossing  
plumes,  
Over his bier to wave,  
And God's own hand, in that lonely  
land,  
To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave without a name,  
Whence his uncoffin'd clay  
Shall break again, O wondrous  
thought!

Before the judgment day,  
And stand with glory wrapt around  
On the hills he never trod,  
And speak of the strife that won our  
life

With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land  
O dark Beth-peor's hill,  
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,  
And teach them to be still.  
God hath His mysteries of grace,  
Ways that we cannot tell;  
He hides them deep like the hidden  
sleep  
Of him He loved so well.

*Cecil F. Alexander.*

### Nobody's Child

Alone in the dreary, pitiless street,  
With my torn old dress, and bare, cold  
feet,  
All day have I wandered to and fro,  
Hungry and shivering, and nowhere to  
go;  
The night's coming on in darkness and  
lread,

And the chill sleet beating upon my  
bare head.

Oh! why does the wind blow upon me  
so wild?

Is it because I am nobody's child?

Just over the way there's a flood of  
light,

And warmth, and beauty, and all  
things bright;

Beautiful children, in robes so fair,  
Are caroling songs in their rapture  
there.

I wonder if they, in their blissful glee,  
Would pity a poor little beggar like  
me,

Wandering alone in the merciless  
street,

Naked and shivering, and nothing to  
eat?

Oh! what shall I do when the night  
comes down

In its terrible blackness all over the  
town?

Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry  
sky,

On the cold, hard pavement, alone to  
die,

When the beautiful children their  
prayers have said,

And their mammas have tucked them  
up snugly in bed?

For no dear mother on me ever smiled.

Why is it, I wonder, I'm nobody's  
child?

No father, no mother, no sister, not  
one

In all the world loves me—e'en the lit-  
tle dogs run

When I wander too near them; 'tis  
wondrous to see

How everything shrinks from a beggar  
like me!

Perhaps 'tis a dream; but sometimes,  
when I lie

Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,  
Watching for hours some large bright  
star,

I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar,

And a host of white-robed, nameless  
things

Come fluttering o'er me on gilded  
wings;

A hand that is strangely soft and fair  
Caresses gently my tangled hair,  
And a voice like the carol of some wild  
bird—

The sweetest voice that was ever  
heard—

Calls me many a dear, pet name,  
Till my heart and spirit are all aflame.

They tell me of such unbounded love,  
And bid me come to their home above;  
And then with such pitiful, sad sur-  
prise

They look at me with their sweet, ten-  
der eyes,

And it seems to me, out of the dreary  
night

I am going up to that world of light,  
And away from the hunger and storm  
so wild;

I am sure I shall then be somebody's  
child.

*Phila H. Case.*

### A Christmas Long Ago

Like a dream, it all comes o'er me as I  
hear the Christmas bells;

Like a dream it floats before me, while  
the Christmas anthem swells;

Like a dream it bears me onward in  
the silent, mystic flow,

To a dear old sunny Christmas in the  
happy long ago.

And my thoughts go backward, back-  
ward, and the years that intervene

Are but as the mists and shadows  
when the sunlight comes between;  
And all earthly wealth and splendor  
seem but as a fleeting show,  
As there comes to me the picture of a  
Christmas long ago.

I can see the great, wide hearthstone  
and the holly hung about;

I can see the smiling faces, I can hear  
the children shout;

I can feel the joy and gladness that  
the old room seem to fill,

E'en the shadows on the ceiling—I can  
see them dancing still.

I can see the little stockings hung  
about the chimney yet;

I can feel my young heart thrilling  
lest the old man should forget.

Ah! that fancy! Were the world mine,  
I would give it, if I might,

To believe in old St. Nicholas, and be  
a child to-night.

Just to hang my little stocking where  
it used to hang, and feel

For one moment all the old thoughts  
and the old hopes o'er me steal.

But, oh! loved and loving faces, in the  
firelight's dancing glow,

There will never come another like  
that Christmas long ago!

For the old home is deserted, and the  
ashes long have lain

In the great, old-fashioned fireplace  
that will never shine again.

Friendly hands that then clasped ours  
now are folded 'neath the snow;

Gone the dear ones who were with us  
on that Christmas long ago.

Let the children have their Christmas  
—let them have it while they may;

Life is short and childhood's fleeting,  
 and there'll surely come a day  
 When St. Nicholas will sadly pass on  
 by the close-shut door,  
 Missing all the merry faces that had  
 greeted him of yore;

When no childish step shall echo  
 through the quiet, silent room;  
 When no childish smile shall brighten,  
 and no laughter lift the gloom;  
 When the shadows that fall 'round us  
 in the fire-light's fitful glow  
 Shall be ghosts of those who sat there  
 in the Christmas long ago.

### Nearer Home

One sweetly solemn thought  
 Comes to me o'er and o'er,—  
 I am nearer home to-day  
 Than I've ever been before;—

Nearer my Father's house  
 Where the many mansions be,  
 Nearer the great white throne,  
 Nearer the jasper sea;—

Nearer the bound of life  
 Where we lay our burdens down;  
 Nearer leaving the cross,  
 Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,  
 Winding down through the night,  
 Is the dim and unknown stream  
 That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps  
 Come to the dark abysm;  
 Closer death to my lips  
 Presses the awful chrism.

Father, perfect my trust;  
 Strengthen the might of my faith;  
 Let me feel as I would when I stand  
 On the rock of the shore of death,—

Feel as I would when my feet  
 Are slipping o'er the brink;  
 For it may be I am nearer home,  
 Nearer now than I think.

*Phoebe Cary.*

### The Minuet

Grandma told me all about it,  
 Told me so I could not doubt it,  
 How she danced, my grandma danced,  
 long ago!  
 How she held her pretty head,  
 How her dainty skirts she spread,  
 How she turned her little toes,  
 Smiling little human rose!

Grandma's hair was bright and  
 shining,  
 Dimpled cheeks, too! ah! how funny!  
 Bless me, now she wears a cap,  
 My grandma does, and takes a nap  
 every single day;  
 Yet she danced the minuet long ago;  
 Now she sits there rocking, rocking,  
 Always knitting grandpa's stocking—  
 Every girl was taught to knit long  
 ago—  
 But her figure is so neat,  
 And her ways so staid and sweet,  
 I can almost see her now,  
 Bending to her partner's bow, long  
 ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,  
 Rushing, whirling, dashing, bumping,  
 Would have shocked the gentle people  
 long ago.  
 No, they moved with stately grace,  
 Everything in proper place,  
 Gliding slowly forward, then  
 Slowly courtesying back again.

Modern ways are quite alarming,  
 grandma says,  
 But boys were charming—

Girls and boys I mean, of course—long  
ago,  
Sweetly modest, bravely shy!  
What if all of us should try just to  
feel  
Like those who met in the stately min-  
uet, long ago.  
With the minuet in fashion,  
Who could fly into a passion?  
All would wear the calm they wore  
long ago,  
And if in years to come, perchance,  
I tell my grandchild of our dance,  
I should really like to say,  
We did it in some such way, long ago.  
*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

### The Vagabonds

We are two travellers, Roger and I.  
Roger's my dog—Come here, you  
scamp!  
Jump for the gentleman—mind your  
eye!  
Over the table—look out for the  
lamp!—  
The rogue is growing a little old;  
Five years we've tramped through  
wind and weather,  
And slept outdoors when nights were  
cold,  
And ate, and drank—and starved to-  
gether.  
We've learned what comfort is, I tell  
you:  
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,  
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fel-  
low,  
The paw he holds up there has been  
frozen),  
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,  
(This outdoor business is bad for  
strings),  
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from  
the griddle,  
And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank you, Sir, I never drink.  
Roger and I are exceedingly moral.  
Aren't we, Roger? see him wink.  
Well, something hot then, we won't  
quarrel.  
He's thirsty, too—see him nod his  
head?  
What a pity, Sir, that dogs can't  
talk;  
He understands every word that's said,  
And he knows good milk from water  
and chalk.  
The truth is, Sir, now I reflect,  
I've been so sadly given to grog,  
I wonder I've not lost the respect  
(Here's to you, Sir!) even of my  
dog.  
But he sticks by through thick and  
thin;  
And this old coat with its empty  
pockets  
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,  
He'll follow while he has eyes in his  
sockets.  
There isn't another creature living  
Would do it, and prove, through  
every disaster,  
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,  
To such a miserable, thankless mas-  
ter.  
No, Sir! see him wag his tail and  
grin—  
By George! it makes my old eyes  
water—  
That is, there's something in this gin  
That chokes a fellow, but no matter!  
We'll have some music, if you're will-  
ing,  
And Roger (hem! what a plague a  
cough is, Sir!)  
Shall march a little.—Start, you vil-  
lain!  
Paws up! eyes front! salute your  
officer!



'Bout face! attention! take your rifle!  
 (Some dogs have arms, you see.)  
 Now hold  
 Your cap while the gentleman gives a  
 trifle  
 To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the  
 Rebel shakes,  
 When he stands up to hear his sen-  
 tence;  
 Now tell me how many drams it takes  
 To honor a jolly new acquaintance.  
 Five yelps—that's five; he's mighty  
 knowing;  
 The night's before us, fill the glass-  
 es;—  
 Quick, Sir! I'm ill, my brain is go-  
 ing!—  
 Some brandy,—thank you;—there,  
 —it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;  
 But I've gone through such wretched  
 treatment,  
 Sometimes forgetting the taste of  
 bread,  
 And scarce remembering what meat  
 meant,  
 That my poor stomach's past reform;  
 And there are times when, mad with  
 thinking,  
 I'd sell out heaven for something warm  
 To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?  
 At your age, Sir, home, fortune,  
 friends,  
 A dear girl's love,—but I took to  
 drink;—  
 The same old story; you know how  
 it ends.  
 If you could have seen these classic  
 features,—  
 You needn't laugh, Sir; I was not  
 then

Such a burning libel on God's crea-  
 tures;  
 I was one of your handsome men—

If you had seen her, so fair, so young,  
 Whose head was happy on this  
 breast;  
 If you could have heard the songs I  
 sung  
 When the wine went round, you  
 wouldn't have guess'd  
 That ever I, Sir, should be straying  
 From door to door, with fiddle and  
 dog,  
 Ragged and penniless, and playing  
 To you to-night for a glass of grog.

She's married since,—a parson's wife,  
 'Twas better for her that we should  
 part;  
 Better the soberest, prosiest life  
 Than a blasted I me and a broken  
 heart.  
 I have seen her—once; I was weak and  
 spent  
 On the dusty road; a carriage  
 stopped,  
 But little she dreamed as on she went,  
 Who kissed the coin that her fingers  
 dropped.

You've set me talking, Sir; I'm sorry;  
 It makes me wild to think of the  
 change!  
 What do you care for a beggar's story?  
 Is it amusing? you find it strange?  
 I had a mother so proud of me!  
 'Twas well she died before—Do you  
 know  
 If the happy spirits in heaven can see  
 The ruin and wretchedness here be-  
 low?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden  
 This pain; then Roger and I will  
 start.

I wonder, has he such a lumpish,  
 leaden,  
 Aching thing, in place of a heart?  
 He is sad sometimes, and would weep,  
 if he could,  
 No doubt, remembering things that  
 were,—  
 A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,  
 And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warm-  
 ing,—  
 You rascal! limber your lazy feet!  
 We must be fiddling and performing  
 For supper and bed, or starve in the  
 street.—  
 Not a very gay life to lead, you think.  
 But soon we shall go where lodgings  
 are free,  
 And the sleepers need neither victuals  
 nor drink;—  
 The sooner, the better for Roger and  
 me.

*J. T. Trowbridge.*

### The Isle of Long Ago

Oh, a wonderful stream is the river of  
 Time,  
 As it runs through the realm of  
 tears,  
 With a faultless rhythm and a musical  
 rhyme,  
 And a boundless sweep and a surge  
 sublime,  
 As it blends with the ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting, like  
 flakes of snow,  
 And the summers, like buds be-  
 tween;  
 And the year in the sheaf—so they  
 come and they go,  
 On the river's breast, with its ebb and  
 flow,  
 As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the river of  
 Time,  
 Where the softest of airs are play-  
 ing;  
 There's a cloudless sky and a tropical  
 clime,  
 And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,  
 And the Junes with the roses are  
 staying.

And the name of that isle is the Long  
 Ago,  
 And we bury our treasures there;  
 There are brows of beauty and bosoms  
 of snow—  
 There are heaps of dust—but we love  
 them so!—  
 There are trinkets and tresses of  
 hair;

There are fragments of song that no-  
 body sings,  
 And a part of an infant's prayer,  
 There's a lute unswapt, and a harp  
 without strings;  
 There are broken vows and pieces of  
 rings,  
 And the garments that she used to  
 wear.

There are hands that are waved, when  
 the fairy shore  
 By the mirage is lifted in air;  
 And we sometimes hear, through the  
 turbulent roar,  
 Sweet voices we heard in the days  
 gone before,  
 When the wind down the river is  
 fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be the blessed  
 Isle,  
 All the day of our life till night—  
 When the evening comes with its beau-  
 tiful smile,

And our eyes are closing to slumber  
 awhile,  
 May that "Greenwood" of Soul be in  
 sight!

*Benjamin Franklin Taylor.*

NOTE: The last line of this poem needs explanation. "Greenwood" is the name of a cemetery in Brooklyn, N. Y. "Greenwood of Soul" means the soul's resting place, or heaven.

### The Dying Newsboy

In an attic bare and cheerless, Jim the  
 newsboy dying lay  
 On a rough but clean straw pallet, at  
 the fading of the day;  
 Scant the furniture about him but  
 bright flowers were in the room,  
 Crimson phloxes, waxen lilies, roses  
 laden with perfume.  
 On a table by the bedside open at a  
 well-worn page,  
 Where the mother had been reading  
 lay a Bible stained by age.  
 Now he could not hear the verses; he  
 was flighty, and she wept  
 With her arms around her youngest,  
 who close to her side had crept.

Blackening boots and selling papers, in  
 all weathers day by day,  
 Brought upon poor Jim consumption,  
 which was eating life away.  
 And this cry came with his anguish  
 for each breath a struggle cost,  
 "'Ere's the morning *Sun* and *'Ere'd*—  
 latest news of steamship lost.  
 Papers, mister? Morning papers?"  
 Then the cry fell to a moan,  
 Which was changed a moment later to  
 another frenzied tone:  
 "Black yer boots, sir? Just a nickel!  
 Shine 'em like an evening star.  
 It grows late, Jack! Night is coming.  
 Evening papers, here they are!"

Soon a mission teacher entered, and  
 approached the humble bed;

Then poor Jim's mind cleared an instant,  
 with his cool hand on his  
 head.

"Teacher," cried he, "I remember what  
 you said the other day,  
 Ma's been reading of the Saviour, and  
 through Him I see my way.

He is with me! Jack, I charge you of  
 our mother take good care  
 When Jim's gone! Hark! boots or pa-  
 pers, which will I be over there?  
 Black yer boots, sir? Shine 'em right  
 up! Papers! Read God's book  
 instead,  
 Better'n papers that to die on! Jack—"

one gasp, and Jim was dead!

Floating from that attic chamber came  
 the teacher's voice in prayer,  
 And it soothed the bitter sorrow of the  
 mourners kneeling there.  
 He commended them to Heaven, while  
 the tears rolled down his face,  
 Thanking God that Jim had listened to  
 sweet words of peace and grace,  
 Ever 'mid the want and squalor of the  
 wretched and the poor,  
 Kind hearts find a ready welcome, and  
 an always open door;  
 For the sick are in strange places,  
 mourning hearts are everywhere,  
 And such need the voice of kindness,  
 need sweet sympathy and prayer.

*Emily Thornton.*

### Break, Break, Break

Break, break, break,  
 On thy cold gray stones, O sea!  
 And I would that my tongue could  
 utter  
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy  
 That he shouts with his sister at  
 play!

O well for the sailor lad  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanished  
hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is  
still!

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is  
dead  
Will never come back to me.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

### Don't Kill the Birds

Don't kill the birds, the pretty birds,  
That sing about your door,  
Soon as the joyous spring has come,  
And chilling storms are o'er.  
The little birds, how sweet they sing!  
Oh! let them joyous live;  
And never seek to take the life  
That you can never give.

Don't kill the birds, the pretty birds,  
That play among the trees;  
'Twould make the earth a cheerless  
place,  
Should we dispense with these.  
The little birds, how fond they play!  
Do not disturb their sport;  
But let them warble forth their songs,  
Till winter cuts them short.

Don't kill the birds, the happy birds,  
That bless the fields and grove;  
So innocent to look upon,  
They claim our warmest love.  
The happy birds, the tuneful birds,  
How pleasant 'tis to see!  
No spot can be a cheerless place  
Where'er their presence be.  
*D. C. Colesworthy.*

### Bill's in the Legislature

I've got a letter, parson, from my son  
away out West,  
An' my old heart is heavy as an anvil  
in my breast,  
To think the boy whose future I had  
once so nicely planned  
Should wander from the right and  
come to such a bitter end.

I told him when he left us, only three  
short years ago,  
He'd find himself a-plowing in a  
mighty crooked row;  
He'd miss his father's counsel and his  
mother's prayers, too,  
But he said the farm was hateful, an'  
he guessed he'd have to go.

I know there's big temptations for a  
youngster in the West,  
But I believed our Billy had the cour-  
age to resist;  
An' when he left I warned him of the  
ever waitin' snares  
That lie like hidden serpents in life's  
pathway everywhere.

But Bill, he promised faithful to be  
careful, an' allowed  
That he'd build a reputation that'd  
make us mighty proud.  
But it seems as how my counsel sort o'  
faded from his mind,  
And now he's got in trouble of the  
very worstest kind!

His letters came so seldom that I some-  
how sort o' knowed  
That Billy was a-trampin' of a mighty  
rocky road;  
But never once imagined he would bow  
my head in shame,  
And in the dust would woller his old  
daddy's honored name.



He writes from out in Denver, an' the  
story's mighty short—  
I jess can't tell his mother!—it'll crush  
her poor old heart!

An' so I reckoned, parson, you might  
break the news to her—  
Bill's in the Legislature but he doesn't  
say what fur!

### The Bridge Builder

An old man going a lone highway,  
Came, at the evening cold and gray,  
To a chasm vast and deep and wide.  
The old man crossed in the twilight  
dim,  
The sullen stream had no fear for  
him;  
But he turned when safe on the other  
side  
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,  
"You are wasting your strength with  
building here;  
Your journey will end with the ending  
day,  
You never again will pass this way;  
You've crossed the chasm, deep and  
wide,  
Why build this bridge at evening tide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head;  
"Good friend, in the path I have come,"  
he said,  
"There followed after me to-day  
A youth whose feet must pass this way.  
This chasm that has been as naught to  
me  
To that fair-haired youth may a pit-  
fall be;  
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;  
Good friend, I am building this bridge  
for him!"

*Anonymous.*

### Song of Marion's Men

Our band is few, but true and tried,  
Our leader frank and bold;  
The British soldier trembles  
When Marion's name is told.  
Our fortress is the good green wood,  
Our tent the cypress tree;  
We know the forest round us  
As seamen know the sea;  
We know its walls of thorny vines,  
Its glades of reedy grass,  
Its safe and silent islands  
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery  
That little dread us near!  
On them shall light at midnight  
A strange and sudden fear:  
When, waking to their tents on fire,  
They grasp their arms in vain,  
And they who stand to face us  
Are beat to earth again;  
And they who fly in terror deem  
A mighty host behind,  
And hear the tramp of thousands  
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings re-  
lease  
From danger and from toil;  
We talk the battle over  
And share the battle's spoil.  
The woodland rings with laugh and  
shout  
As if a hunt were up,  
And woodland flowers are gathered  
To crown the soldier's cup.  
With merry songs we mock the wind  
That in the pine-top grieves,  
And slumber long and sweetly  
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon  
The band that Marion leads—  
The glitter of their rifles,  
The scampering of their steeds.

'Tis life our fiery barbs to guide  
 Across the moonlight plains;  
 'Tis life to feel the night wind  
 That lifts their tossing manes.  
 A moment in the British camp—  
 A moment—and away—  
 Back to the pathless forest  
 Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,  
 Grave men with hoary hairs;  
 Their hearts are all with Marion,  
 For Marion are their prayers.  
 And lovely ladies greet our band  
 With kindest welcoming,  
 With smiles like those of summer,  
 And tears like those of spring.  
 For them we wear these trusty arms,  
 And lay them down no more  
 Till we have driven the Briton  
 Forever from our shore.

*William Cullen Bryant.*

### The Minstrel-Boy

The Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,  
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;  
 His father's sword he has girded on,  
 And his wild harp slung behind  
 him.—

"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,  
 "Though all the world betrays thee,  
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall  
 guard,

One faithful harp shall praise thee!"  
 The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's  
 chain

Could not bring his proud soul under;  
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,  
 For he tore its chords asunder;  
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,  
 Thou soul of love and bravery!

Thy songs were made for the pure and  
 free,

They shall never sound in slavery!"

*Thomas Moore.*

### Our Homestead

Our old brown homestead reared its  
 walls,  
 From the wayside dust aloof,  
 Where the apple-boughs could almost  
 cast

Their fruitage on its roof:  
 And the cherry-tree so near it grew,  
 That when awake I've lain,  
 In the lonesome nights, I've heard the  
 limbs,

As they creaked against the pane:  
 And those orchard trees, O those or-  
 chard trees!

I've seen my little brothers rocked  
 In their tops by the summer breeze.

The sweet-brier under the window-sill,  
 Which the early birds made glad,  
 And the damask rose by the garden  
 fence

Were all the flowers we had.  
 I've looked at many a flower since then,  
 Exotics rich and rare,  
 That to other eyes were lovelier,  
 But not to me so fair;

O those roses bright, O those roses  
 bright!

I have twined them with my sister's  
 locks,

That are hid in the dust from sight!

We had a well, a deep old well,  
 Where the spring was never dry,  
 And the cool drops down from the  
 mossy stones

Were falling constantly:  
 And there never was water half so  
 sweet

As that in my little cup,  
 Drawn up to the curb by the rude old  
 sweep,

Which my father's hand set up;  
 And that deep old well, O that deep old  
 well!

I remember yet the splashing sound  
Of the bucket as it fell.

Our homestead had an ample hearth,  
Where at night we loved to meet;  
There my mother's voice was always  
kind,

And her smile was always sweet;  
And there I've sat on my father's knee,  
And watched his thoughtful brow,  
With my childish hand in his raven  
hair,—

That hair is silver now!  
But that broad hearth's light, O that  
broad hearth's light!  
And my father's look, and my mother's  
smile,—

They are in my heart to-night.

*Phæbe Cary.*

### The Ballad of the Tempest

We were crowded in the cabin,  
Not a soul would dare to sleep,—  
It was midnight on the waters,  
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter  
To be shattered by the blast,  
And to hear the rattling trumpet  
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,—  
For the stoutest held his breath,  
While the hungry sea was roaring  
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,  
Each one busy with his prayers,  
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,  
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,  
As she took his icy hand,  
"Isn't God upon the ocean,  
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,  
And we spoke in better cheer,  
And we anchored safe in harbor,  
When the morn was shining clear.  
*James T. Fields.*

### Santa Filomena

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow,  
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read  
Of the great army of the dead,  
The trenches cold and damp,  
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,  
In dreary hospitals of pain,  
The cheerless corridors,  
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery  
A lady with a lamp I see  
Pass through the glimmering gloom,  
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow, as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be  
Opened and then closed suddenly,  
The vision came and went,  
The light shone and was spent.

Or England's annals, through the long  
Hereafter of her speech and song,  
That light its rays shall cast  
From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land  
A noble type of good,  
Heroic Womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here  
The palm, the lily, and the spear,  
The symbols that of yore  
Saint Filomena bore.

*Henry W. Longfellow.*

### The Knight's Toast

The feast is o'er! Now brimming wine  
In lordly cup is seen to shine  
Before each eager guest;  
And silence fills the crowded hall,  
As deep as when the herald's call  
Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host,  
And, smiling, cried: "A toast! a toast!  
To all our ladies fair!  
Here before all, I pledge the name  
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous  
dame,  
The Ladye Gundamere!"

Then to his feet each gallant sprung,  
And joyous was the shout that rung,  
As Stanley gave the word;  
And every cup was raised on high,  
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry  
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough," he, smiling, said,  
And lowly bent his haughty head;  
"That all may have their due,  
Now each in turn must play his part,  
And pledge the lady of his heart,  
Like gallant knight and true!"

Then one by one each guest sprang up,  
And drained in turn the brimming cup,  
And named the loved one's name;  
And each, as hand on high he raised,  
His lady's grace or beauty praised,  
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise;  
On him are fixed those countless  
eyes;—  
A gallant knight is he;  
Envied by some, admired by all,  
Far famed in lady's bower and hall,—  
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,  
And lifts the sparkling cup on high:  
"I drink to one," he said,  
"Whose image never may depart,  
Deep graven on this grateful heart,  
Till memory be dead.

"To one, whose love for me shall last  
When lighter passions long have  
past,—  
So holy 'tis and true;  
To one, whose love hath longer dwelt,  
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,  
Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,  
And laid a hand upon his sword,  
With fury flashing eye;  
And Stanley said: "We crave the name,  
Proud knight, of this most peerless  
dame,  
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would  
Not breathe her name in careless mood,  
Thus lightly to another;  
Then bent his noble head, as though  
To give that word the reverence due,  
And gently said: "My Mother!"  
*Sir Walter Scott.*



### The Old Man Dreams

O for one hour of youthful joy!  
Give back my twentieth spring!  
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy  
Than reign a gray-beard king!

Off with the spoils of wrinkled age!  
Away with learning's crown!  
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,  
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream  
From boyhood's fount of flame!  
Give me one giddy, reeling dream  
Of life all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer,  
And, calmly smiling, said,  
"If I but touch thy silvered hair,  
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track  
To bid thee fondly stay,  
While the swift seasons hurry back  
To find the wished-for day?"

Ah! truest soul of womankind!  
Without thee what were life?  
One bliss I cannot leave behind:  
I'll take—my—precious—wife!

The angel took a sapphire pen  
And wrote in rainbow dew,  
"The man would be a boy again,  
And be a husband, too!"

"And is there nothing yet unsaid  
Before the change appears?  
Remember, all their gifts have fled  
With those dissolving years!"

"Why, yes; for memory would recall  
My fond paternal joys;  
I could not bear to leave them all:  
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys!"

The smiling angel dropped his pen—  
"Why, this will never do;  
The man would be a boy again,  
And be a father too!"

And so I laughed—my laughter woke  
The household with its noise—  
And wrote my dream, when morning  
broke,  
To please the gray-haired boys.  
*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

### Washington's Birthday

The bells of Mount Vernon are ring-  
ing to-day,  
And what say their melodious num-  
bers  
To the flag blooming air? List, what  
do they say?  
"The fame of the hero ne'er slum-  
bers!"

The world's monument stands the  
Potomac beside,  
And what says the shaft to the  
river?  
"When the hero has lived for his coun-  
try, and died,  
Death crowns him a hero forever."

The bards crown the heroes and chil-  
dren rehearse  
The songs that give heroes to story,  
And what say the bards to the chil-  
dren?" No verse  
Can yet measure Washington's glory.

"For Freedom outlives the old crowns  
of the earth,  
And Freedom shall triumph forever,  
And Time must long wait the true  
song of his birth  
Who sleeps by the beautiful river."  
*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

**April! April! Are You Here?**

April! April! are you here?

Oh, how fresh the wind is blowing!  
See! the sky is bright and clear,

Oh, how green the grass is growing!  
April! April! are you here?

April! April! is it you?

See how fair the flowers are spring-  
ing!

Sun is warm and brooks are clear,  
Oh, how glad the birds are singing!

April! April! is it you?

April! April! you are here!

Though your smiling turn to weep-  
ing,

Though your skies grow cold and  
drear,

Though your gentle winds are sleep-  
ing,

April! April! you are here!

*Dora Read Goodale.*

**A Laughing Chorus**

Oh, such a commotion under the ground  
When March called, "Ho, there! ho!"  
Such spreading of rootlets far and  
wide,

Such whispering to and fro;  
And, "Are you ready?" the Snowdrop  
asked,

"'Tis time to start, you know."  
"Almost, my dear," the Scilla replied;  
"I'll follow as soon as you go."

Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came  
Of laughter soft and low,  
From the millions of flowers under  
the ground,

Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

O, the pretty brave things! through  
the coldest days,

Imprisoned in walls of brown,  
They never lost heart though the blast  
shrieked loud,

And the sleet and the hail came  
down,

But patiently each wrought her beau-  
tiful dress,

Or fashioned her beautiful crown;  
And now they are coming to brighten  
the world,

Still shadowed by Winter's frown;  
And well may they cheerily laugh,  
"Ha! ha!"

In a chorus soft and low,  
The millions of flowers hid under the  
ground

Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

**The Courtin'**

God makes sech nights, all white an'  
still

Fur 'z you can look or listen,  
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,  
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown  
An' peeked in thru the winder.  
An' there sot Huldy all alone,  
'ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side  
With half a cord o' wood in—  
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort  
died)

Tc bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out  
Towards the pootiest, bless her,  
An' leetle flames danced all about  
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,  
An' in amongst 'em rusted  
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther  
Young

Fetch'd back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was ir,  
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',

An' she looked full ez rosy agin  
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look  
On sech a blessed cretur,  
A dogrose blushin' to a brook  
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,  
Clear grit an' human natur';  
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton  
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,  
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv  
'em,

Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—  
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run  
All crinkly like curled maple,  
The side she breshed felt full o' sun  
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing  
Ez hisn in the choir;  
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,  
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlet, right in prayer,  
When her new meetin'-bunnit  
Felt somehow thru its crown a pair  
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*  
She seemed to 've gut a new soul,  
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,  
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,  
A-raspin' on the scraper,—  
All ways to once her feelin's flew  
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' p'itered on the mat,  
Some doubtfe o' the sekle,  
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,  
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk  
Ez though she wished him further,  
An' on her apples kep' to work,  
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"  
"Wal—no—I come dasignin'"—  
"To see mv Ma? She's sprinklin'  
clo'es  
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,  
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';  
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*  
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,  
Then stood a spell on t'other,  
An' on which one he felt the wust  
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin";  
Says she, "Think likely, Mister";  
Thet last work pricked him like a pin,  
An'—Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,  
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,  
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips  
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind  
Whose naturs never vary,  
Like streams that keep a summer mind  
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt  
glued  
Too tight for all expressin',  
Tell mother see how metters stood,  
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide  
Down to the Bay o' Fundy.  
An' all I know is they was cried  
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

James Russell Lowell.

### An Old Man's Dreams

It was the twilight hour;  
Behind the western hill the sun had  
sunk,  
Leaving the evening sky aglow with  
crimson light.  
The air is filled with fragrance and  
with sound;  
High in the tops of shadowy vine-  
wreathed trees,  
Grave parent-birds were twittering  
good-night songs,  
To still their restless brood.

Across the way  
A noisy little brook made pleasant  
Music on the summer air,  
And farther on, the sweet, faint sound  
Of Whippoorwill Falls rose on the air,  
and fell

Like some sweet chant at vespers.

The air is heavy  
With the scent of mignonette and rose,  
And from the beds of flowers the tall  
White lilies point like angel fingers up-  
ward,

Casting on the air an incense sweet,  
That brings to mind the old, old story  
Of the alabaster box that loving Mary  
Broke upon the Master's feet.

Upon his vine-wreathed porch  
An old white-headed man sits dream-  
ing  
Happy, happy dreams of days that are  
no more;  
And listening to the quaint old song  
With which his daughter lulled her  
child to rest:

"Abide with me," she says;

"Fast falls the eventide;

The darkness deepens,—

Lord, with me abide."

And as he listens to the sounds that fill  
the  
Summer air, sweet, dreamy thoughts

Of his "lost youth" come crowding  
thickly up;

And, for a while, he seems a boy again.

With feet all bare

He wades the rippling brook, and with  
a boyish shout

Gathers the violets blue, and nodding  
ferns,

That wave a welcome from the other  
side.

With those he wreathes

The sunny head of little Nell, a neigh-  
bor's child,

Companion of his sorrows and his joys.

Sweet, dainty Nell, whose baby life

Seemed early linked with his,

And whom he loved with all a boy's  
devotion.

Long years have flown.

No longer boy and girl, but man and  
woman grown,

They stand again beside the brook,  
that murmurs

Ever in its course, nor stays for time  
nor man,

And tell the old, old story,

And promise to be true till life for  
them shall end.

Again the years roll on,

And they are old. The frost of age

Has touched the once-brown hair,

And left it white as are the chaliced  
lilies.

Children, whose rosy lips once claimed  
A father's blessing and a mother's  
love,

Have grown to man's estate, save two  
Whom God called early home to wait  
For them in heaven.

And then the old man thinks

How on a night like this, when faint  
And sweet as half-remembered dreams  
Old Whippoorwill Falls did murmur  
soft



Its evening psalms, when fragrant  
lilies

Pointed up the way her Christ had  
gone,

God called the wife and mother home,  
And bade him wait.

Oh! why is it so hard for  
Man to wait?—to sit with folded hands,  
Apart, amid the busy throng,  
And hear the buzz and hum of toil  
around;

To see men reap and bind the golden  
sheaves

Of earthly fruits, while he looks idly  
on,

And knows he may not join,  
But only wait till God has said,  
“Enough!”

And calls him home?

And thus the old man dreams,  
And then awakes; awakes to hear  
The sweet old song just dying  
On the pulsing evening air:

“When other helpers fail,

And comforts flee,

Lord of the helpless,

Oh, abide with me!”

*Eliza M. Sherman.*

### God's Message to Men

God said: I am tired of kings;

I suffer them no more;

Up to my ear the morning brings  
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I have made this ball

A field of havoc and war,

Where tyrants great and tyrants small  
Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel—his name is Freedom—

Choose him to be your king.

He shall cut pathways east and west  
And fend you with his wing.

I will never have a noble;  
No lineage counted great,  
Fishers and choppers and plowmen  
Shall constitute a state.

And ye shall succor man,  
’Tis nobleness to serve;  
Help them who cannot help again;  
Beware from right to swerve.  
*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

### The Sandman

The rosy clouds float overhead,  
The sun is going down,  
And now the Sandman's gentle tread  
Comes stealing through the town.  
“White sand, white sand,” he softly  
cries,

And, as he shakes his hand,  
Straightway there lies on babies' eyes  
His gift of shining sand.  
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes and  
brown,  
As shuts the rose, they softly close,  
when he goes through the town.

From sunny beaches far away,  
Yes, in another land,  
He gathers up, at break of day,  
His store of shining sand.  
No tempests beat that shore remote,  
No ships may sail that way;  
His little boat alone may float  
Within that lovely bay.  
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes and  
brown,  
As shuts the rose, they softly close,  
when he goes through the town.

He smiles to see the eyelids close  
Above the happy eyes,  
And every child right well he knows—  
Oh, he is very wise!  
But if, as he goes through the land,  
A naughty baby cries,

His other hand takes dull gray sand  
 To close the wakeful eyes.  
 Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes and  
 brown,  
 As shuts the rose, they softly close,  
 when he goes through the town.

So when you hear the Sandman's song  
 Sound through the twilight sweet,  
 Be sure you do not keep him long  
 A-waiting in the street.

Lie softly down, dear little head,  
 Rest quiet, busy hands,  
 'Till by your bed when good-night's  
 said,

He strews the shining sands.  
 Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes and  
 brown,  
 As shuts the rose, they softly close,  
 when he goes through the town.  
*Margaret Vandegrift.*

### Ring Out, Wild Bells

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
 The flying cloud, the frosty light:  
 The year is dying in the night;  
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
 The year is going, let him go;  
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
 For those that here we see no more;  
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
 And ancient forms of party strife;  
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
 The civic slander and the spite;  
 Ring in the love of truth and right,  
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
 Ring out the darkness of the land,  
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

### The Wishing Bridge

Among the legends sung or said  
 Along our rocky shore,  
 The Wishing Bridge of Marblehead  
 May well be sung once more.

An hundred years ago (so ran  
 The old-time story) all  
 Good wishes said above its span  
 Would, soon or late, befall.

If pure and earnest, never failed  
 The prayers of man or maid  
 For him who on the deep sea sailed,  
 For her at home who stayed.

Once thither came two girls from  
 school  
 And wished in childish glee:  
 And one would be a queen and rule,  
 And one the world would see.

Time passed; with change of hopes  
 and fears  
 And in the selfsame place,  
 Two women, gray with middle years,  
 Stood wondering, face to face.

With wakened memories, as they met,  
 They queried what had been:  
 "A poor man's wife am I, and yet,"  
 Said one, "I am a queen.

"My realm a little homestead is,  
 Where, lacking crown and throne,

I rule by loving services  
And patient toil alone."

The other said: "The great world lies  
Beyond me as it laid;  
O'er love's and duty's boundaries  
My feet have never strayed.

"I see but common sights at home,  
Its common sounds I hear,  
My widowed mother's sick-bed room  
Sufficeth for my sphere.

"I read to her some pleasant page  
Of travel far and wide,  
And in a dreamy pilgrimage  
We wander side by side.

"And when, at last, she falls asleep,  
My book becomes to me  
A magic glass: my watch I keep,  
But all the world I see.

"A farm-wife queen your place you fill,  
While fancy's privilege  
Is mine to walk the earth at will,  
Thanks to the Wishing Bridge."

"Nay, leave the legend for the truth,"  
The other cried, "and say  
God gives the wishes of our youth  
But in His own best way!"

*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

### The Things Divine

These are the things I hold divine:  
A trusting child's hand laid in mine,  
Rich brown earth and wind-tossed  
trees,  
The taste of grapes and the drone of  
bees,  
A rhythmic gallop, long June days,  
A rose-hedged lane and lovers' lays,  
The welcome smile on neighbors' faces,  
Cool, wide hills and open places,  
Breeze-blown fields of silver rye,  
The wild, sweet note of the plover's  
cry,

Fresh spring showers and scent of box,  
The soft, pale tint of the garden phlox,  
Lilacs blooming, a drowsy noon,  
A flight of geese and an autumn moon,  
Rolling meadows and storm-washed  
heights,  
A fountain murmur on summer nights,  
A dappled fawn in the forest hush,  
Simple words and the song of a thrush,  
Rose-red dawns and a mate to share  
With comrade soul my gypsy fare,  
A waiting fire when the twilight ends,  
A gallant heart and the voice of  
friends.

*Jean Brooks Burt.*

### Mothers of Men

The bravest battle that ever was  
fought!

Shall I tell you where and when?  
On the map of the world you will find  
it not,  
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,  
With sword or nobler pen,  
Nay, not with eloquent words or  
thought  
From mouths of wonderful men;

But deep in the walled-up woman's  
heart—

Of woman that would not yield,  
But bravely, silently, bore her part—  
Lo, there is that battle field!

No marshaling troup, no bivouac song,  
No banner to gleam or wave,  
But oh! these battles, they last so  
long—  
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet, faithful as a bridge of stars,  
She fights in her walled-up town—  
Fights on and on in the endless wars,  
Then, silent, unseen, goes down.

Oh, ye with banner and battle shot,  
And soldiers to shout and praise,  
I tell you the kingliest victories fought  
Were fought in those silent ways.

Oh, spotless in a world of shame,  
With splendid and silent scorn,  
Go back to God as white as you came—  
The kingliest warrior born!

*Joaquin Miller.*

### Echo

"I asked of Echo, t'other day  
(Whose words are often few and  
funny),  
What to a novice she could say  
Of courtship, love and matrimony.  
Quoth Echo plainly, — 'Matter-o'-  
money!'

"Whom should I marry? Should it be  
A dashing damsel, gay and pert,  
A pattern of inconstancy;  
Or selfish, mercenary flirt?  
Quoth Echo, sharply,—'Nary flirt!'

"What if, aweary of the strife  
That long has lured the dear de-  
ceiver,  
She promise to amend her life.  
And sin no more; can I believe her?  
Quoth Echo, very promptly,—'Leave  
her!'

"But if some maiden with a heart  
On me should venture to bestow it,  
Pray should I act the wiser part  
To take the treasure or forgo it?  
Quoth Echo, with decision,—'Go it!'

"But what if, seemingly afraid  
To bind her fate in Hymen's fetter,  
She vow she means to die a maid,  
In answer to my loving letter?  
Quoth Echo, rather coolly,—'Let her!'

"What if, in spite of her disdain,  
I find my heart entwined about  
With Cupid's dear, delicious chain  
So closely that I can't get out?  
Quoth Echo, laughingly,—'Get out!'

"But if some maid with beauty blest,  
As pure and fair as Heaven can  
make her,  
Will share my labor and my rest  
Till envious Death shall overtake  
her?  
Quoth Echo (sotto voce),—'Take  
her!'  
*John G. Saxe.*

### Life, I Know Not What Thou Art

Life! I know not what thou art,  
But know that thou and I must part;  
And when, or how, or where we met  
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together  
Through pleasant and through cloudy  
weather;

'Tis hard to part when friends are  
dear—

Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;

Then steal away; give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;

Say not Good Night, but in some  
brighter clime

Bid me Good Morning.

*Anna L. Barbauld.*

### Autumn Leaves

In the hush and the lonely silence  
Of the chill October night,  
Some wizard has worked his magic  
With fairy fingers light.

The leaves of the sturdy oak trees  
Are splendid with crimson and red.  
And the golden flags of the maple  
Are fluttering overhead.



Through the tangle of faded grasses  
 There are trailing vines ablaze,  
 And the glory of warmth and color  
 Gleams through the autumn haze.

Like banners of marching armies  
 That farther and farther go;  
 Down the winding roads and valleys  
 The boughs of the sumacs glow.

So open your eyes, little children,  
 And open your hearts as well,  
 Till the charm of the bright October  
 Shall fold you in its spell.

*Angelina Wray.*

### A Message for the Year

Not who you are, but what you are,  
 That's what the world demands to  
 know;

Just what you are, what you can do  
 To help mankind to live and grow.  
 Your lineage matters not at all,  
 Nor counts one whit your gold or  
 gear,

What can you do to show the world  
 The reason for your being here?

For just what space you occupy  
 The world requires you pay the  
 rent;

It does not shower its gifts galore,  
 Its benefits are only lent;  
 And it has need of workers true,  
 Willing of hand, alert of brain;  
 Go forth and prove what you can do,  
 Nor wait to count o'er loss or gain.

Give of your best to help and cheer,  
 The more you give the more you  
 grow;

This message evermore rings true,  
 In time you reap whate'er you sow.  
 No failure you have need to fear,  
 Except to fail to do your best—  
 What have you done, what can you do?  
 That is the question, that the test.

*Elizabeth Clarke Hardy.*

### Song of the Chattahoochee\*

Out of the hills of Habersham,  
 Down the valleys of Hall,  
 I hurry amain to reach the plain,  
 Run the rapid and leap the fall,  
 Split at the rock and together again,  
 Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,  
 And flee from folly on every side  
 With a lover's pain to attain the plain  
 Far from the hills of Habersham,  
 Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,  
 All through the valleys of Hall,  
 The rushes cried "Abide, abide,"  
 The wilful waterweeds held me thrall,  
 The laving laurel turned my tide,  
 The ferns and the fondling grass said  
 "Stay,"

The dewberry dipped for to work de-  
 lay,  
 And the little reeds sighed "Abide,  
 abide

Here in the hills of Habersham,  
 Here in the valleys of Hall."

High o'er the hills of Habersham,  
 Veiling the valleys of Hall,  
 The hickory told me manifold  
 Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall  
 Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,  
 The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the  
 pine,  
 O'erleaning, with flickering meaning  
 and sign,  
 Said, "Pass not, so cold, these manifold  
 Deep shades of the hills of Haber-  
 sham,  
 These glades in the valleys of Hall."

And oft in the hills of Habersham,  
 And oft in the valleys of Hall,  
 The white quartz shone, and the smooth  
 brookstone

\* Used by special permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's  
 Sons.

Did bar me of passage with friendly  
brawl,  
And many a luminous jewel lone  
—Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,  
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst—  
Made lures with the lights of stream-  
ing stone,  
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,  
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,  
And oh, not the valleys of Hall  
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.  
Downward the voices of Duty call—  
Downward, to toil and be mixed with  
the main.  
The dry fields burn, and the mills are  
to turn,  
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,  
And the lordly main from beyond the  
plain  
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,  
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

*Sidney Lanier.*

### Courting in Kentucky

When Mary Ann Dollinger got the  
skule daown thar on Injun Bay  
I was glad, fer I like ter see a gal mak-  
in' her honest way,  
I heerd some talk in the village abaout  
her flyin' high,  
Tew high for busy farmer folks with  
chores ter dew ter fly;  
But I paid no sorter attention ter all  
the talk ontell  
She come in her reg-lar boardin'  
raound ter visit with us a spell.  
My Jake an' her has been cronies ever  
since they could walk,  
An' it tuk me aback ter hear her ker-  
rectin' him in his talk.

Jake ain't no hand at grammar, though  
he hain't his beat for work;

But I sez ter myself, "Look out, my  
gal, yer a-foolin' with a Turk!"  
Jake bore it wonderful patient, an'  
said in a mournful way,  
He p'sumed he was behindhand with  
the doin's at Injun Bay.  
I remember once he was askin' for  
some o' my Injun buns,  
An' she said he should allus say, "them  
air," stid o' "them is" the ones.  
Wal, Mary Ann kep' at him stiddy  
mornin' an' evenin' long,  
Tell he dassent open his mouth for fear  
o' talkin' wrong.

One day I was pickin' currants down  
by the old quince tree,  
When I heerd Jake's voice a-sayin',  
"Be ye willin' ter marry me?"  
An' Mary Ann kerrectin', "Air ye will-  
in', yeou sh'd say."  
Our Jake he put his foot daown in a  
plum decided way.  
"No wimmen-folks is a-goin' ter be re-  
arrangin' me,  
Hereafter I says 'craps,' 'them is,' 'I  
calk'late,' an' 'I be.'  
Ef folks don't like my talk they needn't  
hark ter what I say;  
But I ain't a-goin' to take no sass from  
folks from Injun Bay;  
I ask you free an' final, 'Be ye goin' to  
marry me?'"  
An' Mary Ann sez, tremblin', yet anx-  
ious-like, "I be."

### God's Will is Best

Whichever way the wind doth blow,  
Some heart is glad to have it so;  
Then blow it east, or blow it west,  
The wind that blows, that wind is best.  
My little craft sails not alone,—  
A thousand fleets, from every zone,  
Are out upon a thousand seas,  
And what for me were favoring breeze

Might dash another with the shock  
Of doom upon some hidden rock.

I leave it to a higher Will  
To stay or speed me, trusting still  
That all is well, and sure that He  
Who launched my bark will sail with  
me  
Through storm and calm, and will not  
fail,  
Whatever breezes may prevail,  
To land me, every peril past,  
Within His Haven at the last.  
Then blow it east, or blow it west,  
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

*Caroline H. Mason.*

### The School-Master's Guests

#### I

The district school-master was sitting  
behind his great book-laden desk,  
Close-watching the motions of scholars,  
pathetic and gay and grotesque.  
As whisper the half-leafless branches,  
when autumn's brisk breezes have  
come,  
His little scrub-thicket of pupils sent  
upward a half-smothered hum.  
There was little Tom Timms on the  
front seat, whose face was with-  
standing a drouth,  
And jolly Jack Gibbs just behind him,  
with a rainy new moon for a  
mouth;  
There were both of the Smith boys, as  
studious as if they bore names  
that could bloom,  
And Jim Jones, a heaven-built me-  
chanic, the slyest young knave in  
the room,  
With a countenance grave as a horse's,  
and his honest eyes fixed on a pin,  
Queer-bent on a deeply-laid project to  
tunnel Joe Hawkins's skin.  
There were anxious young novices,

drilling their spelling-books into  
their brain,  
Loud-puffing each half-whispered let-  
ter, like an engine just starting  
its train;  
There was one fiercely muscular fellow,  
who scowled at the sums on his  
slate,  
And leered at the innocent figures a  
look of unspeakable hate;  
And set his white teeth close together,  
and gave his thin lips a short  
twist,  
As to say, "I could whip you, confound  
you! could such things be done  
with the fist!"  
There were two knowing girls in the  
corner, each one with some beauty  
possessed,  
In a whisper discussing the problem  
which one the young master likes  
best;  
A class in the front, with their read-  
ers, were telling, with difficult  
pains,  
How perished brave Marco Bozzaris  
while bleeding at all of his veins;  
And a boy on the floor to be punished,  
a statue of idleness stood,  
Making faces at all of the others, and  
enjoying the scene all he could.

#### II

Around were the walls, gray and  
dingy, which every old school-  
sanctum hath,  
With many a break on their surface,  
where grinned a wood-grating of  
lath.  
A patch of thick plaster, just over the  
school-master's rickety chair,  
Seemed threat'ningly o'er him sus-  
pended, like Damocles' sword, by  
a hair.  
There were tracks on the desks where

the knife-blades had wandered in  
 search of their prey;  
 Their tops were as duskily spattered  
 as if they drank ink every day.  
 The square stove it puffed and it  
 crackled, and broke out in red  
 flaming sores,  
 Till the great iron quadruped trembled  
 like a dog fierce to rush out-o'-  
 doors.  
 White snowflakes looked in at the win-  
 dows; the gale pressed its lips to  
 the cracks;  
 And the children's hot faces were  
 streaming, the while they were  
 freezing their backs.

## III

Now Marco Bozzaris had fallen, and  
 all of his suff'rings were o'er,  
 And the class to their seats were re-  
 treating, when footsteps were  
 heard at the door;  
 And five of the good district fathers  
 marched into the room in a row,  
 And stood themselves up by the fire,  
 and shook off their white cloaks  
 of snow.  
 And the spokesman, a grave squire of  
 sixty, with countenance solemnly  
 sad,  
 Spoke thus, while the children all lis-  
 tened, with all of the ears that  
 they had:  
 "We've come here, school-master, in-  
 tendin' to cast an inquirin' eye  
 'round,  
 Concernin' complaints that's been en-  
 tered, an' fault that has lately  
 been found;  
 "To pace off the width of your doin's,  
 an' witness what you've been  
 about,  
 An' see if it's paying to keep you, or  
 whether we'd best turn ye out.

"The first thing I'm bid for to mention  
 is, when the class gets up to read  
 You give 'em too tight of a reinin', an'  
 touch 'em up more than they need;  
 You're nicer than wise in the matter  
 of holdin' the book in one han',  
 An' you turn a stray *g* in their *doin's*,  
 an' tack an odd *d* on their *an'*;  
 There ain't no great good comes of  
 speakin' the words so polite, as I  
 see,  
 Providin' you know what the facts is,  
 an' tell 'em off jest as they be.  
 An' then there's that readin' in corn-  
 cert, is censured from first unto  
 last;  
 It kicks up a heap of a racket, when  
 folks is a-travelin' past.  
 Whatever is done as to readin', pro-  
 viding' things go to my say,  
 Shan't hang on no new-fangled hinges,  
 but swing in the old-fashioned  
 way."  
 And the other four good district fa-  
 thers gave quick the consent that  
 was due,  
 And nodded obliquely, and muttered:  
 "Them 'ere is my sentiments tew."  
 "Then as to your spellin': I've heern  
 tell, by the mas has looked into  
 this,  
 That you turn the *u* out o' your *labour*,  
 an' make the word shorter than  
 'tis;  
 An' clip the *k* off yer *musick*, which  
 makes my son Ephraim perplexed,  
 An' when he spells out as he ought'r,  
 you pass the word on to the next.  
 They say there's some new-grafted  
 books here that don't take them  
 letters along;  
 But if it is so, just depend on 't, them  
 new-grafted books is made wrong.  
 You might just as well say that Jack-  
 son didn't know all there was  
 about war,



As to say that old Spellin'-book Webster didn't know what them letters was for."

And the other four good district fathers gave quick the consent that was due,

And scratched their heads slyly and softly, and said: "Them's my sentiments tew."

"Then, also, your 'rithmetic doin's, as they are reported to me,

Is that you have left Tare an' Tret out, an' also the old Rule o' Three;

An' likewise brought in a new study, some high-steppin' scholars to please,

With saw-bucks an' crosses and pot-hooks, an' *w's*, *x's*, *y's* an' *z's*.

We ain't got no time for such foolin'; there ain't no great good to be reached

By tiptoein' childr'n up higher than ever their fathers was taught."

And the other four good district fathers gave quick the consent that was due,

And cocked one eye up to the ceiling, and said: "Them's my sentiments tew."

"Another thing, I must here mention, comes into the question to-day,

Concernin' some things in the grammar you're teachin' our gals for to say.

My gals is as steady as clockwork, and never give cause for much fear,

But they come home from school t'other evenin' a-talkin' such stuff as this here:

'I love,' an' 'Thou lovest,' an' 'He loves,' an' 'We love,' an' 'You love,' an' 'They—'

An' they answered my questions: 'It's grammar'—'twas all I could get 'em to say.

Now if, 'stead of doin' your duty, you're carryin' matters on so

As to make the gals say that they love you, it's just all that I want to know."

#### IV

Now Jim, the young heaven-built mechanic, in the dusk of the evening before,

Had well-nigh unjointed the stove-pipe, to make it come down on the floor;

And the squire bringing smartly his foot down, as a clincher to what he had said,

A joint of the pipe fell upon him, and larruped him square on the head.

The soot flew in clouds all about him, and blotted with black all the place

And the squire and the other four fathers were peppered with black in the face.

The school, ever sharp for amusement, laid down all their cumbersome books

And, spite of the teacher's endeavors, laughed loud at their visitors' looks.

And the squire, as he stalked to the doorway, swore oaths of a violet hue;

And the four district fathers, who followed, seemed to say: "Them's my sentiments tew."

*Will Carleton.*

#### Mother o' Mine

If I were hanged on the highest hill,  
Mother o' mine!

Oh, mother o' mine!

I know whose love would follow me still;

Mother o' mine!

Oh, mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,  
     Mother o' mine!  
     Oh, mother o' mine!  
 I know whose tears would flow down  
     to me,  
     Mother o' mine!  
     Oh, mother o' mine!

If I were damned o' body and soul,  
     Mother o' mine!  
     Oh, mother o' mine!

I know whose prayers would make me  
     whole,  
     Mother o' mine!  
     Oh, mother o' mine!  
                     *Rudyard Kipling.*

### Encouragement

Who dat knockin' at de do'?  
 Why, Ike Johnson—yes, fu' sho'!  
 Come in, Ike. I's mighty glad  
 You come down. I t'ought you's mad  
 At me 'bout de othah night,  
 An' was stayin' 'way fu' spite.  
 Say, now, was you mad fu' true  
 W'en I kin' o' laughed at you?  
     Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

'Tain't no use a-lookin' sad,  
 An' a-mekin' out you's mad;  
 Ef you's gwine to be so glum,  
 Wondah why you evah come.  
 I don't lak nobidy 'roun'  
 Dat jes' shet dey mouf an' frown—  
 Oh, now, man, don't act a dunce!  
 Cain't you talk? I tol' you once,  
     Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

Wha'd you come hyeah fu' to-night?  
 Body'd t'ink yo' haid ain't right.  
 I's done all dat I kin do—  
 Dressed perticler, jes' fu' you;  
 Reckon I'd a' bettah wo'  
 My ol' ragged calico.  
 Aftah all de pains I's took,

Cain't you tell me how I look?  
     Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

Bless my soul! I 'mos' fu'got  
 Tellin' you 'bout Tildy Scott.  
 Don't you know, come Thu'sday night,  
 She gwine ma'y Lucius White?  
 Miss Lize say I allus wuh  
 Heap sight laklier 'n huh;  
 An' she'll git me somep'n new,  
 Ef I wants to ma'y too.  
     Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

I could ma'y in a week,  
 If de man I wants 'ud speak.  
 Tildy's presents 'll be fine,  
 But dey wouldn't ekal mine.  
 Him whut gits me fu' a wife  
 'll be proud, you bet yo' life.  
 I's had offers, some ain't quit;  
 But I hasn't ma'ied yit!  
     Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.

Ike, I loves you—yes, I does;  
 You's my choice, and allus was.  
 Laffin' at you ain't no harm—  
 Go 'way, dahky, whah's yo' arm?  
 Hug me closer—dah, da's right!  
 Wasn't you a awful sight,  
 Havin' me to baig you so?  
 Now ax whut you want to know—  
     Speak up, Ike, an' 'spress yo'se'f.  
                     *Paul Laurence Dunbar.*

### The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls

The harp that once through Tara's  
     halls  
     The soul of music shed,  
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls  
     As if that soul were fled.  
 So sleeps the pride of former days,  
     So glory's thrill is o'er,  
 And hearts, that once beat high for  
     praise,  
     Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
 The harp of Tara swells:  
 The chord alone, that breaks at night,  
 Its tale of ruin tells.  
 Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,  
 The only throb she gives  
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
 To show that still she lives.

*Thomas Moore.*

### Aux Italiens

At Paris it was, at the opera there;—  
 And she looked like a queen in a  
 book that night,  
 With the wreath of pearl in her raven  
 hair,  
 And the brooch on her breast so  
 bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,  
 The best, to my taste, is the *Trova-  
 tore*;  
 And Mario can soothe, with a tenor  
 note,  
 The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as  
 snow;  
 And who was not thrilled in the  
 strangest way,  
 As we heard him sing, while the gas  
 burned low,  
*Non ti scordar di me? \**

The emperor there, in his box of state,  
 Looked grave, as if he had just then  
 seen  
 The red flag wave from the city gate,  
 Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The empress, too, had a tear in her  
 eye;  
 You'd have said that her fancy had  
 gone back again,

\*A line in the opera "*Il Trovatore*" meaning  
 "Do not forget me."

For one moment, under the old blue  
 sky,  
 To the old glad life in Spain.

Well, there in our front-row box we  
 sat  
 Together, my bride betrothed and I;  
 My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,  
 And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were  
 sad.  
 Like a queen she leaned on her full  
 white arm,  
 With that regal, indolent air she had;  
 So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking  
 then  
 Of her former lord, good soul that  
 he was!  
 Who died the richest and roundest of  
 men,  
 The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of  
 heaven,  
 Through a needle's eye he had not  
 to pass;  
 I wish him well, for the jointure given  
 To my Lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first  
 love,  
 As I had not been thinking of aught  
 for years,  
 Till over my eyes there began to move  
 Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore  
 last time,  
 When we stood 'neath the cypress  
 trees together,  
 In that lost land, in that soft clime,  
 In the crimson evening weather:

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot);

And her warm white neck in its golden chain;  
And her full soft hair, just tied in a knot,  
And falling loose again;

And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast;  
(Oh, the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower!)

And the one bird singing alone to his nest;  
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,  
And the letter that brought me back my ring;  
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,  
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,  
Which the sentinel cypress tree stands over;  
And I thought, "Were she only living still,  
How I could forgive her and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,  
And of how, after all, old things are best,  
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower  
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,  
It made me creep, and it made me cold;

Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet  
Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned and looked: she was sitting there,

In a dim box over the stage, and drest  
In that muslin dress, with that full, soft hair,  
And that jasmine in her breast!

I was here, and she was there;  
And the glittering horse-shoe curved between:—

From my bride betrothed, with her raven hair,  
And her sumptuous, scornful mien,

To my early love, with her eyes down-cast,  
And over her primrose face the shade,  
(In short, from the future back to the past,)

There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride  
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door,

I traversed the passage; and down at her side  
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her or the music's strain,  
Or something which never will be exprest,  
Had brought her back from the grave again,  
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!  
But she loves me now, and she loved me then!

And the very first word that her sweet lips said,  
My heart grew youthful again.

The marchioness there, of Carabas,  
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still;



And but for her—well, we'll let that  
pass;  
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,  
With her primrose face, for old  
things are best;

And the flower in her bosom, I prize it  
above  
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,  
And love must cling where it can, I  
say:

For beauty is easy enough to win;  
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think in the lives of most women  
and men,

There's a moment when all would go  
smooth and even,  
If only the dead could find out when  
To come back, and be forgiven.

But oh the smell of that jasmine  
flower!

And oh, that music! and oh, the way  
That voice rang out from the donjon  
tower,

*Non ti scordar di me,  
Non ti scordar di me!*

*Robert Bulwer Lytton.*

### My Prairies

I love my prairies, they are mine  
From zenith to horizon line,  
Clipping a world of sky and sod  
Like the bended arm and wrist of  
God.

I love their grasses. The skies  
Are larger, and my restless eyes  
Fasten on more of earth and air  
Than seashore furnishes anywhere.

I love the hazel thickets; and the  
breeze,  
The never resting prairie winds. The  
trees

That stand like spear points high  
Against the dark blue sky

Are wonderful to me. I love the gold  
Of newly shaven stubble, rolled  
A royal carpet toward the sun, fit to be  
The pathway of a deity.

I love the life of pasture lands; the  
songs of birds  
Are not more thrilling to me than  
the herd's

Mad bellowing or the shadow stride  
Of mounted herdsman at my side.

I love my prairies, they are mine  
From high sun to horizon line.  
The mountains and the cold gray sea  
Are not for me, are not for me.

*Hamlin Garland.*

### Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead

*(From "The Princess")*

Home they brought her warrior dead:

She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:

All her maidens, watching, said,

"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,

Call'd him worthy to be loved,

Truest friend and noblest foe;

Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,

Lightly to the warrior stept,

Took the face-cloth from the face;

Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,

Set his child upon her knee—

Like summer tempest came her  
tears—

"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

# September

Sweet is the voice that calls  
From babbling waterfalls  
In meadows where the downy seeds  
are flying;  
And soft the breezes blow,  
And eddying come and go  
In faded gardens where the rose is  
dying.

Among the stubbled corn  
The blithe quail pipes at morn,  
The merry partridge drums in hidden  
places,  
And glittering insects gleam  
Above the reedy stream,  
Where busy spiders spin their filmy  
laces.

At eve, cool shadows fall  
Across the garden wall,  
And on the clustered grapes to purple  
turning;  
And pearly vapors lie  
Along the eastern sky,  
Where the broad harvest-moon is red-  
ly burning.

Ah, soon on field and hill  
The wind shall whistle chill,  
And patriarch swallows call their  
flocks together,  
To fly from frost and snow,  
And seek for lands where blow  
The fairer blossoms of a balmier  
weather.

The cricket chirps all day,  
"O fairest summer, stay!"  
The squirrel eyes askance the chest-  
nuts browning;  
The wild fowl fly afar  
Above the foamy bar,  
And hasten southward ere the skies  
are frowning.

Now comes a fragrant breeze  
Through the dark cedar-trees

And round about my temples fondly  
lingers,  
In gentle playfulness,  
Like to the soft caress  
Bestowed in happier days by loving  
fingers.

Yet, though a sense of grief  
Comes with the falling leaf,  
And memory makes the summer doub-  
ly pleasant,  
In all my autumn dreams  
A future summer gleams,  
Passing the fairest glories of the pres-  
ent!  
*George Arnold.*

# The Old Kitchen Floor

Far back, in my musings, my thoughts  
have been cast  
To the cot where the hours of my  
childhood were passed.  
I loved all its rooms from the pantry  
to hall,  
But the blessed old kitchen was dearer  
than all.  
Its chairs and its tables no brighter  
could be  
And all its surroundings were sacred  
to me,  
From the nail in the ceiling to the  
latch on the door,  
And I loved every crack in that old  
kitchen floor.

I remember the fireplace with mouth  
high and wide  
And the old-fashioned oven that stood  
by its side  
Out of which each Thanksgiving came  
puddings and pies  
And they fairly bewildered and daz-  
zled our eyes.  
And then old St. Nicholas slyly and  
still  
Came down every Christmas our stock-  
ings to fill.

But the dearest of memories laid up in  
store  
Is my mother a-sweeping that old  
kitchen floor.

To-night those old musings come back  
at their will  
But the wheel and its music forever  
are still.  
The band is moth-eaten, the wheel laid  
away,  
And the fingers that turned it are  
mold'ring in clay.  
The hearthstone so sacred is just as  
'twas then  
And the voices of children ring out  
there again.  
The sun at the window looks in as of  
yore,  
But it sees other feet on that old  
kitchen floor.

### Rustic Courtship

The night was dark when Sam set out  
To court old Jones's daughter;  
He kinder felt as if he must,  
And kinder hadn't oughter.  
His heart against his waistcoat  
throbbed,  
His feelings had a tussle,  
Which nearly conquered him despite  
Six feet of bone and muscle.

The candle in the window shone  
With a most doleful glimmer,  
And Sam he felt his courage ooze,  
And through his fingers simmer.  
Says he: "Now, Sam, don't be a fool,  
Take courage, shaking doubter,  
Go on, and pop the question right,  
For you can't live without her."

But still, as he drew near the house,  
His knees got in a tremble,  
The beating of his heart ne'er beat  
His efforts to dissemble.

Says he: "Now, Sam, don't be a goose,  
And let the female wimmin  
Knock all your thoughts a-skelter so,  
And set your heart a-swimmin'."

So Sam, he kinder raised the latch,  
His courage also raising,  
And in a moment he sat inside,  
Cid Jones's crops a-praising.  
He tried awhile to talk the farm  
In words half dull, half witty,  
Not knowing that old Jones well knew  
His only thought was—Kitty.

At last the old folks went to bed—  
The Joneses were but human;  
Old Jones was something of a man,  
And Mrs. Jones—a woman.  
And Kitty she the pitcher took,  
And started for the cellar;  
It wasn't often that she had  
So promising a feller.

And somehow when she came upstairs,  
And Sam had drank his cider,  
There seemed a difference in the  
chairs,  
And Sam was close beside her;  
His stalwart arm dropped round her  
waist,  
Her head dropped on his shoulder,  
And Sam—well, he had changed his  
tune  
And grown a trifle bolder.

But this, if you live long enough,  
You surely will discover,  
There's nothing in this world of ours  
Except the loved and lover.  
The morning sky was growing gray  
As Sam the farm was leaving,  
His face was surely not the face  
Of one half grieved, or grieving.

And Kitty she walked smiling back,  
With blushing face, and slowly;

There's something in the humblest  
love

That makes it pure and holy.  
And did he marry her, you ask?  
She stands there with the ladle  
A-skimming of the morning's milk—  
That's Sam who rocks the cradle.

### The Red Jacket

'Tis a cold, bleak night! with angry  
roar  
The north winds beat and clamor at  
the door;  
The drifted snow lies heaped along the  
street,  
Swept by a blinding storm of hail and  
sleet;  
The clouded heavens no guiding star-  
light lend  
But o'er the earth in gloom and dark-  
ness bend;  
Gigantic shadows, by the night lamps  
thrown,  
Dance their weird revels fitfully alone.  
  
In lofty halls, where fortune takes its  
ease,  
Sunk in the treasures of all lands and  
seas;  
In happy homes, where warmth and  
comfort meet  
The weary traveler with their smiles  
to greet;  
In lowly dwellings, where the needy  
swarm  
Round starving embers, chilling limbs  
to warm,  
Rises the prayer that makes the sad  
heart light—  
"Thank God for home, this bitter, bit-  
ter night!"  
  
But hark! above the beating of the  
storm  
Peals on the startled ear the fire  
alarm.

Yon gloomy heaven's aflame with sud-  
den light,  
And heart-beats quicken with a  
strange affright;  
From tranquil slumbers springs, at  
duty's call,  
The ready friend no danger can ap-  
pall;  
Fierce for the conflict, sturdy, true,  
and brave,  
He hurries forth to battle and to save.

From yonder dwelling, fiercely shoot-  
ing out,  
Devouring all they coil themselves  
about,  
The flaming furies, mounting high and  
higher,  
Wrap the frail structure in a cloak of  
fire.  
Strong arms are battling with the  
stubborn foe  
In vain attempts their power to over-  
throw;  
With mocking glee they revel with  
their prey,  
Defying human skill to check their  
way.

And see! far up above the flame's hot  
breath,  
Something that's human waits a hor-  
rid death;  
A little child, with waving golden hair,  
Stands, like a phantom, 'mid the hor-  
rid glare,—  
Her pale, sweet face against the win-  
dow pressed,  
While sobs of terror shake her tender  
breast.  
And from the crowd beneath, in ac-  
cents wild,  
A mother screams, "O God! my child!  
my child!"

Up goes a ladder. Through the star-  
tled throng



A hardy fireman swiftly moves along;  
Mounts sure and fast along the slender way,  
Fearing no danger, dreading but delay.

The stifling smoke-clouds lower in his path,

Sharp tongues of flame assail him in their wrath;

But up, still up he goes! the goal is won!

His strong arm beats the sash, and he is gone!

Gone to his death. The wily flames surround

And burn and beat his ladder to the ground,

In flaming columns move with quickened beat

To rear a massive wall 'gainst his retreat.

Courageous heart, thy mission was so pure,

Suffering humanity must thy loss deplore;

Henceforth with martyred heroes thou shalt live,

Crowned with all honors nobleness can give.

Nay, not so fast; subdue these gloomy fears;

Behold! he quickly on the roof appears,

Bearing the tender child, his jacket warm

Flung round her shrinking form to guard from harm.

Up with your ladders! Quick! 'tis but a chance!

Behold, how fast the roaring flames advance!

Quick! quick! brave spirits, to his rescue fly;

Up! up! by heavens, this hero must not die!

Silence! he comes along the burning road,

Bearing, with tender care, his living load;

Aha! he totters! Heaven in mercy save

The good, true heart that can so nobly brave!

He's up again! and now he's coming fast—

One moment, and the fiery ordeal's passed—

And now he's safe! Bold flames, ye fought in vain.

A happy mother clasps her child again.

*George M. Baker.*

### John Maynard

'Twas on Lake Erie's broad expanse

One bright midsummer day,

The gallant steamer Ocean Queen

Swept proudly on her way.

Bright faces clustered on the deck,

Or, leaning o'er the side,

Watched carelessly the feathery foam

That flecked the rippling tide.

Ah, who beneath that cloudless sky,

That smiling bends serene,

Could dream that danger, awful, vast,

Impended o'er the scene;

Could dream that ere an hour had sped,

That frame of sturdy oak

Would sink beneath the lake's blue waves,

Blackened with fire and smoke?

A seaman sought the captain's side,

A moment whispered low;

The captain's swarthy face grew pale;

He hurried down below.

Alas, too late! Though quick, and sharp,

And clear his orders came,

No human efforts could avail

To quench th' insidious flame.

The bad news quickly reached the deck,

It sped from lip to lip,  
And ghastly faces everywhere  
Looked from the doomed ship.

"Is there no hope, no chance of life?"  
A hundred lips implore;  
"But one," the captain made reply,  
"To run the ship on shore."

A sailor, whose heroic soul  
That hour should yet reveal,  
By name John Maynard, eastern-born,  
Stood calmly at the wheel.  
"Head her southeast!" the captain  
shouts,  
Above the smothered roar,  
"Head her southeast without delay!  
Make for the nearest shore!"

No terror pales the helmsman's cheek,  
Or clouds his dauntless eye,  
As, in a sailor's measured tone,  
His voice responds, "Ay! ay!"  
Three hundred souls, the steamer's  
freight,  
Crowd forward wild with fear,  
While at the stern the dreaded flames  
Above the deck appear.

John Maynard watched the nearing  
flames,  
But still with steady hand  
He grasped the wheel, and steadfastly  
He steered the ship to land.  
"John Maynard, can you still hold  
out?"  
He heard the captain cry;  
A voice from out the stifling smoke  
Faintly responds, "Ay! ay!"

But half a mile! a hundred hands  
Stretch eagerly to shore.  
But half a mile! That distance sped  
Peril shall all be o'er.

But half a mile! Yet stay, the flames  
No longer slowly creep,  
But gather round that helmsman bold,  
With fierce, impetuous sweep.

"John Maynard!" with an anxious  
voice  
The captain cries once more,  
"Stand by the wheel five minutes yet,  
And we shall reach the shore."  
Through flame and smoke that daunt-  
less heart  
Responded firmly still,  
Unawed, though face to face with  
death,  
"With God's good help I will!"

The flames approach with giant  
strides,  
They scorch his hand and brow;  
One arm, disabled, seeks his side,  
Ah! he is conquered now.  
But no, his teeth are firmly set,  
He crushes down his pain,  
His knee upon the stanchion pressed,  
He guides the ship again.

One moment yet! one moment yet!  
Brave heart, thy task is o'er,  
The pebbles grate beneath the keel,  
The steamer touches shore.  
Three hundred grateful voices rise  
In praise to God that He  
Hath saved them from the fearful fire,  
And from the engulfing sea.

But where is he, that helmsman bold?  
The captain saw him reel,  
His nerveless hands released their  
task,  
He sank beside the wheel.  
The wave received his lifeless corse,  
Blackened with smoke and fire.  
God rest him! Never hero had  
A nobler funeral pyre!

*Horatio Alger, Jr.*

### Piller Fights

Piller fights is fun, I tell you;  
There isn't anything I'd rather do  
Than get a big piller and hold it tight,  
Stand up in bed and then just fight.

Us boys allers have our piller fights  
And the best night of all is Pa's lodge  
night.  
Soon as ever he goes, we say "Good  
night,"  
Then go right upstairs for a piller  
fight.

Sometimes maybe Ma comes to the  
stairs  
And hollers up, "Boys, have you said  
your prayers?"  
And then George will holler "Yes,  
Mamma," for he always has;  
Good deal of preacher about George,  
Pa says.

Ma says "Pleasant dreams," and shuts  
the door;  
If she's a-listenin' both of us snore,  
But as soon as ever she goes we light  
a light  
And pitch right into our piller fight.

We play that the bed is Bunker Hill  
And George is Americans, so he stands  
still.  
But I am the British, so I must hit  
As hard as ever I can to make him git.  
We played Buena Vista one night—  
Tell you, that was an awful hard fight!

Held up our pillers like they was a  
flag,  
An' hollered, "Little more grape-juice,  
Captain Bragg!"  
That was the night that George hit  
the nail—  
You just ought to have seen those  
feathers sail!

I was covered as white as flour,  
Me and him picked them up for 'most  
an hour;  
Next day when our ma saw that there  
mess  
She was pretty mad, you better guess;  
And she told our pa, and he just said,  
"Come right on out to this here shed."  
Tell you, he whipped us till we were  
sore  
And made us both promise to do it no  
more.

That was a long time ago, and now  
lodge nights  
Or when Pa's away we have piller  
fights,  
But in Buena Vista George is bound  
To see there aren't any nails anywhere  
'round.

Piller fights is fun, I tell you;  
There isn't anything I'd rather do  
Than get a big piller and hold it tight,  
Stand up in bed, and then just fight.

*D. A. Ellsworth.*

### Little Bateese

You 'bad leetle boy, not moche you  
care  
How busy you're kipin' your poor  
gran'pere  
Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day  
Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay.  
W'y don't you geev' dem a chance to  
lay?

Leetle Bateese!

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough,  
Den we'en you're tire, you scare de  
cow,  
Sickin' de dog till dey jump de wall  
So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all,  
An' you're only five an' a half this  
fall—

Leetle Bateese!

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-  
night?

Never min', I s'pose it'll be all right;  
Say dem to-morrow—ah! dere he go!  
Fas' asleep in a minute or so—

An' he'll stay lak dat till the rooster  
crow—

Leetle Bateese.

Den wake up right away, toute suite,  
Lookin' for somethin' more to eat,  
Makin' me t'ink of dem long-lag crane,  
Soon as they swaller, dey start again;  
I wonder your stomach don't get no  
pain,

Leetle Bateese.

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,  
Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;  
If he grow lak dat till he's twenty  
year,

I bet he'll be stronger than Louis Cyr  
And beat de voyageurs leevin' here—  
Leetle Bateese.

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back,—  
Won't geev' heem moche bodder for  
carry pack

On de long portage, any size canoe;  
Dere's not many t'ings dat boy won't  
do,

For he's got double-joint on hees body  
too—

Leetle Bateese.

But leetle Bateese! please don't forget  
We rader you're stayin' de small boy  
yet.

So chase de chicken and mak' dem  
scare,

An' do w'at you lak wit' your ole  
gran'pere,

For w'en you're beeg feller he won't  
be dere—

Leetle Bateese!

W. H. Drummond.

## Conscience and Future Judgment

I sat alone with my conscience,  
In a place where time had ceased,  
And we talked of my former living  
In the land where the years increased;  
And I felt I should have to answer  
The question it might put to me,  
And to face the question and answer  
Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions  
Came floating before my sight,  
And things that I thought had perished  
Were alive with a terrible might;  
And the vision of life's dark record  
Was an awful thing to face—  
Alone with my conscience sitting  
In that solemnly silent place.

And I thought of a far-away warning,  
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,  
In a land that then was the future,  
But now is the present time;  
And I thought of my former thinking  
Of the judgment day to be;  
But sitting alone with my conscience  
Seemed judgment enough for me.

And I wondered if there was a future  
To this land beyond the grave;  
But no one gave me an answer  
And no one came to save.  
Then I felt that the future was pres-  
ent,

And the present would never go by,  
For it was but the thought of a future  
Become an eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dream-  
ing,  
And the vision passed away;  
And I knew the far-away warning  
Was a warning of yesterday.  
And I pray that I may not forget it

In this land before the grave,  
That I may not cry out in the future,  
And no one come to save.

I have learned a solemn lesson  
Which I ought to have known before,  
And which, though I learned it dream-  
ing,  
I hope to forget no more.

So I sit alone with my conscience  
In the place where the years increase,  
And I try to fathom the future,  
In the land where time shall cease.  
And I know of the future judgment,  
How dreadful soe'er it be,  
That to sit alone with my conscience  
Will be judgment enough for me.

### Dandelion

There's a dandy little fellow,  
Who dresses all in yellow,  
In yellow with an overcoat of green;  
With his hair all crisp and curly,  
In the springtime bright and early  
A-tripping o'er the meadow he is seen.  
Through all the bright June weather,  
Like a jolly little tramp,  
He wanders o'er the hillside, down the  
road;  
Around his yellow feather,  
Thy gypsy fireflies camp;  
His companions are the wood lark and  
the toad.

But at last this little fellow  
Doffs his dainty coat of yellow,  
And very feebly totters o'er the green;  
For he very old is growing  
And with hair all white and flowing,  
A-nodding in the sunlight he is seen.  
Oh, poor dandy, once so spandy,  
Golden dancer on the lea!  
Older growing, white hair flowing,  
Poor little baldhead dandy now is he!

*Nellie M. Garabrant.*

### The Inventor's Wife

It's easy to talk of the patience of Job.  
Humph! Job hed nothin' to try him!  
Ef he'd been married to 'Bijah Brown,  
folks wouldn't have dared come  
nigh him.

Trials, indeed! Now I'll tell you what  
—ef you want to be sick of your  
life,

Jest come and change places with me  
a spell—for I'm an inventor's  
wife.

And such inventions! I'm never sure,  
when I take up my coffee-pot,  
That 'Bijah hain't been "improvin'" it  
and it mayn't go off like a shot.  
Why, didn't he make me a cradle once,  
that would keep itself a-rockin';  
And didn't it pitch the baby out, and  
wasn't his head bruised shockin'?  
And there was his "Patent Peeler,"  
too—a wonderful thing, I'll say;  
But it hed one fault—it never stopped  
till the apple was peeled away.

As for locks and clocks, and mowin'  
machines and reapers, and all  
such trash,

Why, 'Bijah's invented heaps of 'em  
but they don't bring in no cash.

Law! that don't worry him—not at  
all; he's the most aggravatin'est  
man—

He'll set in his little workshop there,  
and whistle, and think, and plan,  
Inventin' a jew's-harp to go by steam,  
or a new-fangled powder-horn,  
While the children's goin' barefoot to  
school and the weeds is chokin'  
our corn.

When 'Bijah and me kep' company, he  
warn't like this, you know;

Our folks all thought he was dreadful  
smart—but that was years ago.

He was handsome as any pictur then,  
and he had such a glib, bright  
way—



I never thought that a time would  
come when I'd rue my weddin'  
day;

But when I've been forced to chop  
wood, and tend to the farm be-  
side,

And look at Bijah a-settin' there, I've  
jest dropped down and cried.

We lost the hull of our turnip crop  
while he was inventin' a gun;

But I counted it one of my marcies  
when it bu'st before 'twas done.

So he turned it into a "burglar alarm."

It ought to give thieves a fright—  
'Twould scare an honest man out of  
his wits, ef he sot it off at night.  
Sometimes I wonder if 'Bijah's crazy,  
he does sech cur'ous things.

Hev I told you about his bedstead yit?  
—'Twas full of wheels and  
springs;

It hed a key to wind it up, and a clock  
face at the head;

All you did was to turn them hands,  
and at any hour you said,

'That bed got up and shook itself, and  
bounced you on the floor,

And then shet up, jest like a box, so  
you couldn't sleep any more.

Wa'al, 'Bijah he fixed it all complete,  
and he sot it at half-past five,

But he hadn't mor'n got into it when  
—dear me! sakes alive!

Them wheels began to whiz and whirl!  
I heered a fearful snap!

And there was that bedstead, with  
'Bijah inside, shet up jest like a  
trap!

I screamed, of course, but 'twan't no  
use, then I worked that hull long  
night

A-trying to open the pesky thing. At  
last I got in a fright;

I couldn't hear his voice inside, and I  
thought he might be dyin';

So I took a crow-bar and smashed it

in.—There was 'Bijah peacefully  
lyin',

Inventin' a way to git out agin. That  
was all very well to say,

But I don't b'lieve he'd have found it  
out if I'd left him in all day.

Now, sence I've told you my story, do  
you wonder I'm tired of life?

Or think it strange I often wish I  
warn't an inventor's wife?

*Mrs. E. T. Corbett.*

### Out in the Snow

The snow and the silence came down  
together,

Through the night so white and so  
still;

And young folks housed from the bit-  
ter weather,

Housed from the storm and the  
chill—

Heard in their dreams the sleigh-bells  
jingle,

Coasted the hill-sides under the  
moon,

Felt their cheeks with the keen air  
tingle,

Skimmed the ice with their steel-  
clad shoon.

They saw the snow when they rose in  
the morning,

Glittering ghosts of the vanished  
night,

Though the sun shone clear in the  
winter dawning,

And the day with a frosty pomp was  
bright.

Out in the clear, cold, winter  
weather—

Out in the winter air, like wine—

Kate with her dancing scarlet feather,

Bess with her peacock plumage fine,

Joe and Jack with their pealing  
laughter,  
Frank and Tom with their gay hallo,  
And half a score of roisterers after,  
Out in the witching, wonderful  
snow.

Shivering graybeards shuffle and  
stumble,  
Righting themselves with a frozen  
frown,  
Grumbling at every snowy tumble;  
But young folks know why the snow  
came down.

*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

### Give Them the Flowers Now

Closed eyes can't see the white roses,  
Cold hands can't hold them, you  
know;

Breath that is stilled cannot gather  
The odors that sweet from them  
blow.

Death, with a peace beyond dreaming,  
Its children of earth doth endow;  
Life is the time we can help them,  
So give them the flowers now!

Here are the struggles and striving,  
Here are the cares and the tears;  
Now is the time to be smoothing  
The frowns and the furrows and  
fears.

What to closed eyes are kind sayings?  
What to hushed heart is deep vow?  
Naught can avail after parting,  
So give them the flowers now!

Just a kind word or a greeting;  
Just a warm grasp or a smile—  
These are the flowers that will lighten  
The burdens for many a mile.  
After the journey is over  
What is the use of them; how  
Can they carry them who must be  
carried?  
Oh, give them the flowers now!

Blooms from the happy heart's gar-  
den,

Plucked in the spirit of love;  
Blooms that are earthly reflections  
Of flowers that blossom above.  
Words cannot tell what a measure  
Of blessing such gifts will allow  
To dwell in the lives of many,  
So give them the flowers now!

*Leigh M. Hodges.*

### The Lost Occasion

(Written in memory of Daniel Webster.)

Some die too late and some too soon,  
At early morning, heat of noon,  
Or the chill evening twilight. Thou,  
Whom the rich heavens did so endow  
With eyes of power and Jove's own  
brow,

With all the massive strength that fills  
Thy home-horizon's granite hills,  
With rarest gifts of heart and head  
From manliest stock inherited—  
New England's stateliest type of man,  
In port and speech Olympian;  
Whom no one met, at first, but took  
A second awed and wondering look  
(As turned, perchance, the eyes of  
Greece

On Phidias' unveiled masterpiece);  
Whose words, in simplest home-spun  
clad,

The Saxon strength of Caedmon's had,  
With power reserved at need to reach  
The Roman forum's loftiest speech,  
Sweet with persuasion, eloquent  
In passion, cool in argument,  
Or, ponderous, falling on thy foes  
As fell the Norse god's hammer blows,  
Crushing as if with Talus' flail  
Through Error's logic-woven mail,  
And failing only when they tried  
The adamant of the righteous side,—  
Thou, foiled in aim and hope, bereaved  
Of old friends, by the new deceived,  
Too soon for us, too soon for thee,

Beside thy lonely Northern sea,  
Where long and low the marsh-lands  
spread,  
Laid wearily down thy august head.

Thou shouldst have lived to feel below  
Thy feet Disunion's fierce upthrow,—  
The late-sprung mine that underlaid  
Thy sad concessions vainly made.  
Thou shouldst have seen from Sum-  
ter's wall

The star-flag of the Union fall,  
And armed Rebellion pressing on  
The broken lines of Washington!  
No stronger voice than thine had then  
Called out the utmost might of men,  
To make the Union's charter free  
And strengthen law by liberty.  
How had that stern arbitrament  
To thy gray age youth's vigor lent,  
Shaming ambition's paltry prize  
Before thy disillusioned eyes;  
Breaking the spell about thee wound  
Like the green withes that Samson  
bound;

Redeeming, in one effort grand,  
Thyself and thy imperiled land!  
Ah cruel fate, that closed to thee,  
O sleeper by the Northern sea,  
The gates of opportunity!  
God fills the gaps of human need,  
Each crisis brings its word and deed.  
Wise men and strong we did not lack;  
But still, with memory turning back,  
In the dark hours we thought of thee,  
And thy lone grave beside the sea.

Above that grave the east winds blow,  
And from the marsh-lands drifting  
slow

The sea-fog comes, with evermore  
The wave-wash of a lonely shore,  
And sea-bird's melancholy cry,  
As Nature fain would typify  
The sadness of a closing scene,  
The loss of that which should have  
been.

But, where thy native mountains bare  
Their foreheads to diviner air,  
Fit emblem of enduring fame,  
One lofty summit keeps thy name.  
For thee the cosmic forces did  
The rearing of that pyramid,  
The prescient ages shaping with  
Fire, flood, and frost thy monolith.  
Sunrise and sunset lay thereon  
With hands of light their benison,  
The stars of midnight pause to set  
Their jewels in its coronet.  
And evermore that mountain mass  
Seems climbing from the shadowy pass  
To light, as if to manifest  
Thy nobler self, thy life at best!

*John G. Whittier.*

### The Flower of Liberty

What flower is this that greets the  
morn,  
Its hues from Heaven so freshly born?  
With burning star and flaming band  
It kindles all the sunset land:  
O tell us what its name may be,—  
Is this the Flower of Liberty?  
It is the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty!

In savage Nature's far abode  
Its tender seed our fathers sowed;  
The storm-winds rocked its swelling  
bud,  
Its opening leaves were streaked with  
blood,  
Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see  
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Behold its streaming rays unite,  
One mingling flood of braided light—  
The red that fires the Southern rose,  
With spotless white from Northern  
snows,  
And, spangled o'er its azure, see  
The sister Stars of Liberty!

Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes fence it round,  
Where'er it springs is holy ground;  
From tower and dome its glories  
spread;

It waves where lonely sentries tread;  
It makes the land as ocean free,  
And plants an empire on the sea!

Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's  
flower,

Shall ever float on dome and tower,  
To all their heavenly colors true,  
In blackening frost or crimson dew,—  
And God love us as we love thee,  
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!

Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty!

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

### The Lamb

Little lamb, who made thee?

Dost thou know who made thee,  
Gave thee life, and made thee feed  
By the stream and o'er the mead?  
Gave thee clothing of delight,—  
Softest clothing, woolly, bright?  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice?

Little lamb, who made thee?

Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;

He is called by thy name,  
For he calls himself a lamb.

He is meek and He is mild;

He became a little child:

I a child, and thou a lamb,

We are called by His name.

Little lamb, God bless thee!

Little lamb, God bless thee!

*William Blake.*

### The Roll Call

"Corporal Green!" the orderly cried;  
"Here!" was the answer, loud and  
clear,

From the lips of the soldier standing  
near,

And "Here" was the answer the next  
replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell—  
This time no answer followed the  
call,

Only the rear man had seen him  
fall,

Killed or wounded he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,  
These men of battle, with grave  
dark looks,

As plain to be read as open books,  
While slowly gathered the shades of  
night.

The fern on the hillside was splashed  
with blood,

And down in the corn, where the  
poppies grew

Were redder stains than the poppies  
knew

And crimson-dyed was the river's  
flood.

"Herbert Kline!" At the call there  
came

Two stalwart soldiers into the line,  
Bearing between them Herbert  
Kline,

Wounded and bleeding, to answer his  
name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice said  
"Here!"

"Hiram Kerr!"—but no man re-  
plied.

They were brothers, these two; the  
sad winds sighed,



And a shudder crept through the corn-field near.

"Ephraim Deane!" then a soldier spoke;

"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said;

"Where our ensign was shot, I left him dead,  
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close by the roadside his body lies;  
I paused a moment and gave him a drink,

He murmured his mother's name I think,  
And Death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory; yes, but it cost us dear—

For that company's roil when called that night,

Of a hundred men who went into the fight,

Numbered but twenty that answered  
"Here!" *N. G. Shepherd.*

### A Prayer for a Little Home

God send us a little home  
To come back to when we roam—

Low walls and fluted tiles,  
Wide windows, a view for miles;

Red firelight and deep chairs;  
Small white beds upstairs;

Great talk in little nooks;  
Dim colors, rows of books;

One picture on each wall;  
Not many things at all.

God send us a little ground—  
Tall trees standing round,

Homely flowers in brown sod,  
Overhead, Thy stars, O God!

God bless, when winds blow,  
Our home and all we know.

*London "Spectator."*

### I Have Drank My Last Glass

No, comrades, I thank you—not any for me;

My last chain is riven—henceforward I'm free!

I will go to my home and my children to-night

With no fumes of liquor their spirits to blight;

And, with tears in my eyes, I will beg my poor wife

To forgive me the wreck I have made of her life.

*I have never refused you before? Let that pass,*

For I've drank my last glass, boys,  
I have drank my last glass.

Just look at me now, boys, in rags and disgrace,

With my bleared, haggard eyes, and my red, bloated face;

Mark my faltering step and my weak, palsied hand,

And the mark on my brow that is worse than Cain's brand;

See my crownless old hat, and my elbows and knees,

Alike, warmed by the sun, or chilled by the breeze.

Why, even the children will hoot as I pass;—

But I've drank my last glass, boys,  
I have drank my last glass.

You would hardly believe, boys, to look at me now

That a mother's soft hand was pressed on my brow—

When she kissed me, and blessed me, her darling, her pride,

Ere she lay down to rest by my dead father's side;

But with love in her eyes, she looked up to the sky

Bidding me meet her there and whispered "Good-bye."



And I'll do it, God helping! Your  
*smile* I let pass,  
 For I've drank my last glass, boys,  
 I have drank my last glass.

Ah! I reeled home last night, it was  
 not very late,  
 For I'd spent my last sixpence, and  
 landlords won't wait  
 On a fellow who's left every cent in  
 their till,  
 And has pawned his last bed, their  
 coffers to fill.  
 Oh, the torments I felt, and the pangs  
 I endured!  
 And I begged for one glass—just *one*  
 would have cured,—  
 But they kicked me out doors! I let  
 that, too, pass,  
 For I've drank my last glass, boys,  
 I have drank my last glass.

At home, my pet Susie, with her rich  
 golden hair,  
 I saw through the window, just kneeling  
 in prayer;  
 From her pale, bony hands, her torn  
 sleeves hung down,  
 And her feet, cold and bare, shrank  
 beneath her scant gown,  
 And she prayed—prayed for *bread*,  
 just a poor crust of bread,  
 For *one* crust, on her knees my pet  
 darling plead!  
 And I heard, with no penny to buy  
 one, alas!  
 For I've drank my last glass, boys,  
 I have drank my last glass.

For Susie, my darling, my wee six-  
 year-old,  
 Though fainting with hunger and shiv-  
 ering with cold,  
 There, on the bare floor, asked God to  
 bless *me!*  
 And she said, "Don't cry, mamma! He  
 will; for you see,

I *believe* what I ask for!" Then so-  
 bered, I crept  
 Away from the house; and that night,  
 when I slept,  
 Next my heart lay the PLEDGE! You  
*smile!* let it pass,  
 For I've drank my last glass, boys,  
 I have drank my last glass.

My darling child saved me! Her faith  
 and her love  
 Are akin to my dear sainted mother's  
 above!  
 I will make my words true, or I'll die  
 in the race,  
 And sober I'll go to my last resting  
 place;  
 And she shall kneel there, and, weep-  
 ing, thank God  
 No *drunkard* lies under the daisy-  
 strewn sod!  
 Not a drop more of poison my lips  
 shall e'er pass,  
 For I've drank my last glass, boys,  
 I have drank my last glass.

### Highland Mary

Ye banks, and braes, and streams  
 around  
 The castle o' Montgomery,  
 Green be your woods, and fair your  
 flowers,  
 Your waters never drumlie!  
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,  
 And there the longest tarry;  
 For there I took the last fareweel  
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green  
 birk,  
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
 As, underneath their fragrant shade,  
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!  
 The golden hours, on angel wings,  
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
 For dear to me as light and life  
 Was my sweet Highland Mary!

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,  
 Our parting was fu' tender;  
 And, pledging aft to meet again,  
 We tore oursels asunder;  
 But, oh, fell death's untimely frost,  
 That nipp'd my flower sae early!  
 Now green's the sod and cauld's the  
 clay,  
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

Oh, pale, pale now, those rosy lips,  
 I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly!  
 And closed for aye the sparkling  
 glance  
 That dwalt on me sae kindly!  
 And mouldering now in silent dust,  
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly;  
 But still within my bosom's core  
 Shall live my Highland Mary!

*Robert Burns.*

### A Night with a Wolf

Little one, come to my knee!  
 Hark, how the rain is pouring  
 Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,  
 And the wind in the woods a-roar-  
 ing!

Hush, my darling, and listen,  
 Then pay for the story with kisses;  
 Father was lost in the pitch-black  
 night,  
 In just such a storm as this is!

High up on the lonely mountains,  
 Where the wild men watched and  
 waited  
 Wolves in the forest, and bears in the  
 bush,  
 And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together  
 Came down, and the wind came  
 after,  
 Bending the props of the pine-tree  
 roof,  
 And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,  
 Stunned, and bruised, and blind-  
 ed,—

Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,  
 And a sheltering rock behind it.

There, from the blowing and raining  
 Crouching, I sought to hide me:  
 Something rustled, two green eyes  
 shone,  
 And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened;  
 I and the wolf together,  
 Side by side, through the long, long  
 night  
 Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me;  
 Each of us warmed the other;  
 Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,  
 That beast and man was brother.

And when the falling forest  
 No longer crashed in warning,  
 Each of us went from our hiding-  
 place  
 Forth in the wild, wet morning.

Darling, kiss me in payment!  
 Hark, how the wind is roaring;  
 Father's house is a better place  
 When the stormy rain is pouring!  
*Bayard Taylor.*

### She Was a Phantom of Delight

She was a Phantom of delight  
 When first she gleamed upon my sight;  
 A lovely Apparition sent  
 To be a moment's ornament;  
 Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;  
 Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;  
 But all things else about her drawn  
 From May-time and the cheerful  
 Dawn;  
 A dancing Shape, an Image gay,  
 To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,  
 A Spirit, yet a Woman too!  
 Her household motions light and free,  
 And steps of virgin-liberty;  
 A countenance in which did meet  
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
 A Creature not too bright or good  
 For human nature's daily food;  
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and  
 smiles.

And now I see with eye serene  
 The very pulse of the machine;  
 A Being breathing thoughtful breath,  
 A Traveler between life and death;  
 The reason firm, the temperate will,  
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and  
 skill;  
 A perfect Woman, nobly planned,  
 To warn, to comfort, and command;  
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright  
 With something of angelic light.

*William Wordsworth.*

### The Rhodora

*(On Being Asked Whence Is The  
 Flower)*

In May, when sea-winds pierced our  
 solitudes,  
 I found the fresh Rhodora in the  
 woods,  
 Spreading its leafless blooms in a  
 damp nook,  
 To please the desert and the sluggish  
 brook.  
 The purple petals, fallen in the pool,  
 Made the black water with their  
 beauty gay;  
 Here might the red-bird come his  
 plumes to cool,  
 And court the flower that cheapens  
 his array.  
 Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why  
 This charm is wasted on the earth and  
 sky,

Tell them, dear, that if eyes were  
 made for seeing,  
 Then Beauty is its own excuse for be-  
 ing:

Why thou wert there, O rival of the  
 rose!

I never thought to ask, I never knew:  
 But, in my simple ignorance, suppose  
 The self-same Power that brought me  
 there brought you.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

### There Was a Boy

There was a Boy; ye knew him well,  
 ye cliffs  
 And islands of Winander!—many a  
 time,  
 At evening, when the earliest stars be-  
 gan  
 To move along the edges of the hills,  
 Rising or setting, would he stand  
 alone,  
 Beneath the trees, or by the glimmer-  
 ing lake;  
 And there, with fingers interwoven,  
 both hands  
 Pressed closely palm to palm and to  
 his mouth  
 Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,  
 Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,  
 That they might answer him.—And  
 they would shout  
 Across the watery vale, and shout  
 again,  
 Responsive to his call,—with quiver-  
 ing peals,  
 And long halloos, and screams, and  
 echoes loud  
 Redoubled and redoubled; concourse  
 wild  
 Of jocund din! and, when there came  
 a pause  
 Of silence such as baffled his best  
 skill,  
 Then, sometimes, in that silence, while  
 he hung

Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise  
Has carried far into his heart the voice  
Of mountain-torrents; or the visible scene  
Would enter unawares into his mind  
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,  
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven  
received  
Into the bosom of the steady lake.  
This boy was taken from his mates,  
and died  
In childhood, ere he was full twelve  
years old.  
Pre-eminent in beauty is the vale  
Where he was born and bred: the  
church-yard hangs  
Upon a slope above the village-school;  
And through that church-yard when  
my way has led  
On Summer-evenings, I believe, that  
there  
A long half-hour together I have stood  
Mute—looking at the grave in which  
he lies!

*William Wordsworth.*

### The Quangle Wangle's Hat

On the top of the Crumpetty Tree  
The Quangle Wangle sat,  
But his face you could not see,  
On account of his Beaver Hat.  
For his hat was a hundred and two  
feet wide,  
With ribbons and bibbons on every  
side,  
And bells, and buttons, and loops, and  
lace,  
So that nobody ever could see the face  
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

The Quangle Wangle said  
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree,  
"Jam, and jelly, and bread  
Are the best of food for me!

But the longer I live on this Crum-  
petty Tree  
The plainer than ever it seems to me  
That very few people come this way  
And that life on the whole is far from  
gay!"  
Said the Quangle Wangle Quee.

But there came to the Crumpetty Tree  
Mr. and Mrs. Canary;  
And they said, "Did ever you see  
Any spot so charmingly airy?  
May we build a nest on your lovely  
Hat?  
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that!  
Oh, please let us come and build a nest  
Of whatever material suits you best,  
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee!"

And besides, to the Crumpetty Tree  
Came the Stork, the Duck, and the  
Owl;  
The Snail and the Bumblebee,  
The Frog and the Fimble Fowl  
(The Fimble Fowl, with a corkscrew  
leg);  
And all of them said, "We humbly beg  
We may build our homes on your love-  
ly Hat,—  
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that!  
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee!"

And the Golden Grouse came there,  
And the Pobble who has no toes,  
And the small Olympian bear,  
And the Dong with a luminous nose.  
And the Blue Baboon who played the  
flute,  
And the Orient Calf from the Land of  
Tute,  
And the Attery Squash, and the Bisky  
Bat,—  
All came and built on the lovely Hat  
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.  
And the Quangle Wangle said  
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree,

"When all these creatures move  
What a wonderful noise there'll  
be!"

And at night by the light of the Mul-  
berry Moon

They danced to the Flute of the Blue  
Baboon,

On the broad green leaves of the  
Crumpetty Tree,

And all were as happy as happy could  
be,

With the Quangle Wangle Quee.

*Edward Lear.*

### The Singing Leaves

#### I

"What fairings will ye that I bring?"  
Said the King to his daughters  
three;

For I to Vanity Fair am boun,  
Now say what shall they be?"

Then up and spake the eldest daugh-  
ter,

That lady tall and grand:

"Oh, bring me pearls and diamonds  
great,  
And gold rings for my hand."

Thereafter spake the second daughter,  
That was both white and red:

"For me bring silks that will stand  
alone,  
And a gold comb for my head."

Then came the turn of the least  
daughter,

That was whiter than thistle-down,  
And among the gold of her blithesome  
hair

Dim shone the golden crown.

"There came a bird this morning,  
And sang 'neath my bower eaves,  
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,  
'Ask thou for the Singing Leaves.' "

Then the brow of the King swelled  
crimson

With a flush of angry scorn:

"Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,  
And chosen as ye were born,

"But she, like a thing of peasant race,  
That is happy binding the sheaves";  
Then he saw her dead mother in her  
face,

And said, "Thou shalt have thy  
leaves."

#### II

He mounted and rode three days and  
nights

Till he came to Vanity Fair,  
And 'twas easy to buy the gems and  
the silk,  
But no Singing Leaves were there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode he,  
And asked of every tree,  
"Oh, if you have ever a Singing Leaf,  
I pray you give it me!"

But the trees all kept their counsel,  
And never a word said they,  
Only there sighed from the pine-tops  
A music of seas far away.

Only the pattering aspen  
Made a sound of growing rain,  
That fell ever faster and faster,  
Then faltered to silence again.

"Oh, where shall I find a little foot-  
page

That would win both hose and  
shoon,  
And will bring to me the Singing  
Leaves

If they grow under the moon?"

Then lightly turned him Walter the  
page,

By the stirrup as he ran:



"Now pledge you me the truesome  
word  
Of a king and gentleman,

"That you will give me the first, first  
thing  
You meet at your castle-gate,  
And the Princess shall get the Singing  
Leaves,  
Or mine be a traitor's fate."

The King's head dropt upon his breast  
A moment, as it might be;  
'Twill be my dog, he thought, and said,  
"My faith I plight to thee."

Then Walter took from next his heart  
A packet small and thin,  
"Now give you this to the Princess  
Anne,  
The Singing Leaves are therein."

### III

As the King rode in at his castle-gate,  
A maiden to meet him ran,  
And "Welcome, father!" she laughed  
and cried  
Together, the Princess Anne.

"Lo, here the Singing Leaves," quoth  
he,

"And woe, but they cost me dear!"  
She took the packet, and the smile  
Deepened down beneath the tear.

It deepened down till it reached her  
heart,

And then gushed up again,  
And lighted her tears as the sudden  
sun

Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first Leaf, when it was open-  
ed,

Sang: "I am Walter the page,  
And the songs I sing 'neath thy win-  
dow  
Are my only heritage."

And the second Leaf sang: "But in the  
land

That is neither on earth nor sea,  
My lute and I are lords of more  
Than thrice this kingdom's fee."

And the third Leaf sang, "Be mine!  
Be mine!"

And ever it sang, "Be mine!"  
Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,  
And said, "I am thine, thine, thine!"

At the first Leaf she grew pale enough,  
At the second she turned aside,  
At the third, 'twas as if a lily flushed  
With a rose's red heart's tide.

"Good counsel gave the bird," said she,  
"I have my hope thrice o'er,  
For they sing to my very heart," she  
said,  
"And it sings to them evermore."

She brought to him her beauty and  
truth,

But and broad earldoms three,  
And he made her queen of the broader  
lands

He held of his lute in fee.

*James Russell Lowell.*

### Awakening

Never yet was a springtime,  
Late though lingered the snow,  
That the sap stirred not at the whis-  
per

Of the south wind, sweet and low;  
Never yet was a springtime  
When the buds forgot to blow.

Ever the wings of the summer  
Are folded under the mold;  
Life that has known no dying  
Is Love's to have and to hold,  
Till sudden, the burgeoning Easter!  
The song! the green and the gold!

*Margaret E. Sangster.*

## Wolsey's Farewell to His Greatness

(From "King Henry VIII")

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!  
 This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,  
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:  
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
 And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
 His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,  
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
 This many summers in a sea of glory,  
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me, and now has left me  
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:  
 I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched  
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!  
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again.

William Shakespeare.

## The Newsboy

Want any papers, Mister?  
 Wish you'd buy 'em of me—  
 Ten year old, an' a fam'ly,  
 An' bizness dull, you see.  
 Fact, Boss! There's Tom, an' Tibby,  
 An' Dad, an' Mam, an' Mam's cat,  
 None on 'em earning money—  
 What do you think of that?

*Couldn't Dad work?* Why yes, Boss,  
 He's workin' for Gov'ment now—  
 They give him his board for nothin',  
 All along of a drunken row.  
*An' Mam?* well, she's in the poor-house,  
 Been there a year or so,  
 So I'm taking care of the others,  
 Doing as well as I know.

*Tibby my sister?* Not much, Boss,  
 She's a kitten, a real Maltee;  
 I picked her up last summer—  
 Some boys was a drownin' of she;  
 Throw'd her inter a hogshead;  
 But a p'liceman came along,  
 So I jest grabbed up the kitten  
 And put for home, right strong.

And Tom's my dog; he an' Tibby  
 Hain't never quarreled yet—  
 They sleep in my bed in winter  
 An' keeps me warm—you bet!  
 Mam's cat sleeps in the corner,  
 With a pillar made of her paw—  
 Can't she growl like a tiger  
 If anyone comes to our straw!

*Oughtn't to live so?* Why, Mister,  
 What's a feller to do?  
 Some nights, when I'm tired an' hungry,  
 Seems as if each on 'em knew—  
 They'll all three cuddle around me,  
 Till I get cheery, and say:  
 Well, p'raps I'll have sisters an  
 brothers,

An' money an' clothes, too, some  
day.

But if I do git rich, Boss,  
(An' a lecturin' chap one night  
Said newsboys could be Presidents  
If only they acted right);  
So, if I was President, Mister,  
The very first thing I'd do,  
I'd buy poor Tom an' Tibby  
A dinner—an' Mam's cat, too!

None o' your scraps an' leavin's,  
But a good square meal for all  
three;  
If you think I'd skimp my friends,  
Boss,  
That shows you don't know *me*.  
So 'ere's your papers—come take one,  
Gimme a lift if you can—  
For now you've heard my story,  
You see I'm a fam'ly man!

*E. T. Corbett.*

### Parting of Marmion and Douglas

Not far advanced was morning day,  
When Marmion did his troop array  
To Surrey's camp to ride;  
He had safe conduct for his band,  
Beneath the royal seal and hand,  
And Douglas gave a guide:  
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,  
Would Clara on her palfrey place,  
And whispered in an undertone,  
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is  
flown."

The train from out the castle drew,  
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu.—  
"Though something I might plain," he  
said,

"Of cold respect to stranger guest,  
Sent hither by your king's behest,  
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,  
Part we in friendship from your land,  
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."—

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,  
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—  
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall  
still

Be open, at my sovereign's will,  
To each one whom he lists, howe'er  
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.  
My castles are my king's alone,  
From turret to foundation-stone,—  
The hand of Douglas is his own;  
And never shall in friendly grasp  
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like  
fire,  
And shook his very frame for ire,  
And—"This to me!" he said,—  
"An't were not for thy hoary beard,  
Such hand as Marmion's had not  
spared

To cleave the Douglas' head!  
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,  
He who does England's message here,  
Even in thy pitch of pride,  
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,  
(Nay, never look upon your lord,  
And lay your hands upon your sword,)

I tell thee thou'rt defied!  
And if thou said'st I am not peer  
To any lord in Scotland here,  
Lowland or Highland, far or near,  
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"—  
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage  
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:  
Fierce he broke forth,—"*And dar'st*  
thou then

To beard the lion in his den,  
The Douglas in his hall?  
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to  
go?

No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!  
Up drawbridge, grooms,—what, war-  
der, ho!

Let the portcullis fall."—  
Lord Marmion turned,—well was his  
need!—

And dashed the rowels in his steed;

Like arrow through the archway  
sprung;  
The ponderous grate behind him rung:  
To pass there was such scanty room,  
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,  
Just as it trembled on the rise;  
Not lighter does the swallow skim  
Along the smooth lake's level brim;  
And when Lord Marmion reached his  
band,  
He halts, and turns with clenched  
hand,  
And shout of loud defiance pours,  
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.  
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried,  
"and chase!"  
But soon he reined his fury's pace:  
"A royal messenger he came,  
Though most unworthy of the name.

St. Mary, mend my fiery mood!  
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,  
I thought to slay him where he stood.  
"Tis pity of him too," he cried;  
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride:  
I warrant him a warrior tried."  
With this his mandate he recalls,  
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

*Sir Walter Scott.*

### The Engineer's Story

Han'som, stranger? Yes, she's purty  
an' ez peart ez she kin be.  
Clever? W'y! she ain't no chicken,  
but she's good enough for me.  
What's her name? 'Tis kind o' com-  
mon, yit I ain't ashamed to tell,  
She's ole "Fiddler" Filkin's daughter,  
an' her dad he calls her "Nell."

I wuz drivin' on the "Central" jist  
about a year ago  
On the run from Winnemucca up to  
Reno in Washoe.  
There's no end o' skeery places.

'Taint a road fur one who dreams,  
With its curves an' awful tres'les over  
rocks an' mountain streams.

'Twuz an afternoon in August, we hed  
got behind an hour,  
An' wuz tearin' up the mountain like a  
summer thunder-shower,  
Round the bends an' by the ledges,  
'bout ez fast ez we could go,  
With the mountain peaks above us an'  
the river down below.

Ez we come nigh to a tres'le 'crost a  
holler, deep an' wild,  
Suddenly I saw a baby, 'twuz the sta-  
tion-keeper's child,  
Toddlin' right along the timbers with  
a bold an' fearless tread,  
Right afore the locomotive, not a hun-  
dred rods ahead.

I jist jumped an' grabbed the throttle  
an' I fair'y held my breath,  
Fur I felt I couldn't stop her till the  
child wuz crushed to death,  
When a woman sprang afore me, like  
a sudden streak o' light,  
Caught the boy, an' 'twixt the timbers  
in a second sank from sight.

I jist whis'l'd all the brakes on. An'  
we worked with might an' main,  
Till the fire flew from the drivers, but  
we couldn't stop the train,  
An' it rumbled on above her. How she  
screamed ez we rolled by,  
An' the river roared below us—I shall  
hear her till I die!

Then we stopt; the sun wuz shinin'; I  
ran back along the ridge  
An' I found her—dead? No! livin'!  
She wuz hangin' to the bridge  
Where she dropt down thro' the cross-  
ties, with one arm about a sill,  
An' the other round the baby, who wuz  
yellin' fur to kill!



So we saved 'em. She wuz gritty.  
 She's ez peart ez she kin be—  
 Now we're married—she's no chicken,  
 but she's good enough for me.  
 An' ef eny ask who owns her, w'y, I  
 ain't ashamed to tell—  
 She's my wife. Ther' ain't none bet-  
 ter than ole Filkin's daughter  
 "Nell."

*Eugene J. Hall.*

### Small Beginnings

A traveler on the dusty road  
 Strewed acorns on the lea;  
 And one took root and sprouted up,  
 And grew into a tree.  
 Love sought its shade, at evening time,  
 To breathe his early vows;  
 And age was pleased, in heats of noon,  
 To bask beneath its boughs;  
 The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,  
 The birds sweet music bore;  
 It stood a glory in its place,  
 A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way  
 Amid the grass and fern,  
 A passing stranger scooped a well  
 Where weary men might turn;  
 He walled it in, and hung with care  
 A ladle at the brink;  
 He thought not of the deed he did,  
 But judged that all might drink.  
 He paused again, and lo! the well,  
 By summer never dried,  
 Had cooled ten thousand parching  
 tongues  
 And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought;  
 'Twas old, and yet 'twas new;  
 A simple fancy of the brain,  
 But strong in being true.  
 It shone upon a genial mind,  
 And, lo! its light became  
 A lamp of life, a beacon ray,  
 A monitory flame;

The thought was small, its issue great;  
 A watch-fire on the hill;  
 It shed its radiance far adown,  
 And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd  
 That thronged the daily mart,  
 Let fall a word of Hope and Love,  
 Unstudied from the heart;  
 A whisper on the tumult thrown,  
 A transitory breath—  
 It raised a brother from the dust,  
 It saved a soul from death.  
 O germ! O fount! O word of love!  
 O thought at random cast!  
 Ye were but little at the first,  
 But mighty at the last.

*Charles Mackay.*

### Rain on the Roof

When the humid showers gather over  
 all the starry spheres,  
 And the melancholy darkness gently  
 weeps in rainy tears,  
 'Tis a joy to press the pillow of a cot-  
 tage chamber bed,  
 And listen to the patter of the soft  
 rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles has an  
 echo in the heart,  
 And a thousand dreamy fancies into  
 busy being start;  
 And a thousand recollections weave  
 their bright hues into woof,  
 As I listen to the patter of the soft  
 rain on the roof.

There in fancy comes my mother, as  
 she used to years ago,  
 To survey the infant sleepers ere she  
 left them till the dawn.  
 I can see her bending o'er me, as I  
 listen to the strain  
 Which is played upon the shingles by  
 the patter of the rain.



Then my little seraph sister, with her  
wings and waving hair,  
And her bright-eyed, cherub brother—  
a serene, angelic pair—  
Glide around my wakeful pillow with  
their praise or mild reproof,  
As I listen to the murmur of the soft  
rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me with  
her eyes' delicious blue.  
I forget, as gazing on her, that her  
heart was all untrue.  
I remember that I loved her as I ne'er  
may love again,  
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate to  
the patter of the rain.

There is naught in art's bravuras that  
can work with such a spell,  
In the spirit's pure, deep fountains,  
whence the holy passions swell,  
As that melody of nature, that sub-  
dued, subduing strain,  
Which is played upon the shingles by  
the patter of the rain!

*Coates Kinney.*

### Gunga Din

The "bhisti," or water-carrier, attached to regiments in India, is often one of the most devoted subjects of the British crown, and he is much appreciated by the men.

You may talk o' gin an' beer  
When you're quartered safe out 'ere,  
An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Al-  
dershot it;  
But if it comes to slaughter  
You will do your work on water,  
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of  
'im that's got it.  
Now in Injia's sunny clime,  
Where I used to spend my time  
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,  
Of all them black-faced crew  
The finest man I knew  
Was our regimental *bhisti*, Gunga Din.  
He was "Din! Din! Din!"

You limping lump o' brick-dast,  
Gunga Din!  
Hi! *Slippy hitherao!*  
Water, get it! *Panee lao!*  
You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga  
Din!"

The uniform 'e wore  
Was nothin' much before,  
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,  
For a twisty piece o' rag  
An' a goatskin water bag  
Was all the field-equipment 'e could  
find.

When the sweatin' troop-train lay  
In a sidin' through the day,  
Where the 'eat would make your  
bloomin' eyebrows crawl,  
We shouted "Harry By!"  
Till our throats were bricky-dry,  
Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e couldn't  
serve us all.

It was "Din! Din! Din!"  
You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave  
you been?  
You put some *juldee* in it,  
Or I'll marrow you this minute  
If you don't fill up my helmet, Gun-  
ga Din!"

'E would dot an' carry one  
Till the longest day was done,  
An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o'  
fear.  
If we charged or broke or cut,  
You could bet your bloomin' nut,  
'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank  
rear.  
With 'is *mussick* on 'is back,  
'E would skip with our attack,  
An' watch us till the bugles made "Re-  
tire."  
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide  
'E was white, clear white, inside  
When 'e went to tend the wounded un-  
der fire!

It was "Din! Din! Din!"  
 With the bullets kickin' dust-spots  
 on the green.  
 When the cartridges ran out,  
 You could 'ear the front-files shout:  
 "Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga  
 Din!"

I sha'n't forgit the night  
 When I dropped be'ind the fight  
 With a bullet where my belt-plate  
 should 'a' been.

I was chokin' mad with thirst,  
 An' the man that spied me first  
 Was our good old grinnin', gruntin'  
 Gunga Din.

'E lifted up my 'ead,  
 An' 'e plugged me where I bled,  
 An' 'e guv me arf-a-pint o' water—  
 green:

It was crawlin' and it stunk,  
 Eut of all the drinks I've drunk,  
 I'm gratefulest to one from Gunga  
 Din.

It was "Din! Din! Din!"  
 'Ere's a beggar with a bullet  
 through 'is spleen;  
 'E's chawin' up the ground an' 'e's  
 kickin' all around:  
 For Gawd's sake git the water,  
 Gunga Din!"

'E carried me away  
 To where a *dooli* lay,  
 An' a bullet come an' drilled the beg-  
 gar clean.

'E put me safe inside,  
 An', just before 'e died:  
 "I 'ope you liked your drink," sez  
 Gunga Din.

So I'll meet 'im later on  
 In the place where 'e is gone—  
 Where it's always double drill and no  
 canteen;

'E'll be squattin' on the coals  
 Givin' drink to pore damned souls,

An' I'll get a swig in Hell from Gunga  
 Din!

Din! Din! Din!  
 You Lazarushian-leather Gunga  
 Din!

Tho' I've belted you an' flayed you,  
 By the livin' Gawd that made you,  
 You're a better man than I am,  
 Gunga Din!

*Rudyard Kipling.*

"Panee lao"—Bring water swiftly.  
 "Harry By"—The British soldier's equivalent  
 of "O Brother!"  
 "Put some juldies in it"—Be quick.  
 "Marrow you"—Hit you.  
 "Muss,ck"—Water-skin.

### Warren's Address to the American Soldiers

*(Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775)*

Stand! the ground's your own, my  
 braves!

Will ye give it up to slaves?  
 Will ye look for greener graves?  
 Hope ye mercy still?

What's the mercy despots feel?  
 Hear it in that battle peal!  
 Read it on yon bristling steel!  
 Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?  
 Will ye to your homes retire?  
 Look behind you! They're afire!

And, before you, see  
 Who have done it! From the vale  
 On they come! and will ye quail?  
 Leaden rain and iron hail  
 Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!  
 Die we may—and die we must;  
 But, O where can dust to dust  
 Be consigned so well,  
 As where Heaven its dews shall shed  
 On the martyred patriot's bed,  
 And the rocks shall raise their head,  
 Of his deeds to tell!

*John Pierpont.*

**Mad River**

IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

*Traveler*

Why dost thou wildly rush and roar,  
 Mad River, O Mad River?  
 Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour  
 Thy hurrying, headlong waters o'er  
 This rocky shelf forever?

What secret trouble stirs thy breast?  
 Why all this fret and flurry?  
 Dost thou not know that what is best  
 In this too restless world is rest  
 From overwork and worry?

*The River*

What wouldst thou in these mountains  
 seek,

O stranger from the city?  
 Is it perhaps some foolish freak  
 Of thine, to put the words I speak  
 Into a plaintive ditty?

*Traveler*

Yes; I would learn of thee thy song,  
 With all its flowing numbers,  
 And in a voice as fresh and strong  
 As thine is, sing it all day long,  
 And hear it in my slumbers.

*The River*

A brooklet nameless and unknown  
 Was I at first, resembling  
 A little child, that all alone  
 Comes venturing down the stairs of  
 stone,  
 Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,  
 For the wide world I panted;  
 Out of the forest dark and dread  
 Across the open fields I fled,  
 Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,  
 My voice exultant blending

With thunder from the passing cloud,  
 The wind, the forest bent and bowed,  
 The rush of rain descending.

I heard the distant ocean call,  
 Imploring and entreating;  
 Drawn onward, o'er this rocky wall  
 I plunged, and the loud waterfall  
 Made answer to the greeting.

And now, beset with many ills,  
 A toilsome life I follow;  
 Compelled to carry from the hills  
 These logs to the impatient mills  
 Below there in the hollow.

Yet something ever cheers and charms  
 The rudeness of my labors;  
 Daily I water with these arms  
 The cattle of a hundred farms,  
 And have the birds for neighbors.

Men call me Mad, and well they may,  
 When, full of rage and trouble,  
 I burst my banks of sand and clay,  
 And sweep their wooden bridge away,  
 Like withered reeds or stubble.

Now go and write thy little rhyme,  
 As of thine own creating.  
 Thou seest the day is past its prime;  
 I can no longer waste my time;  
 The mills are tired of waiting.  
*Henry W. Longfellow.*

**When Papa Was a Boy**

When papa was a little boy you really  
 couldn't find  
 In all the country round about a child  
 so quick to mind.  
 His mother never called but once, and  
 he was always there;  
 He never made the baby cry or pulled  
 his sister's hair.  
 He never slid down banisters or made  
 the slightest noise,

And never in his life was known to  
fight with other boys.  
He always rose at six o'clock and went  
to bed at eight,  
And never lay abed till noon; and  
never sat up late.

He finished Latin, French and Greek  
when he was ten year old,  
And knew the Spanish alphabet as  
soon as he was told.

He never, never thought of play until  
his work was done,

He labored hard from break of day  
until the set of sun.

He never scraped his muddy shoes up-  
on the parlor floor,

And never answered back his ma, and  
never banged the door.

"But, truly, I could never see," said  
little Dick Molloy,

"How he could never do these things  
and really be a boy."

*E. A. Brininstool.*

### Which Shall It Be?

"Which shall it be? which shall it be?"

I looked at John,—John looked at me.  
(Dear, patient John, who loves me yet  
As well as though my locks were jet.)

And when I found that I must speak,  
My voice seemed strangely low and

weak;

"Tell me again what Robert said";

And then I listening bent my head.

"This is his letter:

"I will give

A house and land while you shall live,

If, in return, from out your seven,

One child to me for aye is given.'"

I looked at John's old garments worn,

I thought of all that John had borne

Of poverty, and work, and care,

Which I, though willing, could not  
share;

Of seven hungry mouths to feed,

Of seven little children's need,

And then of this.

"Come John," said I,  
"We'll choose among them as they lie  
Asleep"; so walking hand in hand,  
Dear John and I surveyed our band.

First to the cradle lightly stepped,

Where Lilian, the baby, slept;

Her damp curls lay, like gold alight,

A glory 'gainst the pillow white;

Softly her father stooped to lay

His rough hand down in loving way,

When dream or whisper made her stir,

And huskily he said, "Not *her*."

We stooped beside the trundle-bed,

And one long ray of lamp-light shed

Athwart the boyish faces there,

In sleep so pitiful and fair.

I saw on Jamie's rough red cheek

A tear undried; ere John could speak,

"*He's* but a baby too," said I,

And kissed him as we hurried by.

Pale, patient Robby's angel face

Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace;

"No, for a thousand crowns not *him*,"

He whispered, while our eyes were

dim.

Poor Dick! sad Dick! our wayward

son,

Turbulent, reckless, idle one,—

Could *he* be spared? "Nay, He who

gave

Bids us befriend him to the grave;

Only a mother's heart can be

Patient enough for such as he;

And so," said John, "I would not dare

To send him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,

And knelt by Mary, child of love;

"Perhaps for *her* 'twould better be,"

I said to John. Quite silently

He lifted up a curl, that lay

Across her cheek in wilful way,  
 And shook his head: "Nay, love, not  
 thee";  
 The while my heart beat audibly.  
 Only one more, our eldest lad,  
 Trusty and truthful, good and glad,—  
 So like his father: "No, John, no;  
 I cannot, will not, let *him* go!"

And so we wrote, in courteous way,  
 We could not give one child away;  
 And afterward toil lighter seemed,  
 Thinking of that of which we dreamed;  
 Happy, in truth, that not one face  
 We missed from its accustomed place;  
 Thankful to work for *all the seven*,  
 Trusting then to One in heaven.

*Ethel Lynn Beers.*

### The Battle of Bunker's Hill

It was a starry night in June, the air  
 was soft and still,  
 When the "minute-men" from Cam-  
 bridge came, and gathered on the  
 hill;  
 Beneath us lay the sleeping town,  
 around us frowned the fleet,  
 But the pulse of freemen, not of  
 slaves, within our bosoms beat;  
 And every heart rose high with hope,  
 as fearlessly we said,  
 "We will be numbered with the free,  
 or numbered with the dead!"

"Bring out the line to mark the trench,  
 and stretch it on the sward!"  
 The trench is marked, the tools are  
 brought, we utter not a word,  
 But stack our guns, then fall to work  
 with mattock and with spade,  
 A thousand men with sinewy arms,  
 and not a sound is made;  
 So still were we, the stars beneath,  
 that scarce a whisper fell;  
 We heard the red-coat's musket click,  
 and heard him cry, "All's well!"

See how the morn is breaking! the red  
 is in the sky!

The mist is creeping from the stream  
 that floats in silence by;

The "Lively's" hull looms through the  
 fog, and they our works have  
 spied,

For the ruddy flash and round-shot  
 part in thunder from her side;

And the "Falcon" and the "Cerberus"  
 make every bosom thrill,

With gun and shell, and drum and bell,  
 and boatswain's whistle shrill;

But deep and wider grows the trench,  
 as spade and mattock ply,

For we have to cope with fearful odds,  
 and the time is drawing nigh!

Up with the pine-tree banner! Our  
 gallant Prescott stands

Amid the plunging shells and shot, and  
 plants it with his hands;

Up with the shout! for Putnam comes  
 upon his reeking bay,

With bloody spur and foaming bit, in  
 haste to join the fray.

But thou whose soul is glowing in the  
 summer of thy years,

Unvanquishable Warren, thou, the  
 youngest of thy peers,

Wert born and bred, and shaped and  
 made, to act a patriot's part,

And dear to us thy presence is as  
 heart's blood to the heart!

Hark! from the town a trumpet! The  
 barges at the wharf

Are crowded with the living freight;  
 and now they're pushing off;

With clash and glitter, trump and  
 drum, in all its bright array,

Behold the splendid sacrifice move  
 slowly o'er the bay!

And still and still the barges fill, and  
 still across the deep,

Like thunder clouds along the sky, the  
 hostile transports sweep.



And now they're forming at the Point;  
and now the lines advance:

We see beneath the sultry sun their  
polished bayonets glance;

We hear anear the throbbing drum,  
the bugle-challenge ring;

Quick bursts and loud the flashing  
cloud, and rolls from wing to  
wing;

But on the height our bulwark stands,  
tremendous in its gloom,—

As sullen as a tropic sky, and silent as  
a tomb.

And so we waited till we saw, at  
scarce ten rifles' length,

The old vindictive Saxon spite, in all  
its stubborn strength;

When sudden, flash on flash, around  
the jagged rampart burst

From every gun the livid light upon  
the foe accursed.

Then quailed a monarch's might be-  
fore a free-born people's ire;

Then drank the sward the veteran's  
life, where swept the yeoman's  
fire.

Then, staggered by the shot, he saw  
their serried columns reel,

And fall, as falls the bearded rye be-  
neath the reaper's steel;

And then arose a mighty shout that  
might have waked the dead,<sup>a</sup>

"Hurrah! they run! the field is won!  
Hurrah! the foe is fled!"

And every man hath dropped his gun  
to clutch a neighbor's hand,

As his heart kept praying all the while  
for home and native land.

Thrice on that day we stood the shock  
of thrice a thousand foes,

And thrice that day within our lines  
the shout of victory rose;

And though our swift fire slackened  
then, and, reddening in the skies,

We saw from Charlestown's roofs and  
walls the flamy columns rise,

Yet while we had a cartridge left, we  
still maintained the fight,

Nor gained the foe one foot of ground  
upon that blood-stained height.

What though for us no laurels bloom,  
and o'er the nameless brave

No sculptured trophy, scroll, nor hatch  
records a warrior grave!

What though the day to us was lost!—  
upon that deathless page

The everlasting charter stands for  
every land and age!

For man hath broke his felon bonds,  
and cast them in the dust,

And claimed his heritage divine, and  
justified the trust;

While through his rifted prison-bars  
the hues of freedom pour,

O'er every nation, race and clime, on  
every sea and shore,

Such glories as the patriarch viewed,  
when, mid the darkest skies,

He saw above a ruined world the Bow  
of Promise rise.

*F. S. Cozzens.*

### Health and Wealth

We squander health in search of  
wealth;

We scheme and toil and save;  
Then squander wealth in search of  
health,

But only find a grave.  
We live, and boast of what we own;  
We die, and only get a stone.

### The Heartening

It may be that the words I spoke

To cheer him on his way,  
To him were vain, but I myself  
Was braver all that day.

*Winifred Webb.*

### Billy's Rose

Billy's dead, and gone to glory—so is  
Billy's sister Nell:  
There's a tale I know about them, were  
I poet I would tell;  
Soft it comes, with perfume laden, like  
a breath of country air  
Wafted down the filthy alley, bringing  
fragrant odors there.

In that vile and filthy alley, long ago  
one winter's day,  
Dying quick of want and fever, hap-  
less, patient Billy lay,  
While beside him sat his sister, in the  
garret's dismal gloom,  
Cheering with her gentle presence  
Billy's pathway to the tomb.

Many a tale of elf and fairy did she  
tell the dying child,  
Till his eyes lost half their anguish,  
and his worn, wan features  
smiled;  
Tales herself had heard haphazard,  
caught amid the Babel roar,  
Lisped about by tiny gossips playing  
round their mothers' door.

Then she felt his wasted fingers tight-  
en feebly as she told  
How beyond this dismal alley lay a  
land of shining gold,  
Where, when all the pain was over,—  
where, when all the tears were  
shed,—

He would be a white-frosted angel,  
with a gold thing on his head.

Then she told some garbled story of a  
kind-eyed Saviour's love,  
How He'd built for little children  
great big playgrounds up above,  
Where they sang and played at hop-  
scotch and at horses all the day,  
And where beadles and policemen  
never frightened them away.

This was Nell's idea of heaven,—just  
a bit of what she'd heard,  
With a little bit invented, and a little  
bit inferred.

But her brother lay and listened, and  
he seemed to understand,  
For he closed his eyes and murmured  
he could see the promised land.

"Yes," he whispered, "I can see it, I  
can see it, sister Nell;  
Oh, the children look so happy, and  
they're all so strong and well;  
I can see them there with Jesus—He  
is playing with them, too!  
Let us run away and join them, if  
there's room for me and you."

She was eight, this little maiden, and  
her life had all been spent  
In the garret and the alley, where they  
starved to pay the rent;  
Where a drunken father's curses and  
a drunken mother's blows  
Drove her forth into the gutter from  
the day's dawn to its close.

But she knew enough, this outcast,  
just to tell this sinking boy,  
"You must die before you're able all  
the blessings to enjoy.  
You must die," she whispered, "Billy,  
and I am not even ill;  
But I'll come to you, dear brother,—  
yes, I promise that I will.

"You are dying, little brother, you are  
dying, oh, so fast;  
I heard father say to mother that he  
knew you couldn't last.  
They will put you in a coffin, then  
you'll wake and be up there,  
While I'm left alone to suffer in this  
garret bleak and bare."

"Yes, I know it," answered Billy.  
"Ah, but, sister, I don't mind,

Gentle Jesus will not beat me; He's  
not cruel or unkind.  
But I can't help thinking, Nelly, I  
should like to take away  
Something, sister, that you gave me,  
I might look at every day.

"In the summer you remember how  
the mission took us out  
To a great green lovely meadow,  
where we played and ran about,  
And the van that took us halted by a  
sweet bright patch of land,  
Where the fine red blossoms grew,  
dear, half as big as mother's hand.

"Nell, I asked the good kind teacher  
what they called such flowers as  
those,  
And he told me, I remember, that the  
pretty name was rose.  
I have never seen them since, dear—  
how I wish that I had one!  
Just to keep and think of you, Nell,  
when I'm up beyond the sun."

Not a word said little Nelly; but at  
night, when Billy slept,  
On she flung her scanty garments and  
then down the stairs she crept.  
Through the silent streets of London  
she ran nimbly as a fawn,  
Running on and running ever till the  
night had changed to dawn.

When the foggy sun had risen, and the  
mist had cleared away,  
All around her, wrapped in snowdrift,  
there the open country lay.  
She was tired, her limbs were frozen,  
and the roads had cut her feet,  
But there came no flowery gardens her  
poor tearful eyes to greet.

She had traced the road by asking, she  
had learnt the way to go;

She had found the famous meadow—  
it was wrapped in cruel snow;  
Not a buttercup or daisy, not a single  
verdant blade  
Showed its head above its prison.  
Then she knelt her down and  
prayed;

With her eyes upcast to heaven, down  
she sank upon the ground,  
And she prayed to God to tell her  
where the roses might be found.  
Then the cold blast numbed her senses,  
and her sight grew strangely dim;  
And a sudden, awful tremor seemed to  
seize her every limb.

"Oh, a rose!" she moaned, "good  
Jesus,— just a rose to take to  
Bill!"

And as she prayed a chariot came  
thundering down the hill;  
And a lady sat there, toying with a  
red rose, rare and sweet;  
As she passed she flung it from her,  
and it fell at Nelly's feet.

Just a word her lord had spoken  
caused her ladyship to fret,  
And the rose had been his present, so  
she flung it in a pet;  
But the poor, half-blinded Nelly  
thought it fallen from the skies,  
And she murmured, "Thank you,  
Jesus!" as she clasped the dainty  
prize.

Lo! that night from out the alley did  
a child's soul pass away,  
From dirt and sin and misery up to  
where God's children play.  
Lo! that night a wild, fierce snow-  
storm burst in fury o'er the land,  
And at morn they found Nell frozen,  
with the red rose in her hand,

Billy's dead, and gone to glory—so is  
 Billy's sister Nell;  
 Am I bold to say this happened in the  
 land where angels dwell,—  
 That the children met in heaven, after  
 all their earthly woes,  
 And that Nell kissed her brother, and  
 said, "Billy, here's your rose"?  
*George R. Sims.*

### The Old Actor's Story

Mine is a wild, strange story,—the  
 strangest you ever heard;  
 There are many who won't believe it,  
 but it's gospel, every word;  
 It's the biggest drama of any in a  
 long, adventurous life;  
 The scene was a ship, and the actors  
 —were myself and my new-wed  
 wife.

You musn't mind if I ramble, and lose  
 the thread now and then;  
 I'm old, you know, and I wander—it's  
 a way with old women and men,  
 For their lives lie all behind them, and  
 their thoughts go far away,  
 And are tempted afield, like children  
 lost on a summer day.

The years must be five-and-twenty  
 that have passed since that awful  
 night,  
 But I see it again this evening, I can  
 never shut out the sight.  
 We were only a few weeks married, I  
 and the wife, you know,  
 When we had an offer for Melbourne,  
 and made up our minds to go.

We'd acted together in England,  
 traveling up and down  
 With a strolling band of players, go-  
 ing from town to town;  
 We played the lovers together—we  
 were leading lady and gent—

And at last we played in earnest, and  
 straight to the church we went.

The parson gave us his blessing, and I  
 gave Nellie the ring,  
 And swore that I'd love and cherish,  
 and endow her with everything.  
 How we smiled at that part of the ser-  
 vice when I said "I thee endow"!  
 But as to the "love and cherish," I  
 meant to keep that vow.

We were only a couple of strollers; we  
 had coin when the show was good,  
 When it wasn't we went without it,  
 and we did the best we could.  
 We were happy, and loved each other,  
 and laughed at the shifts we  
 made,—  
 Where love makes plenty of sunshine,  
 there poverty casts no shade.

Well, at last we got to London, and  
 did pretty well for a bit;  
 Then the business dropped to nothing,  
 and the manager took a flit,—  
 Stepped off one Sunday morning, for-  
 getting the treasury call;  
 But our luck was in, and we managed  
 right on our feet to fall.

We got an offer for Melbourne,—got  
 it that very week.  
 Those were the days when thousands  
 went over to fortune seek,  
 The days of the great gold fever, and  
 a manager thought the spot  
 Good for a "spec," and took us as  
 actors among his lot.

We hadn't a friend in England—we'd  
 only ourselves to please—  
 And we jumped at the chance of try-  
 ing our fortune across the seas.  
 We went on a sailing vessel, and the  
 journey was long and rough;



We hadn't been out a fortnight before  
we had had enough.

But use is a second nature, and we'd  
got not to mind a storm,  
When misery came upon us,—came in  
a hideous form.

My poor little wife fell ailing, grew  
worse, and at last so bad

That the doctor said she was dying,—  
I thought 'twould have sent me  
mad,—

Dying where leagues of billows seem-  
ed to shriek for their prey,  
And the nearest land was hundreds—  
aye, thousands—of miles away.  
She raved one night in a fever, and the  
next lay still as death,  
So still I'd to bend and listen for the  
faintest sign of breath.

She seemed in a sleep, and sleeping,  
with a smile on her thin, wan  
face,

She passed away one morning, while I  
prayed to the throne of grace.

I knelt in the little cabin, and prayer  
after prayer I said,

Till the surgeon came and told me it  
was useless—my wife was dead!

Dead! I wouldn't believe it. They  
forced me away that night,  
For I raved in my wild despairing, the  
shock sent me mad outright.

I was shut in the farthest cabin, and I  
beat my head on the side,

And all day long in my madness,  
"They've murdered her!" I cried.

They locked me away from my fellows,  
—put me in cruel chains,

It seems I had seized a weapon to beat  
out the surgeon's brains.

I cried in my wild, mad fury, that he  
was a devil sent

To gloat o'er the frenzied anguish  
with which my heart was rent.

I spent that night with the irons heavy  
upon my wrists,

And my wife lay dead quite near me.

I beat with my fettered fists,

Beat at my prison panels, and then—  
O God!—and then

I heard the shrieks of women and the  
tramp of hurrying men.

I heard the cry, "Ship afire!" caught  
up by a hundred throats,

And over the roar the captain shout-  
ing to lower the boats;

Then cry upon cry, and curses, and  
the crackle of burning wood,

And the place grew hot as a furnace,  
I could feel it where I stood.

I beat at the door and shouted, but  
never a sound came back,

And the timbers above me started, till  
right through a yawning crack

I could see the flames shoot upward,  
seizing on mast and sail,

Fanned in their burning fury by the  
breath of the howling gale.

I dashed at the door in fury, shrieking,  
"I will not die!

Die in this burning prison!"—but I  
caught no answering cry.

Then, suddenly, right upon me, the  
flames crept up with a roar,

And their fiery tongues shot forward,  
cracking my prison door.

I was free—with the heavy iron door  
dragging me down to death;

I fought my way to the cabin, choked  
with the burning breath

Of the flames that danced around me  
like man-mocking fiends at play,

And then—O God! I can see it, and  
shall to my dying day.



There lay my Nell as they'd left her,  
 dead in her berth that night;  
 The flames flung a smile on her features,—a horrible, lurid light.  
 God knows how I reached and touched her, but I found myself by her side;  
 I thought she was living a moment, I forgot that my Nell had died.

In the shock of those awful seconds  
 reason came back to my brain;  
 I heard a sound as of breathing, and then a low cry of pain;  
 Oh, was there mercy in heaven? Was there a God in the skies?  
 The dead woman's lips were moving, the dead woman opened her eyes.

I cursed like a madman raving—I cried to her, "Nell! my Nell!"  
 They had left us alone and helpless, alone in that burning hell;  
 They had left us alone to perish—forgotten me living—and she  
 Had been left for the fire to bear her to heaven, instead of the sea.

I clutched at her, roused her shrieking, the stupor was on her still;  
 I seized her in spite of my fetters,—fear gave a giant's will.  
 God knows how I did it, but blindly I fought through the flames and the wreck  
 Up—up to the air, and brought her safe to the untouched deck.

We'd a moment of life together,—a moment of life, the time  
 For one last word to each other,—'twas a moment supreme, sublime.  
 From the trance we'd for death mistaken, the heat had brought her to life,  
 And I was fettered and helpless, so we lay there, husband and wife!

It was but a moment, but ages seemed to have passed away,  
 When a shout came over the water, and I looked, and lo, there lay,  
 Right away from the vessel, a boat that was standing by;  
 They had seen our forms on the vessel, as the flames lit up the sky.

I shouted a prayer to Heaven, then called to my wife, and she  
 Tore with new strength at my fetters—God helped her, and I was free;  
 Then over the burning bulwarks we leaped for one chance of life.  
 Did they save us? Well, here I am, sir, and yonder's my dear old wife.

We were out in the boat till daylight, when a great ship passing by  
 Took us on board, and at Melbourne landed us by and by.  
 We've played many parts in dramas since we went on that famous trip,  
 But ne'er such a scene together as we had on the burning ship!

*George R. Sims.*

### **The Boy Who Didn't Pass**

A sad-faced little fellow sits alone in deep disgrace,  
 There's a lump arising in his throat, tears streaming down his face;  
 He wandered from his playmates, for he doesn't want to hear  
 Their shouts of merry laughter, since the world has lost its cheer;  
 He has sipped the cup of sorrow, he has drained the bitter glass,  
 And his heart is fairly breaking; he's the boy who didn't pass.

In the apple tree the robin sings a cheery little song,

But he doesn't seem to hear it, showing plainly something's wrong;  
Comes his faithful little spaniel for a romp and bit of play,  
But the troubled little fellow sternly bids him go away.  
All alone he sits in sorrow, with his hair a tangled mass,  
And his eyes are red with weeping;  
he's the boy who didn't pass.

How he hates himself for failing, he can hear his playmates jeer,  
For they've left him with the dullards—gone ahead a half a year,  
And he tried so hard to conquer, oh, he tried to do his best,  
But now he knows, he's weaker, yes, and duller than the rest.  
He's ashamed to tell his mother, for he thinks she'll hate him, too—  
The little boy who didn't pass, who failed of getting through.

Oh, you who boast a laughing son, and speak of him as bright,  
And you who love a little girl who comes to you at night  
With smiling eyes, with dancing feet, with honors from her school,  
Turn to that lonely little boy who thinks he is a fool,  
And take him kindly by the hand, the dullest in his class,  
He is the one who most needs love, the boy who didn't pass.

### The Station-Master's Story

Yes, it's a quiet station, but it suits me well enough;  
I want a bit of the smooth now, for I've had my share o' rough.  
This berth that the company gave me, they gave as the work was light;  
I was never fit for the signals after one awful night.

I'd been in the box from a youngster, and I'd never felt the strain  
Of the lives at my right hand's mercy in every passing train.  
One day there was something happened, and it made my nerves go queer,  
And it's all through that as you find me the station-master here.

I was on at the box down yonder—that's where we turn the mails,  
And specials, and fast expresses, on to the center rails;  
The side's for the other traffic—the luggage and local slows.  
It was rare hard work at Christmas, when double the traffic grows.  
I've been in the box down yonder high sixteen hours a day,  
Till my eyes grew dim and heavy, and my thoughts went all astray;  
But I've worked the points half-sleeping—and once I slept outright,  
Till the roar of the Limited woke me, and I nearly died with fright.

Then I thought of the lives in peril, and what might have been their fate  
Had I sprung to the points that evening a tenth of a tick too late;  
And a cold and ghastly shiver ran icily through my frame  
As I fancied the public clamor, the trial, and bitter shame.  
I could see the bloody wreckage—I could see the mangled slain—  
And the picture was seared for ever, blood-red, on my heated brain.  
That moment my nerve was shattered, for I couldn't shut out the thought  
Of the lives I held in my keeping, and the ruin that might be wrought.  
That night in our little cottage, as I kissed our sleeping child,

My wife looked up from her sewing,  
and told me, as she smiled,

That Johnny had made his mind up—  
he'd be a pointsman, too.

"He says when he's big, like daddy,  
he'll work in the box with you."

I frowned, for my heart was heavy,  
and my wife she saw the look;

Lord bless you! my little Alice could  
read me like a book.

I'd to tell her of what had happened,  
and I said that I must leave,

For a pointsman's arm ain't trusty  
when terror lurks in his sleeve.

But she cheered me up in a minute,  
and that night, ere we went to  
sleep,

She made me give her a promise, which  
I swore that I'd always keep—

It was always to do my duty. "Do  
that, and then, come what will,  
You'll have no worry," said Alice, "if  
things go well or ill.

There's something that always tells us  
the thing that we ought to do"—

My wife was a bit religious, and in  
with the chapel crew.

But I knew she was talking reason,  
and I said to myself, says I,

"I won't give in like a coward, it's a  
scare that'll soon go by."

Now, the very next day the missus had  
to go to the market town;

She'd the Christmas things to see to,  
and she wanted to buy a gown.

She'd be gone for a spell, for the Par-  
ley didn't come back till eight,

And I knew, on a Christmas Eve, too,  
the trains would be extra late.

So she settled to leave me Johnny, and  
then she could turn the key—

For she'd have some parcels to carry,  
and the boy would be safe with me.

He was five, was our little Johnny, and  
quiet, and nice, and good—

He was mad to go with daddy, and I'd  
often promised he should.

It was noon when the missus started,  
—her train went by my box;

She could see, as she passed my win-  
dow, her darling's curly locks.

I lifted him up to mammy, and he kiss-  
ed his little hand,

Then sat, like a mouse, in the corner,  
and thought it was fairyland.

But somehow I fell a-thinking of a  
scene that would not fade,

Of how I had slept on duty, until I  
grew afraid;

For the thought would weigh upon me,  
one day I might come to lie

In a felon's cell for the slaughter of  
those I had doomed to die.

The fit that had come upon me, like a  
hideous nightmare seemed,

Till I rubbed my eyes and started like  
a sleeper who has dreamed.

For a time the box had vanished—I'd  
worked like a mere machine—

My mind had been on the wander, and  
I'd neither heard nor seen.

With a start I thought of Johnny, and  
I turned the boy to seek,

Then I uttered a groan of anguish,  
for my lips refused to speak;

There had flashed such a scene of hor-  
ror swift on my startled sight

That it curdled my blood in terror and  
sent my red lips white.

It was all in one awful moment—I saw  
that the boy was lost:

He had gone for a toy, I fancied, some  
child from a train had tossed;

The local was easing slowly to stop at  
the station here,

And the limited mail was coming, and  
I had the line to clear.

I could hear the roar of the engine, I  
could almost feel its breath,

And right on the center metals stood  
 my boy in the jaws of death;  
 On came the fierce fiend, tearing  
 straight for the center line,  
 And the hand that must wreck or save  
 it, O merciful God, was mine!

'Twas a hundred lives or Johnny's. O  
 Heaven! what could I do?—  
 Up to God's ear that moment a wild,  
 fierce question flew—  
 "What shall I do, O Heaven?" and  
 sudden and loud and clear  
 On the wind came the words, "Your  
 duty," borne to my listening ear.  
 Then I set my teeth, and my breathing  
 was fierce and short and quick.  
 "My boy!" I cried, but he heard not;  
 and then I went blind and sick;  
 The hot black smoke of the engine  
 came with a rush before,  
 I turned the mail to the center, and by  
 it flew with a roar.

Then I sank on my knees in horror,  
 and hid my ashen face—  
 I had given my child to Heaven; his  
 life was a hundred's grace.  
 Had I held my hand a moment, I had  
 hurled the flying mail  
 To shatter the creeping local that  
 stood on the other rail!  
 Where is my boy, my darling? O God!  
 let me hide my eyes.  
 How can I look—his father—on that  
 which there mangled lies?  
 That voice!—O merciful Heaven!—'tis  
 the child's, and he calls my name!  
 I hear, but I cannot see him, for my  
 eyes are filled with flame.

I knew no more that night, sir, for I  
 fell, as I heard the boy;  
 The place reeled round, and I fainted,  
 —swooned with the sudden joy.  
 But I heard on the Christmas morning,  
 When I woke in my own warm bed

With Alice's arms around me, and a  
 strange wild dream in my head,  
 That she'd come by the early local,  
 being anxious about the lad,  
 And had seen him there on the metals,  
 and the sight nigh drove her  
 mad—  
 She had seen him just as the engine of  
 the Limited closed my view,  
 And she leapt on the line and saved  
 him just as the mail dashed  
 through.

She was back in the train in a second,  
 and both were safe and sound;  
 The moment they stopped at the sta-  
 tion she ran here, and I was  
 found  
 With my eyes like a madman's glaring,  
 and my face a ghastly white:  
 I heard the boy, and I fainted, and I  
 hadn't my wits that night.  
 Who told me to do my duty? What  
 voice was that on the wind?  
 Was it fancy that brought it to me?  
 or were there God's lips behind?  
 If I hadn't 'a' done my duty—had I  
 ventured to disobey—  
 My bonny boy and his mother might  
 have died by my hand that day.  
*George R. Sims.*

### Hark, Hark! the Lark

(From "Cymbeline")

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate  
 sings,  
 And Phoebus 'gins arise,  
 His steeds to water at those springs  
 On chaliced flowers that lies;  
 And winking Mary-buds begin  
 To ope their golden eyes:  
 With every thing that pretty is,  
 My lady sweet, arise!  
 Arise, arise!

*William Shakespeare.*



### Tommy's Prayer

In a dark and dismal alley where the  
sunshine never came,  
Dwelt a little lad named Tommy, sick-  
ly, delicate, and lame;  
He had never yet been healthy, but had  
lain since he was born  
Dragging out his weak existence well  
nigh hopeless and forlorn.

He was six, was little Tommy, 'twas  
just five years ago  
Since his drunken mother dropped him,  
and the babe was crippled so.  
He had never known the comfort of a  
mother's tender care,  
But her cruel blows and curses made  
his pain still worse to bear.

There he lay within the cellar, from  
the morning till the night,  
Starved, neglected, cursed, ill-treated,  
nought to make his dull life bright;  
Not a single friend to love him, not a  
loving thing to love—  
For he knew not of a Saviour, or a  
heaven up above.

'Twas a quiet, summer evening, and  
the alley, too, was still;  
Tommy's little heart was sinking, and  
he felt so lonely, till,  
Floating up the quiet alley, wafted in-  
wards from the street,  
Came the sound of some one singing,  
sounding, oh! so clear and sweet.

Eagerly did Tommy listen as the sing-  
ing came—  
Oh! that he could see the singer!  
How he wished he wasn't lame.  
Then he called and shouted loudly, till  
the singer heard the sound,  
And on nothing whence it issued, soon  
the little cripple found.

'Twas a maiden rough and rugged,  
hair unkempt, and naked feet,  
All her garments torn and ragged, her  
appearance far from neat;  
"So yer called me," said the maiden,  
"wonder wot yer wants o' me;  
Most folks call me Singing Jessie; wot  
may your name chance to be?"

"My name's Tommy; I'm a cripple,  
and I want to hear you sing,  
For it makes me feel so happy—sing  
me something, anything."  
Jessie laughed, and answered smiling,  
"I can't stay here very long,  
But I'll sing a hymn to please you, wot  
I calls the 'Glory Song.'"

Then she sang to him of heaven, pearly  
gates, and streets of gold,  
Where the happy angel children are  
not starved or nipped with cold;  
But where happiness and gladness  
never can decrease or end,  
And where kind and loving Jesus is  
their Sovereign and their Friend.

Oh! how Tommy's eyes did glisten as  
he drank in every word  
As it fell from "Singing Jessie"—was  
it true, what he had heard?  
And so anxiously he asked her, "Is  
there really such a place?"  
And a tear began to trickle down his  
pallid little face.

Tommy, you're a little heathen; why,  
it's up beyond the sky,  
And if yer will love the Saviour, yer  
shall go there when yer die."  
"Then," said Tommy, "tell me, Jessie,  
how can I the Saviour love,  
When I'm down in this 'ere cellar, and  
He's up in heaven above?"

So the little ragged maiden who had  
heard at Sunday School



All about the way to heaven, and the  
Christian's golden rule,  
Taught the little cripple Tommy how  
to love, and how to pray,  
Then she sang a "Song of Jesus," kiss-  
ed his cheek and went away.

Tommy lay within the cellar which had  
grown so dark and cold,  
Thinking all about the children in the  
streets of shining gold;  
And he heeded not the darkness of that  
damp and chilly room,  
For the joy in Tommy's bosom could  
disperse the deepest gloom.

"Oh! if I could only see it," thought  
the cripple, as he lay,  
"Jessie said that Jesus listens and I  
think I'll try and pray";  
So he put his hands together, and he  
closed his little eyes,  
And in accents weak, yet earnest, sent  
this message to the skies:—

"Gentle Jesus, please forgive me as I  
didn't know afore,  
That yer cared for little cripples who  
is weak and very poor,  
And I never heard of heaven till that  
Jessie came to-day  
And told me all about it, so I wants to  
try and pray.

"Yer can see me, can't yer, Jesus?  
Jessie told me that yer could,  
And I somehow must believe it, for it  
seems so prime and good;  
And she told me if I loved you, I should  
see yer when I die,  
In the bright and happy heaven that is  
up beyond the sky.

"Lord, I'm only just a cripple, and I'm  
no use here below,  
For I heard my mother whisper, she'd  
be glad if I could go;

And I'm cold and hungry sometimes;  
and I feel so lonely, too,  
Can't yer take me, gentle Jesus, up to  
heaven along o' you?

"Oh! I'd be so good and patient, and I'd  
never cry or fret,  
And your kindness to me, Jesus, I  
would surely not forget;  
I would love you all I know of, and  
would never make a noise—  
Can't you find me just a corner, where  
I'll watch the other boys?

"Oh! I think yer'll do it, Jesus, some-  
thing seems to tell me so,  
For I feel so glad and happy, and I do  
so want to go,  
How I long to see yer, Jesus, and the  
children all so bright!  
Come and fetch me, won't yer, Jesus?  
Come and fetch me home to-  
night!"

Tommy ceased his supplication, he had  
told his soul's desire,  
And he waited for the answer till his  
head began to tire;  
Then he turned towards his corner  
and lay huddled in a heap,  
Closed his little eyes so gently, and was  
quickly fast asleep.

Oh, I wish that every scoffer could  
have seen his little face  
As he lay there in the corner, in that  
damp and noisome place;  
For his countenance was shining like  
an angel's, fair and bright,  
And it seemed to fill the cellar with a  
holy, heavenly light.

He had only heard of Jesus from a  
ragged singing girl,  
He might well have wondered, ponder-  
ed, till his brain began to whirl;

But he took it as she told it, and believed it then and there,  
Simply trusting in the Saviour, and his kind and tender care.

In the morning, when the mother came to wake her crippled boy,  
She discovered that his features wore a look of sweetest joy,  
And she shook him somewhat roughly, but the cripple's face was cold—  
He had gone to join the children in the streets of shining gold.

Tommy's prayer had soon been answered, and the Angel Death had come  
To remove him from his cellar, to his bright and heavenly home  
Where sweet comfort, joy, and gladness never can decrease or end,  
And where Jesus reigns eternally, his Sovereign and his Friend.

*John F. Nicholls.*

### The Two Pictures

It was a bright and lovely summer's morn,  
Fair bloomed the flowers, the birds sang softly sweet,  
The air was redolent with perfumed balm,  
And Nature scattered, with unsparing hand,  
Her loveliest graces over hill and dale.  
An artist, weary of his narrow room  
Within the city's pent and heated walls,  
Had wandered long amid the ripening fields,  
Until, remembering his neglected themes,  
He thought to turn his truant steps toward home.  
These led him through a rustic, winding lane,

Lined with green hedge-rows spangled close with flowers,  
And overarched by trees of noblest growth.  
But when at last he reached the farther end  
Of this sweet labyrinth, he there beheld  
A vision of such pure, pathetic grace,  
That weariness and haste were both obscured.  
It was a child—a young and lovely child  
With eyes of heavenly hue, bright golden hair,  
And dimpled hands clasped in a morning prayer,  
Kneeling beside its youthful mother's knee.  
Upon that baby brow of spotless snow,  
No single trace of guilt, or pain, or woe,  
No line of bitter grief or dark despair,  
Of envy, hatred, malice, wordly care,  
Had ever yet been written. With bated breath,  
And hand uplifted as in warning, swift,  
The artist seized his pencil, and there traced  
In soft and tender lines that image fair:  
Then, when 'twas finished, wrote beneath one word,  
A word of holiest import—Innocence.  
  
Years fled and brought with them a subtle change,  
Scattering Time's snow upon the artist's brow,  
But leaving there the laurel wreath of fame,  
While all men spake in words of praise his name;  
For he had traced full many a noble work

Upon the canvas that had touched  
men's souls,  
And drawn them from the baser things  
of earth,  
Toward the light and purity of heaven.  
One day, in tossing-o'er his folio's  
leaves,  
He chanced upon the picture of the  
child,  
Which he had sketched that bright  
morn long before,  
And then forgotten. Now, as he paused  
to gaze,  
A ray of inspiration seemed to dart  
Straight from those eyes to his. He  
took the sketch,  
Placed it before his easel, and with  
care  
That seemed but pleasure, painted a  
fair theme,  
Touching and still re-touching each  
bright lineament,  
Until all seemed to glow with life di-  
vine—  
'Twas innocence personified. But still  
The artist could not pause. He needs  
must have  
A meet companion for his fairest  
theme;  
And so he sought the wretched haunts  
of sin,  
Through miry courts of misery and  
guilt,  
Seeking a face which at the last was  
found.  
Within a prison cell there crouched a  
man—  
Nay, rather say a fiend—with counte-  
nance seamed  
And marred by all the horrid lines of  
sin;  
Each mark of degradation might be  
traced,  
And every scene of horror he had  
known,

And every wicked deed that he had  
done,  
Were visibly written on his lineaments;  
Even the last, worst deed of all, that  
left him here,  
A parricide within a murderer's cell.

Here then the artist found him; and  
with hand  
Made skillful by its oft-repeated toil,  
Transferred unto his canvas that vile  
face,  
And also wrote beneath it just one  
word,  
A word of darkest import—it was Vice.  
Then with some inspiration not his  
own,  
Thinking, perchance, to touch that  
guilty heart,  
And wake it to repentance e'er too  
late,  
The artist told the tale of that bright  
morn,  
Placed the two pictured faces side by  
side,  
And brought the wretch before them.  
With a shriek  
That echoed through those vaulted cor-  
ridors,  
Like to the cries that issue from the  
lips  
Of souls forever doomed to woe,  
Prostrate upon the stony floor he fell,  
And hid his face and groaned aloud  
in anguish.  
"I was that child once—I, yes, even I—  
In the gracious years forever fled,  
That innocent and happy little child!  
These very hands were raised to God  
in prayer,  
That now are reddened with a mother's  
blood.  
Great Heaven! can such things be?  
Almighty power,  
Send forth Thy dart and strike me  
where I lie!"

He rose, laid hold upon the artist's  
arm  
And grasped it with demoniac power,  
The while he cried: "Go forth, I say,  
go forth  
And tell my history to the tempted  
youth.  
I looked upon the wine when it was  
red,  
I heeded not my mother's piteous  
prayers,  
I heeded not the warnings of my  
friends,  
But tasted of the wine when it was  
red,  
Until it left a demon in my heart  
That led me onward, step by step, to  
this,  
This horrible place from which my  
body goes  
Unto the gallows, and my soul to hell!"  
He ceased as last. The artist turned  
and fled;  
But even as he went, unto his ears  
Were borne the awful echoes of de-  
spair,  
Which the lost wretch flung on the  
empty air,  
Cursing the demon that had brought  
him there.

### The Two Kinds of People

There are two kinds of people on earth  
to-day;  
Just two kinds of people, no more, I  
say.

Not the sinner and saint, for it's well  
understood,  
The good are half bad and the bad are  
half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to rate  
a man's wealth,  
You must first know the state of his  
conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's  
little span,  
Who puts on vain airs is not counted  
a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift  
flying years  
Bring each man his laughter and each  
man his tears.

No; the two kinds of people on earth I  
mean,  
Are the people who lift and the people  
who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the  
earth's masses  
Are always divided in just these two  
classes.

And, oddly enough, you will find, too,  
I ween,  
There's only one lifter to twenty who  
lean.

In which class are you? Are you eas-  
ing the load  
Of overtaxed lifters, who toil down the  
road?

Or are you a leaner, who lets others  
share  
Your portion of labor, and worry and  
care?

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

### The Sin of Omission

It isn't the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you leave undone  
That gives you a bit of a heartache  
At the setting of the sun.  
The tender word forgotten;  
The letter you did not write;  
The flowers you did not send, dear,  
Are your haunting ghosts at night.



The stone you might have lifted  
Out of a brother's way;  
The bit of hearthstone counsel  
You were hurried too much to say;  
The loving touch of the hand, dear,  
The gentle, winning tone  
Which you had no time nor thought for  
With troubles enough of your own.

Those little acts of kindness  
So easily out of mind,  
Those chances to be angels  
Which we poor mortals find—  
They come in night and silence,  
Each sad, reproachful wraith,  
When hope is faint and flagging  
And a chill has fallen on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,  
And sorrow is all too great,  
To suffer our slow compassion  
That tarries until too late;  
And it isn't the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you leave undone  
Which gives you a bit of a heartache  
At the setting of the sun.

*Margaret E. Sangster.*

### **The Bible My Mother Gave Me**

Give me that grand old volume, the  
gift of a mother's love,  
Tho' the spirit that first taught me has  
winged its flight above.  
Yet, with no legacy but this, she has  
left me wealth untold,  
Yea, mightier than earth's riches, or  
the wealth of Ophir's gold.

When a child, I've kneeled beside her,  
in our dear old cottage home,  
And listened to her reading from that  
prized and cherished tome,  
As with low and gentle cadence, and a  
meek and reverent mien,  
God's word fell from her trembling lips,  
like a presence felt and seen.

Solemn and sweet the counsels that  
spring from its open page,  
Written with all the fervor and zeal of  
the prophet age;  
Full of the inspiration of the holy bards  
Who trod,  
Caring not for the scoffer's scorn, if  
they gained a soul to God.

Men who in mind were godlike, and  
have left on its blazoned scroll  
Food for all coming ages in its manna  
of the soul;  
Who, through long days of anguish,  
and nights devoid of ease,  
Still wrote with the burning pen of  
faith its higher mysteries.

I can list that good man yonder, in the  
gray church by the brook,  
Take up that marvelous tale of love, of  
the story and the Book,  
How through the twilight glimmer,  
from the earliest dawn of time,  
It was handed down as an heirloom, in  
almost every clime.

How through strong persecution and  
the struggle of evil days  
The precious light of the truth ne'er  
died, but was fanned to a beacon  
blaze.  
How in far-off lands, where the cypress  
bends o'er the laurel bough,  
It was hid like some precious treasure,  
and they bled for its truth, as  
now.

He tells how there stood around it a  
phalanx none could break,  
Though steel and fire and lash swept  
on, and the cruel wave lapt the  
stake;  
How dungeon doors and prison bars  
had never damped the flame,  
But raised up converts to the creed  
whence Christian comfort came.

That housed in caves and caverns—  
 how it stirs our Scottish blood!—  
 The Covenanters, sword in hand,  
 poured forth the crimson flood;  
 And eloquent grows the preacher, as  
 the Sabbath sunshine falls,  
 Thro' cobwebbed and checkered pane,  
 a halo on the walls!

That still 'mid sore disaster, in the  
 heat and strife of doubt,  
 Some bear the Gospel oriflamme, and  
 one by one march out,  
 Till forth from heathen kingdoms, and  
 isles beyond the sea,  
 The glorious tidings of the Book  
 spread Christ's salvation free.

So I cling to my mother's Bible, in its  
 torn and tattered boards,  
 As one of the greatest gems of art,  
 and the king of all other hoards,  
 As in life the true consoler, and in  
 death ere the Judgment call,  
 The guide that will lead to the shining  
 shore, where the Father waits for  
 all.

### Lincoln, the Man of the People

This poem was read by Edwin Markham at the dedication of the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, D. C., May 30, 1922. Before reading, he said: "No oration, no poem, can rise to the high level of this historic hour. Nevertheless, I venture to inscribe this revised version of my Lincoln poem to this stupendous Lincoln Memorial, to this far-shining monument of remembrance, erected in immortal marble to the honor of our deathless martyr—the consecrated statesman, the ideal American, the ever-beloved friend of humanity."

When the Norn Mother saw the Whirl-  
 wind Hour  
 Greatening and darkening as it hur-  
 ried on,  
 She left the Heaven of Heroes and  
 came down  
 To make a man to meet the mortal  
 need.

She took the tried clay of the common  
 road—

Clay warm yet with the genial heat of  
 Earth,

Dasht through it all a strain of proph-  
 ecy;

Tempered the heap with thrill of hu-  
 man tears;

Then mixt a laughter with the serious  
 stuff.

Into the shape she breathed a flame to  
 light

That tender, tragic, ever-changing  
 face;

And laid on him a sense of the Mystic  
 Powers,

Moving—all husht—behind the mortal  
 veil.

Here was a man to hold against the  
 world,

A man to match the mountains and the  
 sea.

The color of the ground was in him,  
 the red earth;

The smack and tang of elemental  
 things;

The rectitude and patience of the cliff;

The good-will of the rain that loves all  
 leaves;

The friendly welcome of the wayside  
 well;

The courage of the bird that dares the  
 sea;

The gladness of the wind that shakes  
 the corn;

The pity of the snow that hides all  
 scars;

The secrecy of streams that make their  
 way

Under the mountain to the rifted rock;  
 The tolerance and equity of light

That gives as freely to the shrinking  
 flower

As to the great oak flaring to the  
 wind—

To the grave's low hill as to the Mat-  
terhorn  
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung  
from the West,  
He drank the valorous youth of a new  
world.  
The strength of virgin forests braced  
his mind,  
The hush of spacious prairies stilled  
his soul.  
His words were oaks in acorns; and  
his thoughts  
Were roots that firmly gript the gran-  
ite truth.

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,  
One fire was on his spirit, one re-  
solve—  
To send the keen ax to the root of  
wrong,  
Clearing a free way for the feet of  
God,  
The eyes of conscience testing every  
stroke,  
To make his deed the measure of a  
man.  
He built the rail-pile as he built the  
State,  
Pouring his splendid strength through  
every blow;  
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois  
Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty  
heart;  
And when the judgment thunders split  
the house,  
Wrenching the rafters from their an-  
cient rest,  
He held the ridgepole up, and spik't  
again  
The rafters of the Home. He held his  
place—  
Held the long purpose like a growing  
tree—  
Held on through blame and faltered  
not at praise.

And when he fell in whirlwind, he  
went down  
As when a lordly cedar, green with  
boughs,  
Goes down with a great shout upon the  
hills,  
And leaves a lonesome place against  
the sky.

*Edwin Markham.*

### Our Own

If I had known in the morning  
How wearily all the day  
The words unkind  
Would trouble my mind  
I said when you went away,  
I had been more careful, darling,  
Nor given you needless pain;  
But we vex "our own"  
With look and tone  
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening  
You may give me the kiss of peace,  
Yet it might be  
That never for me,  
The pain of the heart should cease.  
How many go forth in the morning,  
That never come home at night!  
And hearts have broken  
For harsh words spoken  
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the  
stranger,  
And smiles for the sometime guest,  
But oft for "our own"  
The bitter tone,  
Though we love "our own" the best.  
Ah, lips with the curve impatient!  
Ah, brow with that look of scorn!  
'Twere a cruel fate,  
Were the night too late  
To undo the work of morn.

*Margaret E. Sangster.*

### How Salvator Won

The gate was thrown open, I rode out alone,  
 More proud than a monarch who sits on a throne.  
 I am but a jockey, but shout upon shout  
 Went up from the people who watched me ride out.  
 And the cheers that rang forth from that warm-hearted crowd  
 Were as earnest as those to which monarch e'er bowed.  
 My heart thrilled with pleasure so keen it was pain,  
 As I patted my Salvator's soft, silken mane;  
 And a sweet shiver shot from his hide to my hand  
 As we passed by the multitude down to the stand.  
 The great wave of cheering came billowing back  
 As the hoofs of brave Tenny ran swift down the track,  
 And he stood there beside us, all bone and all muscle,  
 Our noble opponent, well trained for the tussle  
 That waited us there on the smooth, shining course.  
 My Salvator, fair to the lovers of horse  
 As a beautiful woman is fair to man's sight—  
 Pure type of the thoroughbred, clean-limbed and bright—  
 Stood taking the plaudits as only his due  
 And nothing at all unexpected or new.  
 And then there before us as the bright flag is spread,  
 There's a roar from the grand stand, and Tenny's ahead;  
 At the sound of the voices that shouted, "A go!"

He sprang like an arrow shot straight from the bow.  
 I tighten the reins on Prince Charlie's great son;  
 He is off like a rocket, the race is begun.  
 Half-way down the furlong their heads are together,  
 Scarce room 'twixt their noses to wedge in a feather;  
 Past grand stand, and judges, in neck-to-neck strife,  
 Ah, Salvator, boy, 'tis the race of your life!  
 I press my knees closer, I coax him, I urge,  
 I feel him go out with a leap and a surge;  
 I see him creep on, inch by inch, stride by stride,  
 While backward, still backward, falls Tenny beside.  
 We are nearing the turn, the first quarter is passed—  
 'Twixt leader and chaser the daylight is cast;  
 The distance elongates; still Tenny sweeps on,  
 As graceful and free-limbed and swift as a fawn,  
 His awkwardness vanished, his muscles all strained—  
 A noble opponent well born and well trained.  
 I glanced o'er my shoulder; ha! Tenny! the cost  
 Of that one second's flagging will be—the race lost;  
 One second's yielding of courage and strength,  
 And the daylight between us has doubled its length.  
 The first mile is covered, the race is mine—no!  
 For the blue blood of Tenny responds to a blow;



He shoots through the air like a ball  
 from a gun,  
 And the two lengths between us are  
 shortened to one.  
 My heart is contracted, my throat feels  
 a lump,  
 For Tenny's long neck is at Salvator's  
 rump;  
 And now with new courage grown  
 bolder and bolder,  
 I see him once more running shoulder  
 to shoulder.  
 With knees, hands and body I press my  
 grand steed;  
 I urge him, I coax him, I pray him to  
 heed!  
 O Salvator! Salvator! List to my  
 calls,  
 For the blow of my whip will hurt both  
 if it falls.  
 There's a roar from the crowd like the  
 ocean in storm,  
 As close to the saddle leaps Tenny's  
 great form;  
 One mighty plunge, and with knee,  
 limb and hand,  
 I lift my horse first by a nose past the  
 stand.  
 We are under the string now—the great  
 race is done—  
 And Salvator, Salvator, Salvator won!

Cheer, hoary-headed patriarchs; cheer  
 loud, I say;  
 'Tis the race of a century witnessed  
 to-day!  
 Though ye live twice the space that's  
 allotted to men  
 Ye never will see such a grand race  
 again.  
 Let the shouts of the populace roar like  
 the surf,  
 For Salvator, Salvator, king of the  
 turf,  
 He has rivaled the record of thirteen  
 long years;

He has won the first place in the vast  
 line of peers.  
 'Twas a neck-to-neck contest, a grand,  
 honest race,  
 And even his enemies grant him his  
 place.  
 Down into the dust let old records be  
 hurled,  
 And hang out 2:05 to the gaze of the  
 world!

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

### I Got to Go to School

I'd like to hunt the Injuns 't roam the  
 boundless plain!  
 I'd like to be a pirate an' plow the  
 ragin' main!  
 An' capture some big island, in lordly  
 pomp to rule;  
 But I just can't be nothin' cause I got  
 to go to school.

'Most all great men, so I have read,  
 has been the ones 'at got  
 The least amount o' learnin' by a flick-  
 erin' pitch pine knot;  
 An' many a darin' boy like me grows  
 up to be a fool,  
 An' never 'mounts to nothin' 'cause he's  
 got to go to school.

I'd like to be a cowboy an' rope the  
 Texas steer!  
 I'd like to be a sleuth-houn' or a bloody  
 buccaneer!  
 An' leave the foe to welter where their  
 blood had made a pool;  
 But how can I git famous? 'cause I  
 got to go to school.

I don't see how my parents kin make  
 the big mistake  
 O' keepin' down a boy like me 'at's got  
 a name to make!  
 It ain't no wonder boys is bad, an'  
 balky as a mule;

Life ain't worth livin' if you've got to  
waste your time in school.

I'd like to be regarded as "The Terror  
of the Plains"!

I'd like to hear my victims shriek an'  
clank their prison chains!

I'd like to face the enemy with gaze  
serene an' cool,

An' wipe 'em off the earth, but pshaw!  
I got to go to school.

What good is 'rithmetic an' things, ex-  
ceptin' jest for girls,

Er them there Fauntleroy's 'at wears  
their hair in pretty curls?

An' if my name is never seen on hist'-  
ry's page, why, you'll

Remember 'at it's all because I got to  
go to school.

*Nixon Waterman.*

### With Little Boy Blue

*(Written after the death of Eugene  
Field.)*

Silent he watched them—the soldiers  
and dog—

Tin toys on the little armchair,  
Keeping their tryst through the slow  
going years

For the hand that had stationed them  
there;

And he said that perchance the dust  
and the rust

Hid the griefs that the toy friends  
knew,

And his heart watched with them all  
the dark years,

Yearning ever for Little Boy Blue.

Three mourners they were for Little  
Boy Blue,

Three ere the cold winds had begun;  
Now two are left watching—the soldier  
and dog;

But for him the vigil is done.

For him too, the angel has chanted a  
song

A song that is lulling and true.

He has seen the white gates of the man-  
sions of rest,

Thrown wide by his Little Boy Blue.

God sent not the Angel of Death for  
his soul—

Not the Reaper who cometh for all—  
But out of the shadows that curtained  
the day

He heard his lost little one call,  
Heard the voice that he loved, and fol-  
lowing fast,

Passed on to the far-away strand;  
And he walks the streets of the City of  
Peace,

With Little Boy Blue by the hand.

*Sarah Beaumont Kennedy.*

### The Charge of Pickett's Brigade

In Gettysburg at break of day

The hosts of war are held in leash  
To gird them for the coming fray,

E'er brazen-throated monsters flame,  
Mad hounds of death that tear and  
maim.

Ho, boys in blue,

And gray so true,

Fate calls to-day the roll of fame.

On Cemetery Hill was done

The clangor of four hundred guns;  
Through drifting smoke the morning  
sun

Shone down a line of battled gray

Where Pickett's waiting soldiers lay.  
Virginians all,

Heed glory's call,

You die at Gettysburg to-day.

'Twas Pickett's veteran brigade,

Great Lee had named; he knew them  
well;

Oft had their steel the battle stayed.  
 O warriors of the eagle plume,  
 Fate points for you the hour of  
 doom.

Ring rebel yell,  
 War cry and knell!  
 The stars, to-night, will set in gloom.

O Pickett's men, ye sons of fate,  
 Awe-stricken nations bide your deeds.  
 For you the centuries did wait,  
 While wrong had writ her lengthen-  
 ing scroll.

And God had set the judgment roll.  
 A thousand years  
 Shall wait in tears,  
 And one swift hour bring to goal.

The charge is done, a cause is lost;  
 But Pickett's men heed not the din  
 Of ragged columns battle tost;  
 For fame enshrouds them on the  
 field,  
 And pierced, Virginia, is thy shield.  
 But stars and bars  
 Shall drape thy scars;  
 No cause is lost till honor yield.

### Hu'lo

W'en you see a man in woe,  
 Walk right up and say "Hullo!"  
 Say "Hullo" and "How d'ye do?"  
 How's the world a-usin' you?"  
 Slap the fellow on the back;  
 Bring your hand down with a whack;  
 Walk right up, and don't go slow;  
 Grin an' shake, an' say "Hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? Oh! sho;  
 Walk right up an' say "Hullo!"  
 Rags is but a cotton roll  
 Jest for wrappin' up a soul;  
 An' a soul is worth a true  
 Hale and hearty "How d'ye do?"  
 Don't wait for the crowd to go,  
 Walk right up and say "Hullo!"

When big vessels meet, they say  
 They saloot an' sail away.  
 Jest the same are you an' me  
 Lonesome ships upon a sea;  
 Each one sailin' his own log,  
 For a port behind the fog;  
 Let your speakin' trumpet blow;  
 Lift your horn an' cry "Hullo!"

Say "Hullo!" an' "How d'ye do?"  
 Other folks are good as you.  
 W'en you leave your house of clay  
 Wanderin' in the far away,  
 W'en you travel through the strange  
 Country t'other side the range,  
 Then the souls you've cheered will  
 know  
 Who ye be, an' say "Hullo."  
*Sam Walter Foss.*

### The Women of Mumbles Head

Bring, novelist, your note-book! bring,  
 dramatist, your pen!  
 And I'll tell you a simple story of what  
 women do for men.  
 It's only a tale of a lifeboat, of the  
 dying and the dead,  
 Of the terrible storm and shipwreck  
 that happened off Mumbles Head!  
 Maybe you have traveled in Wales, sir,  
 and know it north and south;  
 Maybe you are friends with the "na-  
 tives" that dwell at Oystermouth;  
 It happens, no doubt, that from Bristol  
 you've crossed in a casual way,  
 And have sailed your yacht in the  
 summer in the blue of Swansea  
 Bay.

Well! it isn't like that in the winter,  
 when the lighthouse stands alone,  
 In the teeth of Atlantic breakers that  
 foam on its face of stone;  
 It wasn't like that when the hurricane  
 blew, and the storm-bell tolled, or  
 when

There was news of a wreck, and the  
lifeboat launched, and a desperate  
cry for men.

When in the world did the coxswain  
shirk? a brave old salt was he!  
Proud to the bone of as four strong  
lads as ever had tasted the sea,  
Welshmen all to the lungs and loins,  
who, about that coast, 'twas said,  
Had saved some hundred lives apiece—  
at a shilling or so a head!

So the father launched the lifeboat, in  
the teeth of the tempest's roar,  
And he stood like a man at the rudder,  
with an eye on his boys at the oar.  
Out to the wreck went the father! out  
to the wreck went the sons!

Leaving the weeping of women, and  
booming of signal guns;

Leaving the mother who loved them,  
and the girls that the sailors love;  
Going to death for duty, and trusting  
to God above!

Do you murmur a prayer, my brothers,  
when cozy and safe in bed,

For men like these, who are ready to  
die for a wreck off Mumbles Head?  
It didn't go well with the lifeboat!  
'twas a terrible storm that blew!

And it snapped the rope in a second  
that was flung to the drowning  
crew;

And then the anchor parted—'twas a  
tussle to keep afloat!

But the father stuck to the rudder, and  
the boys to the brave old boat.

Then at last on the poor doomed life-  
boat a wave broke mountains high!

"God help us now!" said the father.  
"It's over, my lads! Good-bye!"

Half of the crew swam shoreward,  
half to the sheltered caves,

But father and sons were fighting  
death in the foam of the angry  
waves.

Up at a lighthouse window two women  
beheld the storm,

And saw in the boiling breakers a fig-  
ure,—a fighting form;

It might be a gray-haired father, then  
the women held their breath;

It might be a fair-haired brother, who  
was having a round with death;

It might be a lover, a husband, whose  
kisses were on the lips

Of the women whose love is the life of  
men going down to the sea in ships.

They had seen the launch of the life-  
boat, they had seen the worst, and  
more,

Then, kissing each other, these women  
went down from the lighthouse,  
straight to shore.

There by the rocks on the breakers  
these sisters, hand in hand,

Beheld once more that desperate man  
who struggled to reach the land.

'Twas only aid he wanted to help him  
across the wave,

But what are a couple of women with  
only a man to save?

What are a couple of women? well,  
more than three craven men

Who stood by the shore with chattering  
teeth, refusing to stir—and then

Off went the women's shawls, sir; in a  
second they're torn and rent,

Then knotting them into a rope of love,  
straight into the sea they went!

"Come back!" cried the lighthouse-  
keeper. "For God's sake, girls,  
come back!"

As they caught the waves on their fore-  
heads, resisting the fierce attack.

"Come back!" moaned the gray-haired  
mother, as she stood by the angry  
sea,

"If the waves take you, my darlings,  
there's nobody left to me!"



"Come back!" said the three strong soldiers, who still stood faint and pale,

"You will drown if you face the breakers! you will fall if you brave the gale!"

"Come back!" said the girls, "we will not! go tell it to all the town, We'll lose our lives, God willing, before that man shall drown!"

"Give one more knot to the shawls, Bess! give one strong clutch of your hand!

Just follow me, brave, to the shingle, and we'll bring him safe to land! Wait for the next wave, darling! only a minute more,

And I'll have him safe in my arms, dear, and we'll drag him to the shore."

Up to the arms in the water, fighting it breast to breast,

They caught and saved a brother alive. God bless them! you know the rest—

Well, many a heart beat stronger, and many a tear was shed,

And many a glass was tossed right off to "The Women of Mumbles Head!"

*Clement Scott.*

### The Fireman's Story

"'A frightful face'? Wal, yes, yer correct;

That man on the engine thar Don't pack the han'somest countenance—

Every inch of it sportin' a scar; But I tell you, pard, thar ain't money enough

Piled up in the National Banks To buy that face, nor a single scar—  
(No, I never indulges. Thanks.)

"Yes, Jim is an old-time engineer, An' a better one never war knowed! Bin a runnin' yar since the fust machine

War put on the Quincy Road; An' thar ain't a galoot that pulls a plug

From Maine to the jumpin' off place That knows more about the big iron hoss

Than him with the battered-up face.

"Got hurt in a smash-up'? No, 'twar done

In a sort o' legitimate way; He got it a-trying to save a gal Up yar on the road last May.

I haven't much time for to spin you the yarn,

For we pull out at two-twenty-five— Just wait till I climb up an' toss in some coal,

So's to keep old '90' alive.

"Jim war pullin' the Burlin'ton passenger then,

Left Quincy a half an hour late, An' war skimmin' along purty lively, so's not

To lay out No. 21 freight. The '90' war more than whoopin' 'em up

An' a-quiverin' in every nerve! When all to once Jim yelled 'Merciful God!'

As she shoved her sharp nose 'round a curve.

"I jumped to his side o' the cab, an' ahead

'Bout two hundred paces or so Stood a gal on the track, her hands raised aloft,

An' her face jist as white as the snow;

It seems she war so paralyzed with the fright

That she couldn't move for'ard or  
back,  
An' when Jim pulled the whistle she  
fainted an' fell  
Right down in a heap on the track!

"I'll never forgit till the day o' my  
death  
The look that cum over Jim's face;  
He throw'd the old lever cl'r back like  
a shot  
So's to slacken the '90's' wild pace,  
Then let on the air brakes as quick as  
a flash,  
An' out through the window he fled,  
An' skinned 'long the runnin' board  
cla'r in front,  
An' lay on the pilot ahead.

"Then just as we reached whar the  
poor creetur lay,  
He grabbed a tight hold of her arm,  
An' raised her right up so's to throw  
her one side  
Out o' reach of danger an' harm.  
But somehow he slipped an' fell with  
his head  
On the rail as he throw'd the young  
lass,  
An' the pilot in strikin' him, ground up  
his face  
In a frightful and horrible mass!

"As soon as we stopped I backed up the  
train  
To that spot where the poor fellow  
lay,  
An' there sot the gal with his head in  
her lap  
An' wipin' the warm blood away.  
The tears rolled in torrents right down  
from her eyes,  
While she sobbed like her heart war  
all broke—  
I tell you, my friend, such a sight as  
that 'ar

Would move the tough heart of an  
oak!

"We put Jim aboard an' run back to  
town,  
Whar for week arter week the boy  
lay  
A-hoverin' right in the shadder o'  
death,  
An' that gal by his bed every day.  
But nursin' an' doctorin' brought him  
around—  
Kinder snatched him right outer the  
grave—  
His face ain't so han'some as 'twar, but  
his heart  
Remains just as noble an' brave.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Of course thar's a sequel—as story  
books say—  
He fell dead in love, did this Jim;  
But hadn't the heart to ax her to have  
Sich a batter'd-up rooster as him.  
She know'd how he felt, and last New  
Year's day  
War the fust o' leap year as you  
know,  
So she jist cornered Jim an' proposed  
on the spot,  
An' you bet he didn't say no.

"He's building a house up thar on the  
hill,  
An' has laid up a snug pile o' cash,  
The weddin's to be on the first o' next  
May—  
Jist a year from the day o' the  
smash—  
The gal says he risked his dear life to  
save hers,  
An' she'll jist turn the tables  
about,  
An' give him the life that he saved—  
thar's the bell.  
Good day, sir, we're goin' to pull  
out."

### Little Willie's Hearing

Sometimes w'en I am playin' with  
some fellers 'at I knows,

My ma she comes to call me, 'cause she  
wants me, I surpose:

An' then she calls in this way: "Willie!  
Willie, dear! Willee-e-ee!"

An' you'd be surprised to notice how  
dretful deef I be;

An' the fellers 'at are playin' they  
keeps mos' orful still,

W'ile they tell me, jus' in whispers:  
"Your ma is callin', Bill."

But my hearin' don't git better, so fur  
as I can see,

W'ile my ma stan's there a-callin':  
"Willie! Willie, dear! Willee-e-ee!"

An' soon my ma she gives it up, an'  
says: "Well, I'll allow

It's mighty cur'us w're that boy has  
got to, anyhow";

An' then I keep on playin' jus' the way  
I did before—

I know if she was wantin' much she'd  
call to me some more.

An' purty soon she comes agin an'  
says: "Willie! Willee-e-ee!"

But my hearin's jus' as hard as w'at it  
useter be.

If a feller has good judgment, an' uses  
it that way,

He can almos' allers manage to git  
consid'ble play.

But jus' w'ile I am playin', an' prob'ly  
I am "it,"

Theys' somethin' diff'rent happens, an'  
I have to up, an' git,

Fer my pa comes to the doorway, an'  
he interrup's our glee;

He jus' says, "William Henry!" but  
that's enough fer me.

You'd be surprised to notice how  
quickly I can hear

W'en my pa says, "William Henry!"  
but never "Willie, dear!"

Fer though my hearin's middlin' bad to  
hear the voice of ma,

It's apt to show improvement w'en the  
callin' comes from pa.

### The Service Flag

Dear little flag in the window there,  
Hung with a tear and a woman's  
prayer,

Child of Old Glory, born with a star—  
Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!

Blue is your star in its field of white,  
Dipped in the red that was born of  
fight;

Born of the blood that our forebears  
shed

To raise your mother, The Flag, o'er-  
head.

And now you've come, in this frenzied  
day,

To speak from a window—to speak and  
say:

"I am the voice of a soldier son,  
Gone, to be gone till the victory's won.

"I am the flag of The Service, sir:  
The flag of his mother—I speak for her  
Who stands by my window and waits  
and fears,

But hides from the others her unwept  
tears.

"I am the flag of the wives who wait  
For the safe return of a martial mate—  
A mate gone forth where the war god  
thrives,

To save from sacrifice other men's  
wives.

"I am the flag of the sweethearts true;  
The often unthought of—the sisters,  
too.

I am the flag of a mother's son,  
Who won't come home till the victory's  
won!"

Dear little flag in the window there,  
Hung with a tear and a woman's  
prayer,  
Child of Old Glory, born with a star—  
Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!

*William Herschell.*

### Flying Jim's Last Leap

*(The hero of this tale had once  
been a famous trapeze performer.)*

Cheeriest room, that morn, the kitchen.  
Helped by Bridget's willing hands,  
Bustled Hannah, deftly mixing pies,  
for ready waiting pans.  
Little Flossie fitted round them, and  
her curling, floating hair

Glinted gold-like, gleamed and glis-  
tened, in the sparkling sunlit air;  
Slouched a figure o'er the lawn; a man  
so wretched and forlorn,

Tattered, grim, so like a beggar, ne'er  
had trod that path before.

His shirt was torn, his hat was gone,  
bare and begrimed his knees,

Face with blood and dirt disfigured, el-  
bows peeped from out his sleeves.

Rat-tat-tat, upon the entrance, brought  
Aunt Hannah to the door;

Parched lips humbly plead for water,  
as she scanned his misery o'er;

Wrathful came the dame's quick an-  
swer; made him cower, shame,  
and start

Out of sight, despairing, saddened,  
hurt and angry to the heart.

"*Drink!* You've had enough, you ras-  
cal. Faugh! The smell now  
makes me sick.

Move, you thief! Leave now these  
grounds, sir, or our dogs will help  
you quick."

Then the man with dragging footsteps  
hopeless, wishing himself dead,  
Crept away from sight of plenty,  
starved in place of being fed,  
Wandered farther from the mansion,  
till he reached a purling brook,  
Babbling, trilling broken music by a  
green and shady nook.

Here sweet Flossie found him fainting;  
in her hands were food and drink;  
Pale like death lay he before her, yet  
the child-heart did not shrink;  
Then the rags from off his forehead,  
she with dainty hands offstripped,  
In the brooklet's rippling waters, her  
own lace-trimmed 'kerchief dipped;  
Then with sweet and holy pity, which,  
within her, did not daunt,  
Bathed the blood and grime-stained  
visage of that sin-soiled son of  
want.

Wrung she then the linen cleanly,  
bandaged up the wound again  
Ere the still eyes opened slowly; white  
lips murmuring, "Am I sane?"

"Look, poor man, here's food and drink.  
Now thank our God before you  
take."

Paused he mute and undecided, while  
deep sobs his form did shake  
With an avalanche of feeling, and great  
tears came rolling down

O'er a face unused to showing aught  
except a sullen frown;

That "our God" unsealed a fountain  
his whole life had never known,

When that human angel near him spoke  
of her God as his own.

"Is it 'cause my aunty grieved you?"  
Quickly did the wee one ask.

"I'll tell you my little verse then, 'tis  
a holy Bible task,

It may help you to forgive her: 'Love  
your enemies and those

Who despitefully may use you; love  
them whether friends or foes!"



Then she glided from his vision, left  
him prostrate on the ground  
Conning o'er and o'er that lesson with  
a grace to him new found.

Sunlight filtering through green  
branches as they wind-wave dance  
and dip,

Finds a prayer his mother taught him,  
trembling on his crime-stained lip.

Hist! a step, an angry mutter, and the  
owner of the place,

Gentle Flossie's haughty father, and  
the tramp stood face to face!

"Thieving rascal! you've my daughter's  
'kerchief bound upon your  
brow;

Off with it, and cast it down here.  
Come! be quick about it now."

As the man did not obey him, Flossie's  
father lashed his cheek

With a riding-whip he carried; struck  
him hard and cut him deep.

Quick the tramp bore down upon him,  
felled him, o'er him where he lay

Raised a knife to seek his life-blood.  
Then there came a thought to stay

All his angry, murderous impulse,  
caused the knife to shuddering  
fall:

"He's *her* father; love your en'mies;  
'tis 'our God' reigns over all."

At midnight, lambent, lurid flames  
light up the sky with fiercest  
beams,

Wild cries, "Fire! fire!" ring through  
the air, and red like blood each  
flame now seems;

They faster grow, they higher throw  
weird, direful arms which ever  
lean

About the gray stone mansion old.  
Now roars the wind to aid the  
scene;

The flames yet higher, wilder play. A  
shudder runs through all around—

Distinctly as in light of day, at top-  
most window from the ground  
Sweet Flossie stands, her golden hair  
enhaloed now by firelit air.

Loud rang the father's cry: "O God!  
my child! my child! Will no one  
dare

For her sweet sake the flaming stair?"  
Look, one steps forth with muf-  
fled face,

Leaps through the flames with fleetest  
feet, on trembling ladder runs a  
race

With life and death—the window gains.  
Deep silence falls on all around,

Till bursts aloud a sobbing wail. The  
ladder falls with crashing sound—

A flaming, treacherous mass. O God!  
she was so young and he so brave!

Look once again. See! see! on highest  
roof he stands—the fiery wave

Fierce rolling round—his arms enclasp  
the child—God help him yet to  
save!

"For life or for eternal sleep,"

He cries, then makes a vaulting leap,  
A tree branch catches, with sure aim,  
And by the act proclaims his name;

The air was rent, the cheers rang loud,  
A rough voice cried from out the  
crowd,

"Huzza, my boys, well we know him,  
None dares that leap but Flying Jim!"

A jail-bird—outlaw—thief, indeed,  
Yet o'er them all takes kingly lead.

"Do now your worst," his gasping cry,  
"Do all your worst, I'm doomed to die;  
I've breathed the flames, 'twill not be  
long";

Then hushed all murmurs through the  
throng.

With reverent hands they bore him  
where

The summer evening's cooling air  
Came softly sighing through the trees;  
The child's proud father on his knees

Forgiveness sought of God and Jim,  
Which dying lips accorded him.  
A mark of whip on white face stirred  
To gleaming scarlet at his words.  
"Forgive them all who use you ill,  
She taught me that and I fulfill;  
I would her hand might touch my face,  
Though she's so pure and I so base."  
Low Flossie bent and kissed the brow,  
With smile of bliss transfigured now;  
Death, the angel, sealed it there,  
'Twas sent to God with "mother's  
prayer."

*Emma Dunning Banks.*

### Betty and the Bear

In a pioneer's cabin out West, so they  
say,  
A great big black grizzly trotted one  
day,  
And seated himself on the hearth, and  
began  
To lap the contents of a two gallon pan  
Of milk and potatoes,—an excellent  
meal,—  
And then looked about to see what he  
could steal.  
The lord of the mansion awoke from  
his sleep,  
And, hearing a racket, he ventured to  
peep  
Just out in the kitchen, to see what was  
there,  
And was scared to behold a great  
grizzly bear.

So he screamed in alarm to his slum-  
bering frau,  
"Thar's a bar in the kitchen as big's a  
cow!"  
"A what?" "Why, a bar!" "Well  
murder him, then!"  
"Yes, Betty, I will, if you'll first ven-  
ture in."  
So Betty leaped up, and the poker she  
seized,

While her man shut the door, and  
against it he squeezed.  
As Betty then laid on the grizzly her  
blows,  
Now on his forehead, and now on his  
nose,  
Her man through the key-hole kept  
shouting within,  
"Well done, my brave Betty, now hit  
him agin,  
Now poke with the poker, and poke his  
eyes out."  
So, with rapping and poking, poor  
Betty alone  
At last laid Sir Bruin as dead as a  
stone.

Now when the old man saw the bear  
was no more,  
He ventured to poke his nose out of the  
door,  
And there was the grizzly stretched on  
the floor.  
Then off to the neighbors he hastened,  
to tell  
All the wonderful things that that  
morning befell;  
And he published the marvellous story  
afar,  
How "me and my Betty jist slaughtered  
a bar!"  
O yes, come and see, all the neighbors  
hev seed it,  
Come and see what we did, me and  
Betty, we did it."

### The Graves of a Household

They grew in beauty, side by side,  
They filled one home with glee;—  
Their graves are severed, far and wide,  
By mount, and stream and sea.  
  
The same fond mother bent at night  
O'er each fair sleeping brow;  
She had each folded flower in sight—  
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forest of the West,  
By a dark stream is laid—  
The Indian knows his place of rest  
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—  
He lies where pearls lie deep;  
*He* was the loved of all, yet none  
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are  
drest  
Above the noble slain:  
He wrapped his colors round his breast  
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers  
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;  
*She* faded 'midst Italian flowers—  
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who play'd  
Beneath the same green tree;  
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd  
Around the parent knee.

They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
And cheer'd with song the hearth!—  
Alas! for love, if *thou* wert all,  
And naught beyond, O earth!  
*Felicia Dorothea Hemans.*

### The Babie

Nae shoon to hide her tiny taes,  
Nae stockings on her feet;  
Her supple ankles white as snow,  
Or early blossoms sweet.  
Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,  
Her double, dimpled chin;  
Her pucker'd lip and bonny mou',  
With nae ane tooth between.  
Her een sae like her mither's een,  
Twa gentle, liquid things;  
Her face is like an angel's face—  
We're glad she has nae wings.

*Hugh Miller.*

### A Legend of the Northland

Away, away in the Northland,  
Where the hours of the day are few,  
And the nights are so long in winter,  
They cannot sleep them through;

Where they harness the swift reindeer  
To the sledges, when it snows;  
And the children look like bears' cubs  
In their funny, furry clothes:

They tell them a curious story—  
I don't believe 't is true;  
And yet you may learn a lesson  
If I tell the tale to you

Once, when the good Saint Peter  
Lived in the world below,  
And walked about it, preaching,  
Just as he did, you know;

He came to the door of a cottage,  
In traveling round the earth,  
Where a little woman was making  
cakes,  
And baking them on the hearth;

And being faint with fasting.  
For the day was almost done,  
He asked her, from her store of cakes,  
To give him a single one.

So she made a very little cake,  
But as it baking lay,  
She looked at it, and thought it seemed  
Too large to give away.

Therefore she kneaded another,  
And still a smaller one;  
But it looked, when she turned it over,  
As large as the first had done.

Then she took a tiny scrap of dough,  
And rolled, and rolled it flat;  
And baked it thin as a wafer—  
But she couldn't part with that.

For she said, "My cakes that seem too small

When I eat of them myself,  
Are yet too large to give away."  
So she put them on the shelf.

Then good Saint Peter grew angry,  
For he was hungry and faint;  
And surely such a woman  
Was enough to provoke a saint.

And he said, "You are far too selfish  
To dwell in a human form,  
To have both food and shelter,  
And fire to keep you warm.

"Now, you shall build as the birds do,  
And shall get your scanty food  
By boring, and boring, and boring,  
All day in the hard dry wood."

Then up she went through the chimney,  
Never speaking a word,  
And out of the top flew a woodpecker,  
For she was changed to a bird.

She had a scarlet cap on her head,  
And that was left the same,  
But all the rest of her clothes were  
burned  
Black as a coal in the flame.

And every country school boy  
Has seen her in the wood;  
Where she lives in the woods till this  
very day,  
Boring and boring for food.

And this is the lesson she teaches:  
Live not for yourself alone,  
Lest the needs you will not pity  
Shall one day be your own.

Give plenty of what is given to you,  
Listen to pity's call;  
Don't think the little you give is great,  
And the much you get is small.

Now, my little boy, remember that,  
And try to be kind and good,  
When you see the woodpecker's sooty  
dress,  
And see her scarlet hood.

You mayn't be changed to a bird,  
though you live  
As selfishly as you can;  
But you will be changed to a smaller  
thing—  
A mean and selfish man.

*Phoebe Cary.*

### How Did You Die?

Did you tackle the trouble that came  
your way  
With a resolute heart and cheerful?  
Or hide your face from the light of day  
With a craven soul and fearful?  
Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an  
ounce,  
Or a trouble is what you make it,  
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt  
that counts,  
But only how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well,  
what's that?  
Come up with a smiling face,  
Its nothing against you to fall down  
flat,  
But to lie there—that's disgrace.  
The harder you're thrown, why, the  
higher the bounce;  
Be proud of your blackened eye!  
It isn't the fact that you're licked that  
counts;  
It's how did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to the death,  
what then?  
If you battled the best you could,  
If you played your part in the world  
of men,



Why, the Critic will call it good.  
Death comes with a crawl, or comes  
with a pounce,  
And whether he's slow or spry,  
It isn't the fact that you're dead that  
counts,  
But only how did you die?

*Edmund Vance Cooke.*

### The Children

When the lessons and tasks are all  
ended,  
And the school for the day is dis-  
missed,  
And the little ones gather around me,  
To bid me good-night and be kissed,—  
Oh, the little white arms that encircle  
My neck in a tender embrace!  
Oh, the smiles that are halos of Heav-  
en,  
Shedding sunshine and love on my  
face!

And when they are gone, I sit dream-  
ing

Of my childhood, too lovely to last;  
Of love that my heart will remember  
When it wakes to the pulse of the  
past;

Ere the world and its wickedness made  
me

A partner of sorrow and sin;  
When the glory of God was about me,  
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows as weak as a  
woman's

And the fountains of feeling will  
flow,

When I think of the paths, steep and  
stony

Where the feet of the dear ones must  
go.

Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er  
them,

Of the tempests of fate blowing  
wild—

Oh, there's nothing on earth half so  
holy

As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of house-  
holds,

They are angels of God in disguise.  
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,

His glory still beams in their eyes:  
Oh, those truants from earth and from  
heaven,

They have made me more manly and  
mild!

And I know how Jesus could liken  
The Kingdom of God to a child.

Seek not a life for the dear ones

All radiant, as others have done.

But that life may have just enough  
shadow

To temper the glare of the sun;

I would pray God to guard them from  
evil,

But my prayer would bound back to  
myself.

Ah! A seraph may pray for a sinner,  
But the sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,

I have banished the rule of the rod;

I have taught them the goodness of  
Knowledge,

They have taught me the goodness  
of God.

My heart is a dungeon of darkness,

Where I shut them from breaking a  
rule;

My frown is sufficient correction,

My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the  
autumn

To traverse the threshold no more,

Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones  
That meet me each morn at the door.

I shall miss the good-nights and the  
kisses,  
And the gush of their innocent glee;  
The group on the green and the flowers  
That are brought every morning to  
me.

I shall miss them at morn and at  
evening,  
Their song in the school and the  
street,

I shall miss the low hum of their voices  
And the tramp of their delicate feet.  
When the lessons and tasks are all  
ended,

And death says the school is dis-  
missed,  
May the little ones gather around me  
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

*Charles M. Dickinson.*

### The King and the Child

The sunlight shone on walls of stone,  
And towers sublime and tall,  
King Alfred sat upon his throne  
Within his council hall.

And glancing o'er the splendid throng,  
With grave and solemn face,  
To where his noble vassals stood,  
He saw a vacant place.

"Where is the Earl of Holderness?"  
With anxious look, he said.

"Alas, O King!" a courtier cried,  
"The noble Earl is dead!"

Before the monarch could express  
The sorrow that he felt,  
A soldier, with a war-worn face,  
Approached the throne, and knelt.

"My sword," he said, "has ever been,  
O King, at thy command,  
And many a proud and haughty Dane  
Has fallen by my hand.

"I've fought beside thee in the field,  
And 'neath the greenwood tree;  
It is but fair for thee to give  
Yon vacant place to me."

"It is not just," a statesman cried,  
"This soldier's prayer to hear,  
My wisdom has done more for thee  
Than either sword or spear.

"The victories of thy council hall  
Have made thee more renown  
Than all the triumphs of the field  
Have given to thy crown.

"My name is known in every land,  
My talents have been thine,  
Bestow this Earldom, then, on me,  
For it is justly mine."

Yet, while before the monarch's throne  
These men contending stood,  
A woman crossed the floor, who wore  
The weeds of widowhood.

And slowly to King Alfred's feet  
A fair-haired boy she led—  
"O King, this is the rightful heir  
Of Holderness," she said.

"Helpless, he comes to claim his own,  
Let no man do him wrong,  
For he is weak and fatherless,  
And thou art just and strong."

"What strength or power," the states-  
man cried,  
"Could such a judgement bring?  
Can such a feeble child as this  
Do aught for thee, O King?"

"When thou hast need of brawny arms  
To draw thy deadly bows,  
When thou art wanting crafty men  
To crush thy mortal foes."

With earnest voice the fair young boy  
 Replied: "I cannot fight,  
 But I can pray to God, O King,  
 And God can give thee might!"

The King bent down and kissed the  
 child,  
 The courtiers turned away,  
 "The heritage is thine," he said,  
 "Let none thy right gainsay.

"Our swords may cleave the casques of  
 men,  
 Our blood may stain the sod,  
 But what are human strength and  
 power  
 Without the help of God?"  
*Eugene J. Hall.*

### Try, Try Again

'T is a lesson you should heed,  
 Try, try again;  
 If at first you don't succeed,  
 Try, try again;  
 Then your courage shall appear,  
 For if you will persevere,  
 You will conquer, never fear,  
 Try, try again.

Once or twice though you should fail,  
 Try, try again;  
 If at last you would prevail,  
 Try, try again;  
 If we strive 'tis no disgrace  
 Tho' we may not win the race,  
 What should you do in that case?  
 Try, try again.

If you find your task is hard,  
 Try, try again;  
 Time will bring you your reward,  
 Try, try again;  
 All that other folks can do,  
 Why, with patience, may not you?  
 Only keep this rule in view,  
 Try, try again.

### Indian Names

Ye say they all have passed away—  
 that noble race and brave,  
 That their light canoes have vanished  
 from off the crested wave;  
 That, 'mid the forests where they  
 roamed, there rings no hunter's  
 shout,  
 But their name is on your waters—ye  
 may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow like ocean's  
 surge is curled,  
 Where strong Niagara's thunders  
 wake the echo of the world;  
 Where red Missouri bringeth rich trib-  
 ute from the west,  
 And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps on  
 green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their cone-like cabins, that clus-  
 tered o'er the vale,  
 Have fled away like withered leaves,  
 before the autumn's gale;  
 But their memory liveth on your hills,  
 their baptism on your shore,  
 Your everlasting rivers speak their  
 dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it upon her  
 lordly crown,  
 And broad Ohio bears it amid his  
 young renown;  
 Connecticut hath wreathed it where  
 her quiet foliage waves,  
 And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse  
 through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice  
 within his rocky heart,  
 And Alleghany graves its tone  
 throughout his lofty chart;  
 Monadnock on his forehead hoar doth  
 seal the sacred trust;  
 Your mountains build their monument,  
 though ye destroy their dust.

Ye call those red-browed brethren the  
 insects of an hour,  
 Crushed like the noteless worm amid  
 the regions of their power;  
 Ye drive them from their fathers'  
 lands, ye break of faith the seal,  
 But can ye from the court of heaven  
 exclude their last appeal?

Ye see their unresisting tribes, with  
 toilsome steps and slow,  
 On through the trackless desert pass,  
 a caravan of woe.  
 Think ye the Eternal Ear is deaf? His  
 sleepless vision dim?  
 Think ye the soul's blood may not cry  
 from that far land to Him?

*Lydia H. Sigourney.*

### More Cruel Than War

(During the Civil War, a Southern prisoner at Camp Chase in Ohio lay sick in the hospital. He confided to a friend, Colonel Hawkins of Tennessee, that he was grieving because his fiancée, a Nashville girl, had not written to him. The soldier died soon afterward, Colonel Hawkins having promised to open and answer any mail that came for him. This poem is in reply to a letter from his friend's fiancée, in which she curtly broke the engagement.)

Your letter, lady, came too late,  
 For heaven had claimed its own;  
 Ah, sudden change—from prison bars  
 Unto the great white throne;  
 And yet I think he would have stayed,  
 To live for his disdain,  
 Could he have read the careless words  
 Which you have sent in vain.

So full of patience did he wait,  
 Through many a weary hour,  
 That o'er his simple soldier-faith  
 Not even death had power;  
 And you—did others whisper low  
 Their homage in your ear,  
 As though among their shallow throng  
 His spirit had a peer?

I would that you were by me now,  
 To draw the sheet aside  
 And see how pure the look he wore  
 The moment when he died.  
 The sorrow that you gave to him  
 Had left its weary trace,  
 As 'twere the shadow of the cross  
 Upon his pallid face.

"Her love," he said, "could change  
 for me  
 The winter's cold to spring."  
 Ah, trust of fickle maiden's love,  
 Thou art a bitter thing!  
 For when these valleys, bright in May,  
 Once more with blossoms wave,  
 The northern violets shall blow  
 Above his humble grave.

Your dole of scanty words had been  
 But one more pang to bear  
 For him who kissed unto the last  
 Your tress of golden hair;  
 I did not put it where he said,  
 For when the angels come,  
 I would not have them find the sign  
 Of falsehood in the tomb.

I've read your letter, and I know  
 The wiles that you have wrought  
 To win that trusting heart of his,  
 And gained it—cruel thought!  
 What lavish wealth men sometimes  
 give  
 For what is worthless all!  
 What manly bosoms beat for them  
 In folly's falsest thrall!

You shall not pity him, for now  
 His sorrow has an end;  
 Yet would that you could stand with  
 me  
 Beside my fallen friend!  
 And I forgive you for his sake,  
 As he—if he be forgiven—  
 May e'en be pleading grace for you  
 Before the court of Heaven.



To-night the cold winds whistle by,  
 As I my vigil keep  
 Within the prison dead-house, where  
 Few mourners come to weep.  
 A rude plank coffin holds his form;  
 Yet death exalts his face,  
 And I would rather see him thus  
 Than clasped in your embrace.

To-night your home may shine with  
 light  
 And ring with merry song,  
 And you be smiling as your soul  
 Had done no deadly wrong;  
 Your hand so fair that none would  
 think  
 It penned these words of pain;  
 Your skin so white—would God your  
 heart  
 Were half as free from stain.

I'd rather be my comrade dead  
 Than you in life supreme;  
 For yours the sinner's waking dread,  
 And his the martyr's dream!  
 Whom serve we in this life we serve  
 In that which is to some;  
 He chose his way, you—yours; let God  
 Pronounce the fitting doom.  
*W. S. Hawkins.*

### Columbus

A harbor in a sunny, southern city;  
 Ships at their anchor, riding in the  
 lee;  
 A little lad, with steadfast eyes, and  
 dreamy,  
 Who ever watched the waters lov-  
 ingly.  
 A group of sailors, quaintly garbed  
 and bearded;  
 Strange tales, that snared the fancy  
 of the child:  
 Of far-off lands, strange beasts, and  
 birds, and people,

Of storm and sea-fight, danger-filled  
 and wild.

And ever in the boyish soul was ring-  
 ing  
 The urging, surging challenge of the  
 sea,  
 To dare,—as these men dared, its  
 wrath and danger,  
 To learn,—as they, its charm and  
 mystery.

Columbus, by the sunny, southern  
 harbor,  
 You dreamed the dreams that man-  
 hood years made true;  
 Thank God for men—their deeds  
 have crowned the ages—  
 Who once were little dreamy lads like  
 you.

*Helen L. Smith.*

### The September Gale

I'm not a chicken; I have seen  
 Full many a chill September,  
 And though I was a youngster then,  
 That gale I well remember;  
 The day before, my kite-string snapped,  
 And I, my kite pursuing,  
 The wind whisked off my palm-leaf  
 hat;—  
 For me two storms were brewing!

It came as quarrels sometimes do,  
 When married folks get clashing;  
 There was a heavy sigh or two,  
 Before the fire was flashing,—  
 A little stir among the clouds,  
 Before they rent asunder,—  
 A little rocking of the trees,  
 And then came on the thunder.

Lord! how the ponds and rivers boiled,  
 And how the shingles rattled!  
 And oaks were scattered on the ground,  
 As if the Titans battled;

And all above was in a howl,  
 And all below a clatter,—  
 The earth was like a frying-pan,  
 Or some such hissing matter.

It chanced to be our washing-day,  
 And all our things were drying:  
 The storm came roaring through the  
   lines,  
 And set them all a-flying;  
 I saw the shirts and petticoats  
   Go riding off like witches;  
 I lost, ah! bitterly I wept,—  
   I lost my Sunday breeches!

I saw them straddling through the air,  
   Alas! too late to win them;  
 I saw them chase the clouds, as if  
   The devil had been in them;  
 They were my darlings and my pride,  
   My boyhood's only riches,—  
 "Farewell, farewell," I faintly cried,—  
   "My breeches! O my breeches!"

That night I saw them in my dreams,  
   How changed from what I knew  
   them!

The dews had steeped their faded  
   threads,  
 The winds had whistled through  
   them!

I saw the wide and ghastly rents  
   Where demon claws had torn them;  
 A hole was in their amplest part,  
   As if an imp had worn them.

I have had many happy years  
   And tailors kind and clever,  
 But those young pantaloons have gone  
   Forever and forever!  
 And not till fate has cut the last  
   Of all my earthly stitches,  
 This aching heart shall cease to mourn  
   My loved, my long-lost breeches!

O. W. Holmes.

## When My Ship Comes In

Somewhere, out on the blue sea  
   sailing,

Where the winds dance and spin;  
 Beyond the reach of my eager hailing,  
   Over the breakers' din;  
 Out where the dark storm-clouds are  
   lifting,  
 Out where the blinding fog is drifting,  
 Out where the treacherous sand is  
   shifting,  
 My ship is coming in.

O, I have watched till my eyes were  
   aching,

Day after weary day;  
 O, I have hoped till my heart was  
   breaking

While the long nights ebbed away;  
 Could I but know where the waves had  
   tossed her,

Could I but know what storms had  
   crossed her,

Could I but know where the winds had  
   lost her,

Out in the twilight gray!

But though the storms her course have  
   altered,

Surely the port she'll win,  
 Never my faith in my ship has fal-  
   tered,

I know she is coming in.  
 For through the restless ways of her  
   roaming,

Through the mad rush of the wild  
   waves foaming,

Through the white crest of the billows  
   combing,

My ship is coming in.

Beating the tides where the gulls are  
   flying,

Swiftly she's coming in:  
 Shallows and deeps and rocks defying,  
 Bravely she's coming in.

Precious the love she will bring to bless  
me,  
Snowy the arms she will bring to  
caress me,  
In the proud purple of kings she will  
dress me—  
My ship that is coming in.

White in the sunshine her sails will be  
gleaming,  
See, where my ship comes in;  
At masthead and peak her colors  
streaming,  
Proudly she's sailing in;  
Love, hope and joy on her decks are  
cheering,  
Music will welcome her glad ap-  
pearing,  
And my heart will sing at her stately  
nearing,  
When my ship comes in.

*Robert Jones Burdette.*

### Solitude

Laugh, and the world laughs with you,  
Weep, and you weep alone;  
For the sad old earth must borrow its  
mirth,  
But has trouble enough of its own.

Sing, and the hills will answer,  
Sigh, it is lost on the air;  
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,  
But shirk from voicing care.

Rejoice and men will seek you;  
Grieve, and they turn and go;  
They want full measure of all your  
pleasure,  
But they do not need your woe.

Be glad, and your friends are many;  
Be sad, and you lose them all,  
There are none to decline your nectar'd  
wine,  
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;  
Fast, and the world goes by;  
Succeed and give, and it helps you  
live,  
But no man can help you die.

There is room in the halls of pleasure  
For a large and lordly train,  
But one by one we must all file on  
Through the narrow aisle of pain.  
*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

### Sin of the Coppenter Man

The coppenter man said a wicked  
word,  
When he hitted his thumb one day,  
En I know what it was, because I  
heard,  
En it's somethin' I dassent say.

He growed us a house with rooms in-  
side it,  
En the rooms is full of floors  
It's my papa's house, en when he buy-  
ed it,  
It was nothin' but just outdoors.

En they planted stones in a hole for  
seeds,  
En that's how the house began,  
But I guess the stones would have just  
growed weeds,  
Except for the coppenter man.

En the coppenter man took a board  
and said  
He'd skin it and make some curls,  
En I hung 'em onto my ears en head,  
En they make me look like girls.

En he squinted along one side, he did,  
En he squinted the other side twice,  
En then he told me, "You squint it,  
kid,"  
'Cause the coppenter man's reel  
nice.

But the coppenter man said a wicked word,

When he hitted his thumb that day;  
He said it out loud, too, 'cause I heard,  
En it's something I dassent say.

En the coppenter man said it wasn't bad,

When you hitted your thumb, ker-spat!

En there'd be no coppenter men to be had,

If it wasn't for words like that.

*Edmund Vance Cooke.*

### The Bells of Ostend

No, I never, till life and its shadows shall end,

Can forget the sweet sound of the bells of Ostend!

The day set in darkness, the wind it blew loud,

And rung as it passed through each murmuring shroud.

My forehead was wet with the foam of the spray,

My heart sighed in secret for those far away;

When slowly the morning advanced from the east,

The toil and the noise of the tempest had ceased:

The peal from a land I ne'er saw, seemed to say,

"Let the stranger forget every sorrow to-day!"

Yet the short-lived emotion was mingled with pain,

I thought of those eyes I should ne'er see again;

I thought of the kiss, the last kiss which I gave,

And a tear of regret fell unseen on the wave;

I thought of the schemes fond affection had planned,

Of the trees, of the towers, of my own native land.

But still the sweet sounds, as they swelled to the air,

Seemed tidings of pleasure, though mournful to bear,

And I never, till life and its shadows shall end,

Can forget the sweet sound of the bells of Ostend!

*W. L. Bowles.*

### You Put No Flowers on My Papa's Grave

With sable-draped banners and slow measured tread,

The flower laden ranks pass the gates of the dead;

And seeking each mound where a comrade's form rests

Leave tear-bedewed garlands to bloom on his breast.

Ended at last is the labor of love;

Once more through the gateway the saddened lines move—

A wailing of anguish, a sobbing of grief,

Falls low on the ear of the battle-scarred chief;

Close crouched by the portals, a sunny-haired child

Besought him in accents with grief rendered wild:

"Oh! sir, he was good, and they say he died brave—

Why, why, did you pass by my dear papa's grave?

I know he was poor, but as kind and as true

As ever marched into the battle with you;

His grave is so humble, no stone marks the spot,



You may not have seen it. Oh, say  
 you did not!  
 For my poor heart will break if you  
 knew he was there,  
 And thought him too lowly your offer-  
 ings to share.  
 He didn't die lowly—he poured his  
 heart's blood  
 In rich crimson streams, from the top-  
 crowning sod  
 Of the breastworks which stood in front  
 of the fight—  
 And died shouting, 'Onward! for God  
 and the right!'  
 O'er all his dead comrades your bright  
 garlands wave,  
 But you haven't put *one* on *my* papa's  
 grave.  
 If mamma were here—but she lies by  
 his side,  
 Her wearied heart broke when our  
 dear papa died!"

"Battalion! file left! countermarch!"  
 cried the chief,  
 "This young orphaned maid hath full  
 cause for her grief."  
 Then up in his arms from the hot,  
 dusty street,  
 He lifted the maiden, while in through  
 the gate  
 The long line repasses, and many an  
 eye  
 Pays fresh tribute of tears to the lone  
 orphan's sigh.  
 "This way, it is—here, sir, right under  
 this tree;  
 They lie close together, with just room  
 for me."  
 "Halt! Cover with roses each lowly  
 green mound;  
 A love pure as this makes these graves  
 hallowed ground."

"Oh! thank you, kind sir! I ne'er can  
 repay

The kindness you've shown little Daisy  
 to-day;  
 But I'll pray for you here, each day  
 while I live,  
 'Tis all that a poor soldier's orphan  
 can give.  
 I shall see papa soon and dear mamma,  
 too—  
 I dreamed so last night, and I know  
 'twill come true;  
 And they will both bless you, I know,  
 when I say  
 How you folded your arms round their  
 dear one to-day;  
 How you cheered her sad heart and  
 soothed it to rest,  
 And hushed its wild throbs on your  
 strong, noble breast;  
 And when the kind angels shall call  
*you* to come  
 We'll welcome you there to our beauti-  
 ful home  
 Where death never comes his black  
 banners to wave,  
 And the beautiful flowers ne'er weep  
 o'er a grave."

*C. E. L. Holmes.*

### The Two Little Stockings

Two little stockings hung side by side,  
 Close to the fireside broad and wide.  
 "Two?" said Saint Nick, as down he  
 came,  
 Loaded with toys and many a game.  
 "Ho, ho!" said he, with a laugh of fun,  
 "I'll have no cheating, my pretty one.  
 "I know who dwells in this house, my  
 dear,  
 There's only one little girl lives here."  
 So he crept up close to the chimney  
 place,  
 And measured a sock with a sober  
 face;  
 Just then a wee little note fell out  
 And fluttered low, like a bird, about.

"Aha! What's this?" said he, in surprise,  
 As he pushed his specs up close to his eyes,  
 And read the address in a child's rough plan.  
 "Dear Saint Nicholas," so it began,  
 "The other stocking you see on the wall  
 I have hung up for a child named Clara Hall.

"She's a poor little girl, but very good,  
 So I thought, perhaps, you kindly would  
 Fill up her stocking, too, to-night,  
 And help to make her Christmas bright.  
 If you've not enough for both stockings there,  
 Please put all in Clara's, I shall not care."

Saint Nicholas brushed a tear from his eye,  
 And, "God bless you, darling," he said with a sigh;  
 Then softly he blew through the chimney high  
 A note like a bird's, as it soars on high,  
 When down came two of the funniest mortals  
 That ever were seen this side earth's portals.

"Hurry up," said Saint Nick, "and nicely prepare  
 All a little girl wants where money is rare."  
 Then, oh, what a scene there was in that room!  
 Away went the elves, but down from the gloom  
 Of the sooty old chimney came tumbling low  
 A child's whole wardrobe, from head to toe.

How Santa Claus laughed, as he gathered them in,  
 And fastened each one to the sock with a pin;  
 Right to the toe he hung a blue dress,—  
 "She'll think it came from the sky, I guess,"  
 Said Saint Nicholas, smoothing the folds of blue,  
 And tying the hood to the stocking, too.

When all the warm clothes were fastened on,  
 And both little socks were filled and done,  
 Then Santa Claus tucked a toy here and there,  
 And hurried away to the frosty air,  
 Saying, "God pity the poor, and bless the dear child  
 Who pities them, too, on this night so wild."

The wind caught the words and bore them on high  
 Till thy died away in the midnight sky;  
 While Saint Nicholas flew through the icy air,  
 Bringing "peace and good will" with him everywhere.

*Sara Keables Hunt.*

### **I Have a Rendezvous with Death**

I have a rendezvous with Death  
 At some disputed barricade,  
 When Spring comes back with rustling shade  
 And apple-blossoms fill the air—  
 I have a rendezvous with Death  
 When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand  
 And lead me into his dark land

And close my eyes and quench my  
breath—

It may be I shall pass him still.  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
On some scarred slope of battered hill,  
When Spring comes round again this  
year

And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 't were better to be  
deep

Pillowed in silk and scented down,  
Where Love throbs out in blissful  
sleep,

Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to  
breath—

Where hushed awakenings are dear. . .  
But I've a rendezvous with Death  
At midnight in some flaming town,  
When Spring trips north again this  
year,

And I to my pledged word am true,  
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

*Alan Seeger.*

### Let Us Be Kind

Let us be kind;

The way is long and lonely,  
And human hearts are asking for this  
blessing only—

That we be kind.

We cannot know the grief that men  
may borrow,

We cannot see the souls storm-swept  
by sorrow,

But love can shine upon the way to-day,  
to-morrow—

Let us be kind.

Let us be kind;

This is a wealth that has no measure,  
This is of Heaven and earth the high-  
est treasure—

Let us be kind.

A tender word, a smile of love in  
meeting,

A song of hope and victory to those  
retreating,

A glimpse of God and brotherhood  
while life is fleeting—

Let us be kind.

Let us be kind;

Around the world the tears of time are  
falling,

And for the loved and lost these  
human hearts are calling—

Let us be kind.

To age and youth let gracious words be  
spoken;

Upon the wheel of pain so many lives  
are broken,

We live in vain who give no tender  
token—

Let us be kind.

Let us be kind;

The sunset tints will soon be in the  
west,

Too late the flowers are laid then on  
the quiet breast—

Let us be kind.

And when the angel guides have  
sought and found us,

Their hands shall link the broken ties  
of earth that bound us,

And Heaven and home shall brighten  
all around us—

Let us be kind.

*W. Lomax Childress.*

### The Water Mill

Oh! listen to the water mill, through  
all the livelong day,

As the clicking of the wheels wears  
hour by hour away;

How languidly the autumn wind does  
stir the withered leaves

As in the fields the reapers sing, while  
binding up their sheaves!

A solemn proverb strikes my mind, and  
as a spell is cast,

"The mill will never grind again with  
water that is past."

The summer winds revive no more  
leaves strewn o'er earth and main,  
The sickle nevermore will reap the yellow  
garnered grain;

The rippling stream flows on—aye,  
tranquil, deep and still,  
But never glideth back again to busy  
water mill;

The solemn proverb speaks to all with  
meaning deep and vast,

"The mill will never grind again with  
water that is past."

Ah! clasp the proverb to thy soul, dear  
loving heart and true,

For golden years are fleeting by and  
youth is passing too;

Ah! learn to make the most of life, nor  
lose one happy day,

For time will ne'er return sweet joys  
neglected, thrown away;

Nor leave one tender word unsaid, thy  
kindness sow broadcast—

"The mill will never grind again with  
water that is past."

Oh! the wasted hours of life, that  
have swiftly drifted by,

Alas! the good we might have done,  
all gone without a sigh;

Love that we might once have saved by  
a single kindly word,

Thoughts conceived, but ne'er expressed,  
perishing unpenned, unheard.

Oh! take the lesson to thy soul, forever  
clasp it fast—

"The mill will never grind again with  
water that is past."

Work on while yet the sun doth shine,  
thou man of strength and will,

The streamlet ne'er doth useless glide  
by clicking water mill;

Nor wait until to-morrow's light beams  
brightly on thy way,

For all that thou canst call thine own  
lies in the phrase "to-day."

Possession, power and blooming health  
must all be lost at last—

"The mill will never grind again with  
water that is past."

Oh! love thy God and fellowman, thy-  
self consider last,

For come it will when thou must scan  
dark errors of the past;

Soon will this fight of life be o'er and  
earth recede from view,

And heaven in all its glory shine, where  
all is pure and true.

Ah! then thou'lt see more clearly still  
the proverb deep and vast,

"The mill will never grind again with  
water that is past."

*Sarah Doudney.*

### Why the Dog's Nose Is Always Cold

What makes the dog's nose always  
cold?

I'll try to tell you, Curls of Gold,

If you will good and quiet be,

And come and stand by mamma's knee.

Well, years and years and years ago—

How many I don't really know—

There came a rain on sea and shore,

Its like was never seen before

Or since. It fell unceasing down,

Till all the world began to drown;

But just before it began to pour,

An old, old man—his name was  
Noah—

Built him an Ark, that he might save  
His family from a wat'ry grave;

And in it also he designed

To shelter two of every kind

Of beast. Well, dear, when it was  
done,



And heavy clouds obscured the sun,  
 The Noah folks to it quickly ran,  
 And then the animals began  
 To gravely march along in pairs;  
 The leopards, tigers, wolves and bears,  
 The deer, the hippopotamuses,  
 The rabbits, squirrels, elks, walruses,  
 The camels, goats, cats and donkeys,  
 The tall giraffes, the beavers, mon-  
     keys,

The rats, the big rhinoceroses,  
 The dromedaries and the horses,  
 The sheep, and mice and kangaroos,  
 Hyenas, elephants, koodoos,  
 And hundreds more—'twould take all  
     day,

My dear, so many names to say—  
 And at the very, very end  
 Of the procession, by his friend  
 And master, faithful dog was seen;  
 The livelong time he'd helping been,  
 To drive the crowd of creatures in;  
 And now, with loud, exultant bark,  
 He gaily sprang abroad the Ark.  
 Alas! so crowded was the space  
 He could not in it find a place;  
 So, patiently, he turned about,  
 Stood half way in, half way out,  
 And those extremely heavy showers  
 Descended through nine hundred hours  
 And more; and, darling, at the close,  
 'Most frozen was his honest nose;  
 And never could it lose again  
 The dampness of that dreadful rain.  
 And that is what, my Curls of Gold,  
 Made all the doggies' noses cold.

### The African Chief

Chained in the market-place he stood,  
 A man of giant frame,  
 Amid the gathering multitude  
 That shrunk to hear his name—  
 All stern of look and strong of limb,  
 His dark eye on the ground:—  
 And silently they gazed on him,  
 As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought,  
 He was a captive now,  
 Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,  
 Was written on his brow.  
 The scars his dark broad bosom wore  
 Showed warrior true and brave;  
 A prince among his tribe before,  
 He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake:  
 "My brother is a king;  
 Undo this necklace from my neck,  
 And take this bracelet ring,  
 And send me where my brother reigns,  
 And I will fill thy hands  
 With store of ivory from the plains,  
 And gold-dust from the sands."

"Not for thy ivory nor thy gold  
 Will I unbind thy chain;  
 That bloody hand shall never hold  
 The battle-spear again.  
 A price thy nation never gave  
 Shall yet be paid for thee;  
 For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,  
 In lands beyond the sea."

Then wept the warrior chief and bade  
 To shred his locks away;  
 And one by one, each heavy braid  
 Before the victor lay.  
 Thick were the platted locks, and long,  
 And deftly hidden there  
 Shone many a wedge of gold among  
 The dark and crisped hair.

"Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold  
 Long kept for sorest need:  
 Take it—thou askest sums untold,  
 And say that I am freed.  
 Take it—my wife, the long, long day  
 Weeps by the cocoa-tree,  
 And my young children leave their play,  
 And ask in vain for me."

"I take thy gold—but I have made  
 Thy fetters fast and strong,

And ween that by the cocoa shade  
 Thy wife will wait thee long."  
 Strong was the agony that shook  
 The captive's frame to hear,  
 And the proud meaning of his look  
 Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—crazed his  
 brain;

At once his eye grew wild;  
 He struggled fiercely with his chain,  
 Whispered, and wept, and smiled;  
 Yet wore not long those fatal bands,  
 And once, at shut of day,  
 They drew him forth upon the sands,  
 The foul hyena's prey.

*William Cullen Bryant.*

### He Who Has Vision

*Where there is no vision the people  
 perish.—Prov. 29:17.*

He who has the vision sees more than  
 you or I;

He who lives the golden dream lives  
 fourfold thereby;

Time may scoff and worlds may laugh,  
 hosts assail his thought,

But the visionary came ere the builders  
 wrought;

Ere the tower bestrode the dome, ere  
 the dome the arch,

He, the dreamer of the dream, saw  
 the vision march!

He who has the vision hears more than  
 you may hear,

Unseen lips from unseen worlds are  
 bent unto his ear;

From the hills beyond the clouds mes-  
 sages are borne,

Drifting on the dews of dream to his  
 heart of morn;

Time awaits and ages stay till he  
 wakes and shows

Glimpses of the larger life that his  
 vision knows!

He who has the vision feels more than  
 you may feel,

Joy beyond the narrow joy in whose  
 realm we reel—

For he knows the stars are glad, dawn  
 and middleday,

In the jocund tide that sweeps dark  
 and dusk away.

He who has the vision lives round and  
 all complete,

And through him alone we draw dews  
 from combs of sweet.

*Folger McKinsey.*

### The Children We Keep

The children kept coming one by one,  
 Till the boys were five and the girls  
 were three,

And the big brown house was alive with  
 fun,

From the basement floor to the old  
 roof-tree.

Like garden flowers the little ones  
 grew,

Nurtured and trained with tenderest  
 care;

Warmed by love's sunshine, bathed in  
 dew,

They blossomed into beauty rare.

But one of the boys grew weary one  
 day,

And leaning his head on his mother's  
 breast,

He said, "I am tired and cannot play;  
 Let me sit awhile on your knee and  
 rest."

She cradled him close to her fond em-  
 brace,

She hushed him to sleep with her  
 sweetest song,

And rapturous love still lightened his  
 face

When his spirit had joined the heav-  
 enly throng.

Then the eldest girl, with her thoughtful eyes,

Who stood where the "brook and the river meet,"

Stole softly away into Paradise

E'er "the river" had reached her slender feet.

While the father's eyes on the graves were bent,

The mother looked upward beyond the skies:

"Our treasures," she whispered, "were only lent;

Our darlings were angels in earth's disguise."

The years flew by, and the children began

With longings to think of the world outside,

And as each in turn became a man,

The boys proudly went from the father's side.

The girls were women so gentle and fair,

That lovers were speedy to woo and to win;

And with orange-blooms in their braided hair,

Their old home they left, new homes to begin.

So, one by one the children have gone—

The boys were five, the girls were three;

And the big brown house is gloomy and alone,

With but two old folks for its company.

They talk to each other about the past,

As they sit together at eventide,

And say, "All the children we keep at last

Are the boy and girl who in childhood died."

*Mrs. E. V. Wilson.*

### The Stranger on the Sill

Between broad fields of wheat and corn  
Is the lowly home where I was born;  
The peach-tree leans against the wall,  
And the woodbine wanders over all;  
There is the shaded doorway still,—  
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn—and, as of yore,  
I can smell the hay from the open door,  
And see the busy swallows throng,  
And hear the pewee's mournful song;  
But the stranger comes—oh! painful proof—

His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard—the very trees  
Where my childhood knew long hours  
of ease,

And watched the shadowy moments run

Till my life imbibed more shade than sun:

The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,—

But the stranger's children are swinging there.

There bubbles the shady spring below,  
With its bulrush brook where the  
hazels grow;

'Twas there I found the calamus root,  
And watched the minnows poise and shoot,

And heard the robin lave his wing:—  
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

Oh, ye who daily cross the sill,  
Step lightly, for I love it still!

And when you crowd the old barn eaves,

Then think what countless harvest sheaves

Have passed within that scented door  
To gladden eyes that are no more.

Deal kindly with these orchard trees;  
And when your children crowd your  
knees,

Their sweetest fruit they shall impart,  
As if old memories stirred their heart:  
To youthful sport still leave the swing,  
And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

*Thomas Buchanan Read.*

### ✓ The Old Man in the Model Church

Well, wife, I've found the *model*  
church! I worshiped there to-  
day!

It made me think of good old times be-  
fore my hair was gray;

The meetin'-house was fixed up more  
than they were years ago.

But then I felt, when I went in, it  
wasn't built for show.

The sexton didn't seat me away back  
by the door;

He knew that I was old and deaf, as  
well as old and poor;

He must have been a Christian, for he  
led me boldly through

The long aisle of that crowded church  
to find a pleasant pew.

I wish you'd heard that singin'; it had  
the old-time ring;

The preacher said, with trumpet voice:  
"Let all the people sing!"

The tune was "Coronation," and the  
music upward rolled,

Till I thought I heard the angels strik-  
ing all their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away; my  
spirit caught the fire;

I joined my feeble, trembling voice  
with that melodious choir,

And sang as in my youthful days:  
"Let angels prostrate fall,  
Bring forth the royal diadem, and  
crown Him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing  
that hymn once more;

I felt like some wrecked mariner who  
gets a glimpse of shore;

I almost wanted to lay down this  
weatherbeaten form,

And anchor in that blessed port for-  
ever from the storm.

*The preachin'?* Well, I can't just tell  
all that the preacher said;

I know it wasn't written; I know it  
wasn't read;

He hadn't time to read it, for the light-  
nin' of his eye

Went flashin' 'long from pew to pew,  
nor passed a sinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery; 'twas sim-  
ple Gospel truth;

It fitted poor old men like me; it fitted  
hopeful youth;

'Twas full of consolation, for weary  
hearts that bleed;

'Twas full of invitations, to Christ and  
not to creed.

The preacher made sin hideous in Gen-  
tiles and in Jews;

He shot the golden sentences down in  
the finest pews;

And—though I can't see very well—I  
saw the falling tear

That told me hell was some ways off,  
and heaven very near.

How swift the golden moments fled  
within that holy place!

How brightly beamed the light of heav-  
en from every happy face!



Again I longed for that sweet time  
when friend shall meet with  
friend—

“When congregations ne’er break up,  
and Sabbaths have no end.”

I hope to meet that minister—that con-  
gregation, too—

In that dear home beyond the stars  
that shine from heaven’s blue;

I doubt not I’ll remember, beyond life’s  
evenin’ gray,

The happy hour of worship in that  
model church to-day.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be  
fought; the vict’ry soon be won;  
The shinin’ goal is just ahead; the race  
is nearly run;

O’er the river we are nearin’, they are  
throngin’ to the shore,

To shout our safe arrival where the  
weary weep no more.

*John H. Yates.*

### The Volunteer Organist

The gret big church wuz crowded full  
uv broadcloth an’ of silk,

An’ satins rich as cream thet grows  
on our ol’ brindle’s milk;

Shined boots, biled shirts, stiff dickeys,  
an’ stove-pipe hats were there,

An’ doodes ’ith trouserloons so tight  
they couldn’t kneel down in prayer.

The elder in his poolpit high, said, as  
he slowly riz:

“Our organist is kept’ to hum, laid up  
’ith roomatiz,

An’ as we hev no substitoot, as brother  
Moore ain’t here,

Will some ’un in the congregation be  
so kind ’s to volunteer?”

An’ then a red-nosed, blear-eyed tramp,  
of low-toned, rowdy style,

Give an interductory hiccup, an’ then  
swaggered up the aisle.

Then thro’ that holy atmosphere there  
crep’ a sense er sin,

An’ thro’ thet air of sanctity the odor  
uv ol’ gin.

Then Deacon Purington he yelled, his  
teeth all set on edge:

“This man perfanes the house of God!  
W’y, this is sacrilege!”

The tramp didn’ hear a word he said,  
but slouched ’ith stumblin’ feet,

An’ stalked an’ swaggered up the  
steps, an’ gained the organ seat.

He then went pawin’ thro’ the keys,  
an’ soon there rose a strain

Thet seemed to jest bulge out the  
heart, an’ ’lectrify the brain;

An’ then he slapped down on the thing  
’ith hands an’ head an’ knees,

He slam-dashed his hull body down  
kerflop upon the keys.

The organ roared, the music flood went  
sweepin’ high an’ dry,

It swelled into the rafters, an’ bulged  
out into the sky;

The ol’ church shook and staggered,  
an’ seemed to reel an’ sway,

An’ the elder shouted “Glory!” an’ I  
yelled out “Hooray!!”

An’ then he tried a tender strain that  
melted in our ears,

Thet brought up blessed memories and  
drenched ’em down ’ith tears;

An’ we dreamed uv ol’ time kitchens,  
’ith Tabby on the mat,

Uv home an’ luv an’ baby days, an’  
Mother, an’ all that!

An’ then he struck a streak uv hope—  
a song from souls forgiven—

Thet burst from prison bars uv sin,  
an’ stormed the gates uv heaven;



The morning stars together sung—no  
soul wuz left alone—  
We felt the universe wuz safe, an' God  
was on His throne!

An' then a wail of deep despair an'  
darkness come again,  
An' long, black crape hung on the  
doors uv all the homes uv men;  
No luv, no light, no joy, no hope, no  
songs of glad delight,  
An' then—the tramp, he swaggered  
down an' reeled out into the night!

But we knew he'd tol' his story, tho' he  
never spoke a word,  
An' it was the saddest story thet our  
ears had ever heard;  
He had tol' his own life history, an' no  
eye was dry thet day,  
W'en the elder rose an' simply said:  
"My brethren, let up pray."

*Sam Walter Foss.*

### The Finding of the Lyre

There lay upon the ocean's shore  
What once a tortoise served to cover;  
A year and more, with rush and roar,  
The surf had rolled it over,  
Had played with it, and flung it by,  
As wind and weather might decide it,  
Then tossed it high where sand-drifts  
dry

Cheap burial might provide it.  
It rested there to bleach or tan,  
The rains had soaked, the suns had  
burned it;  
With many a ban the fisherman  
Had stumbled o'er and spurned it;  
And there the fisher-girl would stay,  
Conjecturing with her brother  
How in their play the poor estray  
Might serve some use or other.

So there it lay, through wet and dry,  
As empty as the last new sonnet,

Till by and by came Mercury,  
And, having mused upon it,  
"Why, here," cried he, "the thing of  
things  
In shape, material, and dimension!  
Give it but strings, and, lo, it sings,  
A wonderful invention!"

So said, so done; the chords he strain-  
ed,

And, as his fingers o'er them hovered,  
The shell disdained a soul had gained,  
The lyre had been discovered.

O empty world that round us lies,  
Dead shell, of soul and thought for-  
saken,

Brought we but eyes like Mercury's,  
In thee what songs should waken!

*James Russell Lowell.*

### The High Tide (1571)

(Or "The Brides of Enderby")

The old mayor climbed the belfry  
tower,

The ringers rang by two, by three;  
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;  
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth  
he.

"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!  
Play all your changes, all your swells,  
Play uppe 'The Brides of Ender-  
by.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—

The Lord that sent it, He knows all;  
But in myne ears doth still abide

The message that the bells let fall:  
And there was naught of strange, be-  
side

The flight of mews and peewits pied  
By millions crouched on the old sea-  
wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,  
My thread brake off, I raised myne  
eyes;

The level sun, like ruddy ore,  
 Lay sinking in the barren skies,  
 And dark against day's golden death  
 She moved where Lindis wandereth,  
 My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;  
 Ere the early dewes were falling,  
 Farre away I heard her song.  
 "Cusha! Cusha!" all along;  
 Where the reedy Lindis floweth,  
     Floweth, floweth,  
 From the meads where melick groweth  
 Faintly came her milking song:

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,  
 "For the dewes will soone be falling;  
 Leave your meadow grasses mellow,  
     Mellow, mellow;  
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;  
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe  
     Lightfoot,  
 Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,  
     Hollow, hollow;  
 Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,  
 From the clovers lift your head;  
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe  
     Lightfoot,  
 Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,  
 Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,  
 When I beginne to think howe long,  
 Againe I hear the Lindis flow,  
     Swift as an arrowe, sharp and  
     strong;  
 And all the aire, it seemeth mee,  
 Bin full of floating bells (sayeth she),  
 That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,  
 And not a shadowe mote be seene,  
 Save where full fyve good miles away  
 The steeple towered from out the  
 greene;  
 And lo! the great bell farre and wide

Was heard in all the country side  
 That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where there sedges are  
 Moved on in sunset's golden breath,  
 The shepherde lads I heard affare,  
 And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;  
 Till floating o'er the grassy sea  
 Came down that kindly message free,  
 The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,  
 And all along where Lindis flows  
 To where the goodly vessels lie,  
 And where the lordly steeple shows,  
 They sayde, "And why should this  
     thing be?  
 What danger lowers by land or sea?  
 They ring the tune of Enderby!"

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,  
 Of pyrate galleys warping downe;  
 For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,  
 They have not spared to wake the  
 towne;  
 But while the west bin red to see,  
 And storms be none, and pyrates flee,  
 Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne  
 Came riding down with might and  
 main:  
 He raised a shout as he drew on,  
 Till all the welkin rang again,  
 "Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"  
 (A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The old sea wall (he cried) is downe,  
 The rising tide comes on apace,  
 And boats adrift in yonder towne  
 Go sailing uppe the market-place."  
 He shook as one that looks on death:  
 "God save you, mother!" straight he  
 saith,  
 "Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,  
 With her two bairns I marked her  
 long;  
 And ere yon bells beganne to play  
 Afar I heard her milking song."  
 He looked across the grassy lea,  
 To right, to left, "Ho, Enderby!"  
 They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;  
 For, lo! along the river's bed  
 A mighty eygre reared his crest,  
 And uppe the Lindis raging sped.  
 It swept with thunderous noises loud;  
 Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,  
 Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,  
 Shook all her trembling bankes  
 amaine,  
 Then madly at the eygre's breast  
 Flung uppe her weltering walls  
 again.  
 Then bankes came downe with ruin  
 and rout—  
 Then beaten foam flew round about—  
 Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,  
 The heart had hardly time to beat,  
 Before a shallow seething wave  
 Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet.  
 The feet had hardly time to flee  
 Before it brake against the knee,  
 And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sat that night,  
 The noise of bells went sweeping by;  
 I marked the lofty beacon light  
 Stream from the church tower, red  
 and high,—  
 A lurid mark and dread to see;  
 And awesome bells they were to mee,  
 That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide  
 From roofe to roofe who fearless  
 rowed;  
 And I—my sonne was at my side,  
 And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;  
 And yet he moaned beneath his breath,  
 "Oh, come in life, or come in death!  
 Oh, lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?  
 Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter  
 deare;  
 The waters laid thee at his doore,  
 Ere yet the early dawn was clear;  
 Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,  
 The lifted sun shone on thy face,  
 Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the  
 grass,  
 That ebbe swept out the flocks to  
 sea;  
 A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!  
 To manye more than myne and me:  
 But each will mourn his own (she  
 saith),  
 And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more  
 By the reedy Lindis shore,  
 "Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling  
 Ere the early dewes be falling;  
 I shall never hear her song,  
 "Cusha! Cusha!" all along,  
 Where the sunny Lindis floweth,  
 Goeth, floweth;  
 From the meads where melick grow-  
 eth,  
 When the water winding down,  
 Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more  
 Where the reeds and rushes quiver,  
 Shiver, quiver;  
 Stand beside the sobbing river,  
 Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling

To the sandy lonesome shore;  
 I shall never hear her calling,  
 "Leave your meadow grasses mellow,  
     Mellow, mellow;  
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;  
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe  
     Lightfoot;  
 Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,  
     Hollow, hollow;  
 Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;  
     Lightfoot, Whitefoot,  
 From your clovers lift the head;  
 Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,  
 Jetty, to the milking-shed."

*Jean Ingelow.*

### September Days

O month of fairer, rarer days  
 Than Summer's best have been;  
 When skies at noon are burnished blue,  
 And winds at evening keen;  
 When tangled, tardy-blooming things  
 From wild waste places peer,  
 And drooping golden grain-heads tell  
 That harvest-time is near.

Though Autumn tints amid the green  
 Are gleaming, here and there,  
 And spicy Autumn odors float  
 Like incense on the air,  
 And sounds we mark as Autumn's own  
 Her nearing steps betray,  
 In gracious mood she seems to stand  
 And bid the Summer stay.

Though 'neath the trees, with fallen  
     leaves  
 The sward be lightly strown,  
 And nests deserted tell the tale  
 Of summer bird-folk flown;  
 Though white with frost the lowlands  
     lie  
 When lifts the morning haze,  
 Still there's a charm in every hour  
 Of sweet September days.

*Helen L. Smith*

### The New Year

Who comes dancing over the snow,  
 His soft little feet all bare and rosy?  
 Open the door, though the wild wind  
     blow,  
 Take the child in and make him cozy,  
 Take him in and hold him dear,  
 Here is the wonderful glad New Year.

*Dinah M. Craik*

### An "If" For Girls

*(With apologies to Mr. Rudyard  
 Kipling.)*

If you can dress to make yourself attractive,  
     Yet not make puffs and curls your  
     chief delight;  
 If you can swim and row, be strong  
     and active,  
     But of the gentler graces lose not  
     sight;  
 If you can dance without a craze for  
     dancing,  
     Play without giving play too strong  
     a hold,  
 Enjoy the love of friends without ro-  
     mancing,  
     Care for the weak, the friendless  
     and the old;  
 If you can master French and Greek  
     and Latin,  
     And not acquire, as well, a priggish  
     mien,  
 If you can feel the touch of silk and  
     satin  
     Without despising calico and jean;  
 If you can ply a saw and use a ham-  
     mer,  
     Can do a man's work when the need  
     occurs,  
 Can sing when asked, without excuse  
     or stammer,  
     Can rise above unfriendly snubs and  
     slurs;

If you can make good bread as well  
as fudges,  
Can sew with skill and have an eye  
for dust,  
If you can be a friend and hold no  
grudges,  
A girl whom all will love because  
they must;

If sometime you should meet and love  
another  
And make a home with faith and  
peace enshrined,  
And you its soul—a loyal wife and  
mother—  
You'll work out pretty nearly to my  
mind  
The plan that's been developed through  
the ages,  
And win the best that life can have  
in store,  
You'll be, my girl, the model for the  
sages—  
A woman whom the world will bow  
before.

*Elizabeth Lincoln Otis.*

### Boy and Girl of Plymouth

Little lass of Plymouth,—gentle, shy,  
and sweet;  
Primly, trimly tripping down the  
queer old street;  
Homespun frock and apron, clumsy  
buckled shoe;  
Skirts that reach your ankles, just as  
Mother's do;  
Bonnet closely clinging over braid and  
curl;  
Modest little maiden,—Plymouth's  
Pilgrim girl!

Little lad of Plymouth, stanchly trudg-  
ing by;  
Strong your frame, and sturdy; kind  
and keen your eye;

Clad in belted doublet, buckles at your  
knee;  
Every garment fashioned as a man's  
might be;  
Shoulder-cloak and breeches, hat with  
bell-shaped crown;  
Manly little Pilgrim,—boy of Ply-  
mouth town!

Boy and girl of Plymouth, brave and  
blithe, and true;  
Finer task than yours was, children  
never knew;  
Sharing toil and hardship in the  
strange, new land;  
Hope, and help, and promise of the  
weary band;  
Grave the life around you, scant its  
meed of joy;  
Yours to make it brighter,—Pilgrim  
girl and boy!

*Helen L. Smith.*

### Work: A Song of Triumph

Work!

Thank God for the might of it,  
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it,  
Work that springs from the heart's  
desire,  
Setting the brain and the soul on  
fire—  
Oh, what is so good as the heat  
of it,  
And what is so glad as the beat of it,  
And what is so kind as the stern  
command,  
Challenging brain and heart and  
hand?

Work!

Thank God for the pride of it,  
For the beautiful, conquering tide of  
it,  
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,  
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the  
blood,



Mastering stupor and dull despair,  
 Moving the dreamer to do and dare—  
 Oh, what is so good as the urge of  
 it,  
 And what is so glad as the surge of  
 it,  
 And what is so strong as the sum-  
 mons deep,  
 Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

Work!

Thank God for the pace of it,  
 For the terrible, swift, keen race of  
 it,  
 Fiery steeds in full control,  
 Nostrils a-quiver to reach the goal.  
 Work, the power that drives behind,  
 Guiding the purposes, taming the  
 mind,  
 Holding the runaway wishes back,  
 Reining the will to one steady track,  
 Speeding the energies, faster, faster,  
 Triumphant ever over disaster;  
 Oh, what is so good as the pain of  
 it,  
 And what is so great as the gain of  
 it,  
 And what is so kind as the cruel  
 goad,  
 Forcing us on through the rugged  
 road?

Work!

Thank God for the swing of it,  
 For the clamoring, hammering ring  
 of it,  
 Passion of labor daily hurled  
 On the mighty anvils of the world.  
 Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of  
 it?  
 And what is so huge as the aim of it?  
 Thundering on through dearth and  
 doubt,  
 Calling the plan of the Maker out,  
 Work, the Titan; Work, the friend,  
 Shaping the earth to a glorious end,

Draining the swamps and blasting  
 hills,  
 Doing whatever the Spirit wills—  
 Rending a continent apart,  
 To answer the dream of the Master  
 heart.  
 Thank God for a world where none  
 may shirk—  
 Thank God for the splendor of  
 Work!

*Angela Morgan.*

### Reply to "A Woman's Question"

*("A Woman's Question" is given on  
 page 129 of Book I, "Poems Teachers  
 Ask For.")*

You say I have asked for the costliest  
 thing  
 Ever made by the Hand above—  
 A woman's heart and a woman's life,  
 And a woman's wonderful love.

That I have written your duty out,  
 And, man-like, have questioned  
 free—  
 You demand that I stand at the bar  
 of your soul,  
 While you in turn question me.

And when I ask you to be my wife,  
 The head of my house and home,  
 Whose path I would scatter with sun-  
 shine through life,  
 Thy shield when sorrow shall  
 come—

You reply with disdain and a curl of  
 the lip,  
 And point to my coat's missing but-  
 ton,  
 And haughtily ask if I want a *cook*,  
 To serve up my *beef* and my *mutton*.

'Tis a *king* that you look for. Well, I  
 am not he,  
 But only a plain, earnest man,

Whose feet often shun the hard path  
they should tread,  
Often shrink from the gulf they  
should span.

'Tis hard to believe that the rose will  
fade  
From the cheek so full, so fair;  
'Twere harder to think that a heart  
proud and cold  
Was ever reflected there.

True, the rose will fade, and the leaves  
will fall,  
And the Autumn of life will come;  
But the heart that I give thee will be  
true as in May,  
Should I make it thy shelter, thy  
home.

Thou requir'st "all things that are  
good and true;  
All things that a man should be";  
Ah! lady, my *truth*, in return, doubt  
not,  
For the rest, I leave it to thee.

*Nettie H. Pelham.*

### The Romance of Nick Van Stann

I cannot vouch my tale is true,  
Nor say, indeed, 'tis wholly new;  
But true or false, or new or old,  
I think you'll find it fairly told.  
A Frenchman, who had ne'er before  
Set foot upon a foreign shore,  
Weary of home, resolved to go  
And see what Holland had to show.  
He didn't know a word of Dutch,  
But that could hardly grieve him much;  
He thought, as Frenchmen always do,  
That all the world could "parley-voo."  
At length our eager tourist stands  
Within the famous Netherlands,  
And, strolling gaily here and there,  
In search of something rich or rare,  
A lordly mansion greets his eyes:

"How beautiful!" the Frenchman cries,  
And, bowing to the man who sate  
In livery at the garden gate,  
"Pray, Mr. Porter, if you please,  
Whose very charming grounds are  
these?"

And, pardon me, be pleased to tell  
Who in this splendid house may dwell."  
To which, in Dutch, the puzzled man  
Replied what seemed like "Nick Van  
Stann."<sup>\*</sup>

"Thanks!" said the Gaul; "the owner's  
taste

Is equally superb and chaste;  
So fine a house, upon my word,  
Not even Paris can afford.  
With statues, too, in every niche;  
Of course Monsieur Van Stann is rich,  
And lives, I warrant, like a king,—  
Ah! wealth must be a charming thing!"  
In Amsterdam the Frenchman meets  
A thousand wonders in the streets,  
But most he marvels to behold  
A lady dressed in silk and gold;  
Gazing with rapture on the dame,  
He begs to know the lady's name,  
And hears, to raise his wonders more,  
The very words he heard before!  
"Mercie!" he cries; "well, on my life,  
Milord has got a charming wife;  
'Tis plain to see, this Nick Van Stann  
Must be a very happy man."

Next day our tourist chanced to pop  
His head within a lottery shop,  
And there he saw, with staring eyes,  
The drawing of the mammoth prize.  
"Ten millions! 'tis a pretty sum;  
I wish I had as much at home;  
I'd like to know, as I'm a sinner,  
What lucky fellow is the winner?"  
Conceive our traveler's amaze  
To hear again the hackneyed phrase.  
"What? no! not Nick Van Stann  
again?"

<sup>\*</sup>Nicht verstehen:—"I don't understand."

Faith! he's the luckiest of men.  
 You may be sure we don't advance  
 So rapidly as that in France:  
 A house, the finest in the land;  
 A lovely garden, nicely planned;  
 A perfect angel of a wife,  
 And gold enough to last a life;  
 There never yet was mortal man  
 So blest as Monsieur Nick Van Stann!"

Next day the Frenchman chanced to  
 meet

A pompous funeral in the street;  
 And, asking one who stood close by  
 What nobleman had pleased to die,  
 Was stunned to hear the old reply.  
 The Frenchman sighed and shook his  
 head,

"Mon Dieu! poor Nick Van Stann is  
 dead;

With such a house, and such a wife,  
 It must be hard to part with life;  
 And then, to lose that mammoth  
 prize,—

He wins, and, pop,—the winner dies!  
 Ah, well! his blessings came so fast,  
 I greatly feared they could not last:  
 And thus, we see, the sword of Fate  
 Cuts down alike the small and great."

*John G. Saxe.*

### Armageddon

Marching down to Armageddon—  
 Brothers, stout and strong!  
 Let us cheer the way we tread on,  
 With a soldier's song!  
 Faint we by the weary road,  
 Or fall we in the rout,  
 Dirge or Pæan, Death or Triumph!—  
 Let the song ring out!

We are they who scorn the scorers—  
 Love the lovers—hate  
 None within the world's four corners—  
 All must share one fate;

We are they whose common banner  
 Bears no badge nor sign,  
 Save the Light which dyes it white—  
 The Hope that makes it shine.

We are they whose bugle rings,  
 That all the wars may cease;  
 We are they will pay the Kings  
 Their cruel price for Peace;  
 We are they whose steadfast watch-  
 word

Is what Christ did teach—  
 "Each man for his Brother first—  
 And Heaven, then, for each."

We are they who will not falter—  
 Many swords or few—  
 Till we make this Earth the altar  
 Of a worship new;  
 We are they who will not take  
 From palace, priest or code,  
 A meaner Law than "Brotherhood"—  
 A lower Lord than God.

Marching down to Armageddon—  
 Brothers, stout and strong!  
 Ask not why the way we tread on  
 Is so rough and long!  
 God will tell us when our spirits  
 Grow to grasp His plan!  
 Let us do our part to-day—  
 And help Him, helping Man!

Shall we even curse the madness  
 Which for "ends of State"  
 Dooms us to the long, long sadness  
 Of this human hate?  
 Let us slay in perfect pity  
 Those that must not live;  
 Vanquish, and forgive our foes—  
 Or fall—and still forgive!

We are those whose unpaid legions,  
 In free ranks arrayed,  
 Massacred in many regions—  
 Never once were stayed:

We are they whose torn battalions,  
 Trained to bleed, not fly,  
 Make our agonies a triumph,—  
 Conquer, while we die!

Therefore, down to Armageddon—  
 Brothers, bold and strong;  
 Cheer the glorious way we tread on,  
 With this soldier song!  
 Let the armies of the old Flags  
 March in silent dread!  
 Death and Life are one to us,  
 Who fight for Quick and Dead!

*Edwin Arnold.*

### Picciola

It was a sergeant old and gray,  
 Well singed and bronzed from siege  
 and pillage,  
 Went tramping in an army's wake  
 Along the turnpike of the village.

For days and nights the winding host  
 Had through the little place been  
 marching,  
 And ever loud the rustics cheered,  
 Till every throat was hoarse and  
 parching.

The squire and farmer, maid and dame,  
 All took the sight's electric stirring,  
 And hats were waved and staves were  
 sung,  
 And kerchiefs white were countless  
 whirring.

They only saw a gallant show  
 Of heroes stalwart under banners,  
 And, in the fierce heroic glow,  
 'Twas theirs to yield but wild ho-  
 sannas.

The sergeant heard the shrill hurrahs,  
 Where he behind in step was keeping;  
 But, glancing down beside the road,  
 He saw a little maid sit weeping.

"And how is this?" he gruffly said,  
 A moment pausing to regard her;—  
 "Why weepest thou, my little chit?"  
 And then she only cried the harder.

"And how is this, my little chit?"  
 The sturdy trooper straight re-  
 peated,

"When all the village cheers us on,  
 That you, in tears, apart are seated?"

"We march two hundred thousand  
 strong,  
 And that's a sight, my baby beauty,  
 To quicken silence into song  
 And glorify the soldier's duty."

"It's very, very grand, I know,"  
 The little maid gave soft replying;  
 "And father, mother, brother too,  
 All say 'Hurrah' while I am crying;

"But think, oh, Mr. Soldier, think,  
 How many little sisters' brothers  
 Are going all away to fight,  
 And may be killed, as well as others!"

"Why, bless thee, child," the sergeant  
 said,  
 His brawny hand her curls caressing,  
 "'Tis left for little ones like thee  
 To find that war's not all a blessing."

And "Bless thee!" once again he cried,  
 Then cleared his throat and looked  
 indignant  
 And marched away with wrinkled brow  
 To stop the struggling tear be-  
 nignant.

And still the ringing shouts went up  
 From doorway, thatch, and fields of  
 tillage;  
 The pall behind the standard seen  
 By one alone of all the village.

The oak and cedar bend and writhe  
When roars the wind through gap  
and braken;

But 'tis the tenderest reed of all  
That trembles first when Earth is  
shaken.

*Robert Henry Newell.*

### The King's Ring

Once in Persia reigned a king  
Who upon his signet ring  
Graved a maxim true and wise  
Which, if held before his eyes,  
Gave him counsel at a glance  
Fit for every change and chance.  
Solemn words; and these are they:  
"Even this shall pass away."

Trains of camels through the sand  
Brought him gems from Samarcand,  
Fleets of galleys through the seas  
Brought him pearls to match with  
these;

But he counted not his gain—  
Treasurer of the mine and main,  
"What is wealth?" the king would  
say;  
"Even this shall pass away."

In the revels of his court  
At the zenith of the sport,  
When the palms of all his guests  
Burned with clapping at his jests,  
He, amid his figs and wine,  
Cried: "O loving friends of mine!  
Pleasures come, but not to stay,  
Even this shall pass away."

Fighting on a furious field  
Once a javelin pierced his shield;  
Soldiers with loud lament  
Bore him bleeding to his tent,  
Groaning with his tortured side.  
"Pain is hard to bear," he cried;  
"But with patience day by day,  
Even this shall pass away."

Struck with palsy, sere and old,  
Waiting at the gates of gold,  
Spake he with his dying breath.  
"Life is done, but what is death?"  
Then, in answer to the king,  
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,  
Showing by a heavenly ray:  
"Even this shall pass away."

*Theodore Tilton.*

### Leaving the Homestead

You're going to leave the homestead,  
John,

You're twenty-one to-day:  
And very sorry am I, John,  
To see you go away.

You've labored late and early, John,  
And done the best you could;  
I ain't going to stop you, John,  
I wouldn't if I could.

Yet something of your feelings, John,  
I s'pose I'd ought to know,  
Though many a day has passed  
away—

'Twas forty years ago—  
When hope was high within me, John,  
And life lay all before,  
That I, with strong and measured  
stroke,  
"Cut loose" and pulled from shore.

The years they come and go, my boy,  
The years they come and go;  
And raven locks and tresses brown  
Grow white as driven snow.  
My life has known its sorrows, John,  
Its trials and troubles sore;  
Yet God withal has blessed me, John,  
"In basket and in store."

But one thing let me tell you, John,  
Before you make a start,  
There's more in being honest, John,  
Twice o'er than being smart.



Though rogues may seem to flourish,  
 John,  
 And sterling worth to fail,  
 Oh! keep in view the good and true;  
 'Twill in the end prevail.

Don't think too much of money, John,  
 And dig and delve and plan,  
 And rake and scrape in every shape,  
 To hoard up all you can.  
 Though fools may count their riches,  
 John,  
 In dollars and in cents,  
 The best of wealth is youth and health,  
 And good sound common sense.

And don't be mean and stingy, John,  
 But lay a little by  
 Of what you earn; you soon will learn  
 How fast 'twill multiply.  
 So when old age comes creeping on,  
 You'll have a goodly store  
 Of wealth to furnish all your needs—  
 And maybe something more.

There's shorter cuts to fortune, John,  
 We see them every day;  
 But those who save their self-respect  
 Climb up the good old way.  
 "All is not gold that glitters," John,  
 And makes the vulgar stare,  
 And those we deem the richest, John,  
 Have oft the least to spare.

Don't meddle with your neighbors,  
 John,  
 Their sorrows or their cares;  
 You'll find enough to do, my boy,  
 To mind your own affairs.  
 The world is full of idle tongues—  
 You can afford to shirk!  
 There's lots of people ready, John,  
 To do such dirty work.

And if amid the race for fame  
 You win a shining prize,

The humbler work of honest men  
 You never should despise;  
 For each one has his mission, John,  
 In life's unchanging plan—  
 Though lowly be his station, John,  
 He is no less a man.

Be good, be pure, be noble, John;  
 Be honest, brave, be true;  
 And do to others as you would  
 That they should do to you;  
 And put your trust in God, my boy,  
 Though fiery darts be hurled;  
 Then you can smile at Satan's rage,  
 And face a frowning world.

Good-by! May Heaven guard and bless  
 Your footsteps day by day;  
 The old house will be lonesome, John,  
 When you are gone away.  
 The cricket's song upon the hearth  
 Will have a sadder tone;  
 The old familiar spots will be  
 So lonely when you're gone.

### Bernardo Del Carpio

King Alphonso of Asturias had imprisoned the Count Saldana, about the time of the birth of the Count's son Bernardo. In an effort to secure his father's release, Bernardo, when old enough, took up arms. Finally the King offered Bernardo possession of his father's person, in exchange for the Castle of Carpio and all the King's subjects there imprisoned. The cruel trick played by the King on Bernardo is here described.

The warrior bowed his crested head,  
 and tamed his heart of fire,  
 And sued the haughty king to free his  
 long-imprisoned sire;  
 "I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I  
 bring my captive train,  
 I pledge thee faith, my liege, my  
 lord! — oh break my father's  
 chain!"  
 "Rise, rise! even now thy father  
 comes, a ransomed man this day;  
 Mount thy good horse; and thou and I  
 will meet him on his way."

Then lightly rose that loyal son, and  
 bounded on his steed,  
 And urged, as if with lance in rest,  
 the charger's foamy speed.  
 And lo! from far, as on they pressed,  
 there came a glittering band,  
 With one that midst them stately rode,  
 as leader in the land:  
 "Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for  
 there, in very truth, is he,  
 The father whom thy faithful heart  
 hath yearned so long to see."

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast  
 heaved, his cheek's hue came and  
 went;  
 He reached that gray-haired chief-  
 tain's side, and there, dismount-  
 ing, bent;  
 A lowly knee to earth he bent, his  
 father's hand he took—  
 What was there in its touch that all  
 his fiery spirit shook?  
 That hand was cold,—a frozen thing,  
 —it dropped from his like lead!  
 He looked up to the face above,—the  
 face was of the dead!  
 A plume waved o'er the noble brow,—  
 the brow was fixed and white,  
 He met, at last, his father's eyes, but  
 in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang and  
 gazed, but who could paint that  
 gaze?  
 They hushed their very hearts that  
 saw its horror and amaze.  
 They might have chained him, as be-  
 fore that stony form he stood,  
 For the power was stricken from his  
 arm, and from his lip the blood.  
 "Father!" at length he murmured  
 low, and wept like childhood then;  
 Talk not of grief till thou hast seen  
 the tears of warlike men!

He thought on all his glorious hopes,  
 and all his young renown;  
 He flung the falchion from his side,  
 and in the dust sat down.  
 Then covering with his steel-gloved  
 hands his darkly mournful brow:  
 "No more, there is no more," he said,  
 "to lift the sword for now;  
 My king is false, my hope betrayed,  
 my father—oh, the worth,  
 The glory, and the loveliness, are pass-  
 ed away from earth!  
 I thought to stand where banners  
 waved, my sire, beside thee, yet!  
 I would that there our kindred blood  
 on Spain's free soil had met!  
 Thou wouldst have known my spirit  
 then;—for thee my fields were  
 won;  
 And thou hast perished in thy chains,  
 as though thou hadst no son!"

Then, starting from the ground once  
 more, he seized the monarch's rein,  
 Amidst the pale and 'wilder'd looks of  
 all the courtier train;  
 And, with a fierce, o'ermastering  
 grasp, the rearing war-horse led,  
 And sternly set them face to face, the  
 king before the dead:  
 "Came I not forth, upon thy pledge,  
 my father's hand to kiss?  
 Be still, and gaze thou on, false king!  
 and tell me what is this?  
 The voice, the glance, the heart I  
 sought—give answer, where are  
 they?  
 If thou wouldst clear thy perjured  
 soul, send life through this cold  
 clay!  
 Into these glassy eyes put light; be  
 still! keep down thine ire;  
 Bid these white lips a blessing speak,  
 this earth is not my sire.  
 Give me back him for whom I strove,  
 for whom my blood was shed!

Thou canst not?—and a king!—his  
dust be mountains on thy head.”

He loosed the steed—his slack hand  
fell; upon the silent face  
He cast one long, deep, troubled look,  
then turned from that sad place.  
His hope was crushed, his after fate  
untold in martial strain;  
His banner led the spears no more,  
amidst the hills of Spain.

*Felicia Hemans.*

### Mizpah

Go thou thy way, and I go mine,  
Apart—but not afar.  
Only a thin veil hangs between  
The pathways where we are,  
And God keep watch 'tween thee and  
me

This is my prayer.  
He looks thy way—He looketh mine  
And keeps us near.

I know not where thy road may lie  
Nor which way mine will be,  
If thine will lead through parching  
sands  
And mine beside the sea.

Yet God keeps watch 'tween thee and  
me,  
So never fear.

He holds thy hand—He claspeth mine  
And keeps us near.

Should wealth and fame perchance be  
thine

And my lot lowly be,  
Or you be sad and sorrowful  
And glory be for me,  
Yet God keep watch 'tween thee and  
me,  
Both are his care.

One arm round me and one round thee  
Will keep us near.

I sigh sometimes to see thy face  
But since this may not be  
I leave thee to the love of Him  
Who cares for thee and me.  
“I'll keep ye both beneath My wings,”  
This comforts—dear.  
One wing o'er thee—and one o'er me,  
So we are near.

And though our paths be separate  
And thy way be not mine—  
Yet coming to the mercy seat  
My soul shall meet with thine.  
And “God keep watch 'tween thee and  
me”  
I'll whisper there.  
He blesses me—He blesses thee  
And we are near.

### God

O Thou eternal One! whose presence  
bright  
All space doth occupy, all motion  
guide—  
Unchanged through time's all-devas-  
tating flight!  
Thou only God—there is no God beside!  
Being above all beings! Mighty One,  
Whom none can comprehend and none  
explore,  
Who fill'st existence with Thyself  
alone—  
Embracing all, supporting, ruling  
o'er,—  
Being whom we call God, and know no  
more!

In its sublime research, philosophy  
May measure out the ocean-deep—may  
count  
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God!  
for Thee  
There is no weight nor measure; none  
can mount  
Up to thy mysteries; Reason's bright-  
est spark,

Though kindled by Thy light, in vain  
would try  
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and  
dark:  
And thought is lost ere thought can  
soar so high,  
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst  
call  
First chaos, then existence—Lord! in  
Thee

Eternity had its foundation; all  
Sprung forth from Thee—of light, joy,  
harmony,

Sole Origin—all life, all beauty Thine;  
Thy word created all, and doth create;  
Thy splendor fills all space with rays  
divine;

Thou art and wert and shalt be! Glori-  
ous! Great!

Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe  
surround—

Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with  
breath!

Thou the beginning with the end hast  
bound,

And beautifully mingled life and death!  
As sparks mount upward from the  
fiery blaze,

So suns are born, so worlds spring  
forth from Thee;

And as the spangles in the sunny rays  
Shine round the silver snow, the pag-  
eantry

Of heaven's bright army glitters in  
Thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by Thy  
hand,

Wander unwearied through the blue  
abyss—

They own Thy power, accomplish Thy  
command,

All gay with life, all eloquent with  
bliss.

What shall we call them? Piles of  
crystal light—

A glorious company of golden  
streams—

Lamps of celestial ether burning  
bright—

Suns lighting systems with their joy-  
ous beams?

But Thou to these art as the noon to  
night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,  
All this magnificence in Thee is lost:—

What are ten thousand worlds com-  
pared to Thee?

And what am I then?—Heaven's un-  
numbered host,

Though multiplied by myriads, and  
arrayed

In all the glory of sublimest thought,  
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed  
Against Thy greatness—is a cipher  
brought

Against infinity! What am I then?  
Naught!

Naught! But the effluence of Thy light  
divine,

Pervading worlds, hath reached my  
bosom too;

Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit  
shine

As shines the sunbeam in a drop of  
dew.

Naught! but I live, and on hope's  
pinions fly

Eager toward Thy presence; for in  
Thee

I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring  
high,

Even to the throne of Thy divinity.

I am, O God! and surely Thou must  
be!

Thou art!—directing, guiding all—  
Thou art!

Direct my understanding then to Thee;  
Control my spirit, guide my wandering  
heart;

Though but an atom midst immensity,  
Still I am something, fashioned by Thy  
hand!

I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and  
earth—

On the last verge of mortal being  
stand,

Close to the realm where angels have  
their birth,

Just on the boundaries of the spirit-  
land!

The chain of being is complete in me—  
In me is matter's last gradation lost,  
And the next step is spirit—Deity!  
I can command the lightning, and am  
dust!

A monarch and a slave—a worm, a  
god!

Whence came I here, and how? so  
marvelously  
Constructed and conceived? unknown!  
this clod

Lives surely through some higher  
energy;

For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy  
word

Created me! Thou source of life and  
good!

Thou spirit of my spirit, and my  
Lord!

Thy light, Thy love, in their bright  
plenitude

Filled me with an immortal soul, to  
spring

Over the abyss of death; and bade it  
wear

The garments of eternal day, and  
wing

Its heavenly flight beyond this little  
sphere,  
Even to its source—to Thee—its Au-  
thor there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!  
Though worthless our conceptions all  
of Thee,

Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our  
breast,

And waft its homage to Thy Deity.

God! thus alone my lowly thoughts  
can soar,

Thus seek thy presence—Being wise  
and good!

Midst Thy vast works admire, obey,  
adore;

And when the tongue is eloquent no  
more

The soul shall speak in tears of grati-  
tude.

*Gabriel Romanovitch Derzhavin.*

### Casabianca

The boy stood on the burning deck,  
Whence all but him had fled;

The flame that lit the battle's wreck  
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,  
As born to rule the storm;

A creature of heroic blood,  
A proud, though childlike form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go  
Without his father's word;

That father, faint in death below,  
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud: "Say, father, say  
If yet my task is done?"

He knew not that the chieftain lay  
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,  
"If I may yet be gone!"



And but the booming shots replied,  
And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
And in his waving hair;  
And looked from that lone post of  
death

In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,  
"My father! must I stay?"  
While o'er him fast, through sail and  
shroud,  
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,  
They caught the flag on high,  
And streamed above the gallant child,  
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder  
sound—

The boy—oh! where was he?  
Ask of the winds that far around  
With fragments strewed the sea!

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,  
That well had borne their part—  
But the noblest thing that perished  
there

Was that young, faithful heart.

*Felicia Hemans.*

### Monterey

We were not many,— we who stood  
Before the iron sleet that day;  
Yet many a gallant spirit would  
Give half his years if he but could  
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed  
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,  
Yet not a single soldier quailed  
When wounded comrades round them  
wailed

Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on, still on our column kept,  
Through walls of flame, its withering  
way;

Where fell the dead, the living stept,  
Still charging on the guns which swept  
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,  
When, striking where he strongest  
lay,

We swooped his flanking batteries past,  
And braving full their murderous blast,  
Stormed home the towers of Mon-  
terey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,  
And there our evening bugles play;  
Where orange boughs above their  
grave

Keep green the memory of the brave  
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many, we who pressed  
Beside the brave who fell that day;  
But who of us has not confessed  
He'd rather share their warrior rest,  
Than not have been at Monterey?

*Charles Fenno Hoffman.*

### The Teacher's "If"

If you can take your dreams into the  
classroom,

And always make them part of each  
day's work—

If you can face the countless petty  
problems

Nor turn from them nor ever try to  
shirk—

If you can live so that the child you  
work with

Deep in his heart knows you to be a  
man—

If you can take "I can't" from out his  
language

And put in place a vigorous "I can"—

If you can take Love with you to the  
classroom,  
And yet on Firmness never shut the  
door—

If you can teach a child the love of  
Nature  
So that he helps himself to all her  
store—

If you can teach him life is what we  
make it,

That he himself can be his only bar—  
If you can tell him something of the  
heavens,  
Or something of the wonder of a  
star—

If you, with simple bits of truth and  
honor,

His better self occasionally reach—  
And yet not overdo nor have him dub  
you

As one who is inclined to ever  
preach—

If you impart to him a bit of liking  
For all the wondrous things we find  
in print—

Yet have him understand that to be  
happy,  
Play, exercise, fresh air he must not  
stint—

If you can give of all the best that's in  
you,

And in the giving always happy be—  
If you can find the good that's hidden  
somewhere

Deep in the heart of every child you  
see—

If you can do these things and all the  
others

That teachers everywhere do every  
day—

You're in the work that you were surely  
meant for;

Take hold of it! Know it's your place  
and stay!

*R. J. Gale.*

## The Good Shepherd

There were ninety and nine  
Of a flock, sleek and fine  
In a sheltering cote in the vale;  
But a lamb was away,  
On the mountain astray,  
Unprotected within the safe pale.

Then the sleet and the rain  
On the mountain and plain,  
And the wind fiercely blowing a gale,  
And the night's growing dark,  
And the wolf's hungry bark  
Stir the soul of the shepherd so hale.

And he says, "Hireling, go;  
For a lamb's in the snow  
And exposed to the wild hungry  
beast;  
'Tis no time to keep seat,  
Nor to rest weary feet,  
Nor to sit at a bounteous feast."

Then the hireling replied,  
"Here you have at your side  
All your flock save this one little  
sheep.  
Are the ninety and nine,  
All so safe and so fine,  
Not enough for the shepherd to  
keep?"

Then the shepherd replied,  
"Ah! this lamb from my side  
Presses near, very near, to my heart.  
Not its value in pay  
Makes me urge in this way,  
But the longings and achings of  
heart."

"Let me wait till the day,  
O good shepherd, I pray;  
For I shudder to go in the dark  
On the mountain so high  
And its precipice nigh  
'Mong the wolves with their fright-  
ening bark."

Then the shepherd said, "No;  
Surely some one must go  
Who can rescue my lamb from the  
cold,  
From the wolf's hungry maw  
And the lion's fierce paw  
And restore it again to the fold."

Then the shepherd goes out  
With his cloak girt about  
And his rod and his staff in his  
hand.  
What cares he for the cold  
If his sheep to the fold  
He can bring from the dark moun-  
tain land?

You can hear his clear voice  
As the mountains rejoice,  
"Sheepy sheep, sheepy sheep, sheepy  
sheep!"  
Up the hillside so steep,  
Into caverns so deep,  
"Sheepy sheep, sheepy sheep, sheepy  
sheep!"

Now he hears its weak "baa,"  
And he answers it, "Ah!  
Sheepy sheep, sheepy sheep, sheepy  
sheep!"  
Then its answering bleat  
Hurries on his glad feet,  
And his arms gather up his lost  
sheep.

Wet and cold on his breast  
The lost lamb found its rest  
As he bore it adown to the fold.  
And the ninety and nine  
Bleat for joy down the line,  
That it's safe from the wolf and the  
cold.

Then he said to his friends,  
"Now let joy make amends  
For the steep and the deeps I have  
crossed—

For the pelting of sleet  
And my sore, weary feet,  
For I've found the dear lamb that  
was lost."

Let the hirelings upbraid  
For the nights that He stayed  
On the mountains so rugged and  
high.  
Surely never a jeer  
From my lips shall one hear,  
For—that poor lonely lambkin—was  
—I.

While the eons shall roll  
O'er my glad ransomed soul  
I will praise the Good Shepherd  
above,  
For a place on His breast,  
For its comfort and rest,  
For His wonderful, wonderful love.  
*D. N. Howe.*

### A Sermon in Rhyme

If you have a friend worth loving,  
Love him. Yes, and let him know  
That you love him ere life's evening  
Tinge his brow with sunset glow;  
Why should good words ne'er be said  
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,  
Sung by any child of song,  
Praise it. Do not let the singer  
Wait deserved praises long;  
Why should one that thrills your heart  
Lack that joy it may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you  
By its humble pleading tone,  
Join it. Do not let the seeker  
Bow before his God alone;  
Why should not your brother share  
The strength of "two or three" in  
prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling  
 From a loving brother's eyes,  
 Share them, and by sharing,  
 Own your kinship with the skies;  
 Why should anyone be glad,  
 When his brother's heart is sad?

If a silver laugh goes rippling  
 Through the sunshine on his face,  
 Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying,  
 For both grief and joy a place;  
 There's health and goodness in the  
 mirth  
 In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy  
 By a friendly helping hand,  
 Say so. Speak out brave and truly,  
 Ere the darkness veil the land.  
 Should a brother workman dear  
 Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seed of kindness,  
 All enriching as you go—  
 Leave them, trust the Harvest-Giver;  
 He will make each seed to grow.  
 So, until its happy end,  
 Your life shall never lack a friend.

### The Fortunate Isles

You sail and you seek for the Fortunate  
 Isles,  
 The old Greek Isles of the yellow  
 bird's song?  
 Then steer right on through the  
 watery miles,  
 Straight on, straight on, and you  
 can't go wrong.  
 Nay, not to the left; nay, not to the  
 right;  
 But on, straight on, and the Isles are  
 in sight,  
 The Fortunate Isles, where the yellow  
 birds sing  
 And life lies girt with a golden ring.

These Fortunate Isles, they are not  
 far;  
 They lie within reach of the lowliest  
 door;  
 You can see them gleam by the twi-  
 light star;  
 You can hear them sing by the  
 moon's white shore.  
 Nay, never look back! Those leveled  
 gravestones,  
 They were landing steps; they were  
 steps unto thrones  
 Of glory for souls that have sailed be-  
 fore  
 And have set white feet on the fortu-  
 nate shore.

And what are the names of the Fortu-  
 nate Isles?  
 Why, Duty and Love and a large  
 content.  
 Lo! there are the isles of the watery  
 miles  
 That God let down from the firma-  
 ment;  
 Lo! Duty and Love, and a true man's  
 trust;  
 Your forehead to God and your feet  
 in the dust;  
 Lo! Duty and Love, and a sweet babe's  
 smiles,  
 And there, O friend, are the Fortunate  
 Isles.

*Joaquin Miller.*

### What the Choir Sang About the New Bonnet

A foolish little maiden bought a fool-  
 ish little bonnet,  
 With a ribbon, and a feather, and a bit  
 of lace upon it;  
 And that the other maidens of the lit-  
 tle town might know it,  
 She thought she'd go to meeting the  
 next Sunday just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce  
larger than a dime,  
The getting of it settled proved to be  
a work of time;  
So when 'twas fairly tied, all the bells  
had stopped their ringing,  
And when she came to meeting, sure  
enough the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and  
waited at the door;  
And she shook her ruffles out behind  
and smoothed them down before.  
"Hallelujah! hallelujah!" sang the  
choir above her head.  
"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!"  
were the words she thought they  
said.

This made the little maiden feel so  
very, very cross,  
That she gave her little mouth a twist,  
her little head a toss;  
For she thought the very hymn they  
sang was all about her bonnet,  
With the ribbon, and the feather, and  
the bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the  
sermon or the prayer,  
But pattered down the silent street,  
and hurried up the stair,  
Till she reached her little bureau, and  
in a hand-box on it,  
Had hidden, safe from critics' eyes, her  
foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that  
each of you will find  
In every Sabbath service but an echo  
of your mind;  
And the silly little head, that's filled  
with silly little airs,  
Will never get a blessing from sermon  
or from prayers.

*M. T. Morrison.*

### Work Thou for Pleasure

Work thou for pleasure; paint or sing  
or carve  
The thing thou lovest, though the body  
starve.  
Who works for glory misses oft the  
goal;  
Who works for money coins his very  
soul.  
Work for work's sake then, and it well  
may be  
That these things shall be added unto  
thee.

*Kenyon Cox.*

### The Tin Gee Gee

I was strolling one day down the Law-  
ther Arcade,  
That place for children's toys,  
Where you can purchase a dolly or  
spade  
For your good little girls and boys.  
And as I passed a certain stall, said a  
wee little voice to me:  
O, I am a Colonel in a little cocked  
hat, and I ride on a tin Gee Gee;  
O, I am a Colonel in a little cocked  
hat, and I ride on a tin Gee Gee.

Then I looked and a little tin soldier I  
saw,  
In his little cocked hat so fine.  
He'd a little tin sword that shone in  
the light  
As he led a glittering line of tin hus-  
sars,  
Whose sabers flashed in a manner à la  
military.  
And that little tin soldier he rode at  
their head,  
So proud on his tin Gee Gee.  
Then that little tin soldier he sobbed  
and he sighed,  
So I patted his little tin head.



What vexes your little tin soul? said I,  
And this is what he said:  
I've been on this stall a very long  
time,

And I'm marked twenty-nine, as you  
see;

Whilst just on the shelf above my  
head,

There's a fellow marked sixty-three.

Now he hasn't got a sword and he  
hasn't got a horse,

And I'm quite as good as he.

So why mark me at twenty-nine,

And him at sixty-three?

There's a pretty little dolly girl over  
there,

And I'm madly in love with she.

But now that I'm only marked twenty-  
nine,

She turns up her nose at me.

She turns up her little wax nose at me,

And carries on with sixty-three.

And, oh, she's dressed in a beautiful  
dress;

It's a dress I do admire.

She has pearly blue eyes that open and  
shut

When worked inside by a wire,

And once on a time when the folks had  
gone,

She used to ogle at me.

But now that I'm only marked twenty-  
nine,

She turns up her nose at me.

She turns up her little snub nose at  
me,

And carries on with sixty-three.

Cheer up, my little tin man, said I,  
I'll see what I can do.

You're a fine little fellow, and it's a  
shame

That she should so treat you.

So I took down the label from the  
shelf above,

And I labeled him sixty-three,  
And I marked the other one twenty-  
nine,

Which was *very, very* wrong of me,  
But I felt so sorry for that little tin  
soul,

As he rode on his tin Gee Gee.

Now that little tin soldier he puffed  
with pride,

At being marked sixty-three,

And that saucy little dolly girl smiled  
once more,

For he'd risen in life, do you see?

And it's so in this world; for I'm in  
love

With a maiden of high degree;

But I am only marked twenty-nine,

And the other chap's sixty-three—

And a girl never looks at twenty-nine

With a possible sixty-three!

*Fred Cape.*

### "Tommy"

I went into a public-house to get a pint  
o' beer,

The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve  
no red-coats here."

The girls be'ind the bar they laughed  
an' giggled fit to die,

I outs into the street again, an' to my-  
self sez I:

O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,  
an' "Tommy go away";

But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins,"  
when the band begins to play,

The band begins to play, my boys, the  
band begins to play,

O it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins,"  
when the band begins to play.

I went into a theater as sober as could  
be,

They give a drunk civilian room, but  
'adn't none for me;

They sent me to the gallery or round  
the music-halls,  
But when it comes to fightin', Lord!  
they'll shove me in the stalls.  
For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,  
an' "Tommy wait outside";  
But it's "Special train for Atkins,"  
when the trooper's on the tide,  
The troopship's on the tide, my boys,  
etc.

O makin' mock o' uniforms that guard  
you while you sleep  
Is cheaper than them uniforms, an'  
they're starvation cheap;  
An' hustlin' drunken sodgers when  
they're goin' large a bit  
Is five times better business than  
paradin' in full kit.  
Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,  
an' "Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?"  
But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when  
the drums begin to roll,  
The drums begin to roll, my boys, etc.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we  
aren't no blackguards too,  
But single men in barracks, most re-  
markable like you;  
An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all  
your fancy paints,  
Why, single men in barracks don't  
grow into plaster saints.  
While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy  
that, an' "Tommy fall be'ind";  
But it's "Please to walk in front, sir,"  
when there's trouble in the wind,  
There's trouble in the wind, my boys,  
etc.

You talk o' better food for us, an'  
schools, an' fires, an' all:  
We'll wait for extry rations if you  
treat us rational.  
Don't mess about the cook-room slops,  
but prove it to our face,

The Widow's uniform\* is not the sol-  
dierman's disgrace.  
For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,  
an' "Chuck him out, the brute!"  
But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when  
the guns begin to shoot;  
An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,  
an' anything you please;  
An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you  
bet that Tommy sees!

*Rudyard Kipling.*

\*"Widow's uniform"—i. e., uniform of a sol-  
dier of Queen Victoria, who was often affec-  
tionately called "the Widow of Windsor."

### The Mystic Weaver

The weaver at his loom is sitting,  
Throws his shuttle to and fro;  
Foot and treadle,  
Hand and pedal,  
Upward, downward, hither, thither,  
How the weaver makes them go:  
As the weaver wills they go.  
Up and down the web is plying,  
And across the woof is flying;  
What a rattling!  
What a battling!  
What a shuffling!  
What a scuffling!

As the weaver makes his shuttle  
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.  
Threads in single, threads in double;  
How they mingle, what a trouble!  
Every color, what profusion!  
Every motion, what confusion!  
While the web and woof are mingling,  
Signal bells above are jingling,—  
Telling how each figure ranges,  
Telling when the color changes,  
As the weaver makes his shuttle  
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

The weaver at his loom is sitting,  
Throws his shuttle to and fro;  
'Mid the noise and wild confusion,  
Well the weaver seems to know,

As he makes his shuttle go,  
 What each motion  
 And commotion,  
 What each fusion  
 And confusion,  
 In the grand result will show.  
 Weaving daily,  
 Singing gaily,  
 As he makes his busy shuttle  
 Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

The weaver at his loom is sitting,  
 Throws his shuttle to and fro;  
 See you not how shape and order  
 From the wild confusion grow,  
 As he makes his shuttle go?—  
 As the web and woof diminish,  
 Grows beyond the beauteous finish,—

Tufted plaidings,  
 Shapes, and shadings;  
 All the mystery  
 Now is history;—

And we see the reason subtle,  
 Why the weaver makes his shuttle  
 Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

See the Mystic Weaver sitting  
 High in heaven—His loom below;  
 Up and down the treadles go;  
 Takes for web the world's long ages,  
 Takes for woof its kings and sages,  
 Takes the nobles and their pages,  
 Takes all stations and all stages,—  
 Thrones are bobbins in His shuttle;  
 Armies make them scud and scuttle;  
 Web into the woof must flow,  
 Up and down the nations go,  
 As the weaver wills they go;

Men are sparring,  
 Powers are jarring,

Upward, downward, hither, thither  
 Just like puppets in a show.  
 Up and down the web is plying,  
 And across the woof is flying,  
 What a battling!  
 What a rattling!

What a shuffling!  
 What a scuffling!  
 As the weaver makes his shuttle  
 Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

Calmly see the Mystic Weaver  
 Throw His shuttle to and fro;  
 'Mid the noise and wild confusion,  
 Well the Weaver seems to know  
 What each motion  
 And commotion,  
 What each fusion  
 And confusion,  
 In the grand result will show,  
 As the nations,  
 Kings and stations,  
 Upward, downward, hither, thither,  
 As in mystic dances, go.  
 In the present all is mystery;  
 In the past, 'tis beauteous history.  
 O'er the mixing and the mingling,  
 How the signal bells are jingling!  
 See you not the Weaver leaving  
 Finished work behind, in weaving?  
 See you not the reason subtle,  
 As the web and woof diminish,  
 Changing into beauteous finish,  
 Why the Weaver makes his shuttle,  
 Hither, thither, scud and scuttle?

Glorious wonder! what a weaving!  
 To the dull beyond believing!  
 Such, no fabled ages know.  
 Only *Faith* can see the mystery,  
 How, along the aisle of history  
 Where the feet of sages go,  
 Loveliest to the purest eyes,  
 Grand the mystic tapet lies,—  
 Soft and smooth, and even spreading  
 Every figure has its plaidings,  
 As if made for angels' treading;  
 Tufted circles touching ever,  
 Inwrought figures fading never;  
 Brighter form and softer shadings;  
 Each illumined,—what a riddle  
 From a cross that gems the middle.

'Tis a saying—some reject it—  
That its light is all reflected;  
That the tapet's hues are given  
By a sun that shines in heaven!  
'Tis believed, by all believing,  
That great God himself is weaving,—  
Bringing out the world's dark mystery,  
In the light of truth and history;  
And as web and woof diminish,  
Comes the grand and glorious finish;  
When begin the golden ages  
Long foretold by seers and sages.

### The Mortgage on the Farm

'Tis gone at last, and I am glad; it  
stayed a fearful while,  
And when the world was light and  
gay, I could not even smile;  
It stood before me like a giant, out-  
stretched its iron arm;  
No matter where I looked, I saw the  
mortgage on the farm.

I'll tell you how it happened, for I  
want the world to know  
How glad I am this winter day whilst  
earth is white with snow;  
I'm just as happy as a lark. No cause  
for rude alarm  
Confronts us now, for lifted is the  
mortgage on the farm.

The children they were growing up  
and they were smart and trim.  
To some big college in the East we'd  
sent our youngest, Jim;  
And every time he wrote us, at the  
bottom of his screed  
He tacked some Latin fol-de-rol which  
none of us could read.

The girls they ran to music, and to  
painting, and to rhymes,  
They said the house was out of style  
and far behind the times;

They suddenly diskivered that it didn't  
keep'm warm—  
Another step of course towards a  
mortgage on the farm.

We took a cranky notion, Hannah  
Jane and me one day,  
While we were coming home from town,  
a-talking all the way;  
The old house wasn't big enough for  
us, although for years  
Beneath its humble roof we'd shared  
each other's joys and tears.

We built it o'er and when 'twas done,  
I wish you could have seen it,  
It was a most tremendous thing—I  
really didn't mean it;  
Why, it was big enough to hold the  
people of the town  
And not one half as cosy as the old one  
we pulled down.

I bought a fine pianner and it short-  
ened still the pile,  
But, then, it pleased the children and  
they banged it all the while;  
No matter what they played for me,  
their music had no charm,  
For every tune said plainly: "There's  
a mortgage on the farm!"

I worked from morn till eve, and toiled  
as often toils the slave  
To meet that grisly interest; I tried  
hard to be brave,  
And oft when I came home at night  
with tired brain and arm,  
The chickens hung their heads, they  
felt the mortgage on the farm.

But we saved a penny now and then,  
we laid them in a row,  
The girls they played the same old  
tunes, and let the new ones go;  
And when from college came our Jim  
with laurels on his brow,

I led him to the stumpy field and put  
him to the plow.

He something said in Latin which I  
didn't understand,  
But it did me good to see his plow turn  
up the dewy land;  
And when the year had ended and  
empty were the cribs,  
We found we'd hit the mortgage, sir,  
a blow between the ribs.

To-day I harnessed up the team and  
thundered off to town,  
And in the lawyer's sight I planked  
the last bright dollar down;  
And when I trotted up the lane, a-feel-  
ing good and warm,  
The old red rooster crowed his best:  
"No mortgage on the farm!"

I'll sleep almighty good to-night, the  
best for many a day,  
The skeleton that haunted us has  
passed fore'er away.  
The girls can play the brand-new tunes  
with no fears to alarm,  
And Jim can go to Congress, with no  
mortgage on the farm!

### The Legend Beautiful

"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"  
That is what the vision said.

In his chamber all alone,  
Kneeling on the floor of stone,  
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition  
For his sins of indecision,  
Prayed for greater self-denial  
In temptation and in trial;  
It was noonday by the dial,  
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,  
An unwonted splendor brightened  
All within him and without him

In that narrow cell of stone;  
And he saw the blessed vision  
Of our Lord, with light Elysian  
Like a vesture wrapped about Him,  
Like a garment round Him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain  
Not in agonies of pain,  
Not with bleeding hands and feet,  
Did the Monk his Master see;  
But as in the village street,  
In the house or harvest field,  
Halt and lame and blind He healed,  
When He walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,  
Hands upon his bosom crossed,  
Wondering, worshiping, adoring,  
Knelt the Monk, in rapture lost.  
Lord, he thought, in heaven that  
reignest,

Who am I that thus Thou deignest  
To reveal Thyself to me?  
Who am I, that from the center  
Of Thy glory Thou shouldst enter  
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation,  
Loud the convent bell appalling,  
From its belfrey calling, calling,  
Rang through court and corridor  
With persistent iteration,  
He had never heard before.  
It was now the appointed hour  
When alike in shine or shower,  
Winter's cold or summer's heat,  
To the convent portals came  
All the blind and halt and lame,  
All the beggars of the street,  
For their daily dole of food  
Dealt them by the brotherhood;

And their almoner was he  
Who upon his bended knee,  
Rapt in silent ecstasy  
Of divinest self-surrender,  
Saw the vision and the splendor.



Deep distress and hesitation  
 Mingled with his adoration;  
 Should he go, or should he stay?  
 Should he leave the poor to wait  
 Hungry at the convent gate,  
 Till the vision passed away?  
 Should he slight his radiant guest,  
 Slight this visitant celestial  
 For a crowd of ragged, bestial  
 Beggars at the convent gate?  
 Would the vision there remain?  
 Would the vision come again?  
 Then a voice within his breast  
 Whispered audible and clear,  
 As if to the outward ear:  
 "Do thy duty; that is best;  
 Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,  
 And with longing look intent  
 On the blessed vision bent,  
 Slowly from his cell departed,  
 Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,  
 Looking through the iron grating,  
 With that terror in the eye  
 That is only seen in those  
 Who amid their wants and woes  
 Hear the sound of doors that close.  
 And of feet that pass them by:  
 Grown familiar with disfavor,  
 Grown familiar with the savor  
 Of the bread by which men die;  
 But to-day, they knew not why,  
 Like the gate of Paradise  
 Seemed the convent gate to rise,  
 Like a sacrament divine  
 Seemed to them the bread and wine.  
 In his heart the Monk was praying,  
 Thinking of the homeless poor,  
 What they suffer and endure;  
 What we see not, what we see;  
 And the inward voice was saying:  
 "Whatsoever thing thou doest  
 To the least of mine and lowest,  
 That thou doest unto me."

Unto me! but had the vision  
 Come to him in beggar's clothing,  
 Come a mendicant imploring,  
 Would he then have knelt adoring,  
 Or have listened with derision,  
 And have turned away with loathing?

Thus his conscience put the question,  
 Full of troublesome suggestion,  
 As at length, with hurried pace,  
 Toward his cell he turned his face,  
 And beheld the convent bright  
 With a supernatural light,  
 Like a luminous cloud expanding  
 Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling  
 At the threshold of his door,  
 For the vision still was standing  
 As he left it there before,  
 When the convent bell appalling,  
 From its belfry calling, calling,  
 Summoned him to feed the poor.  
 Through the long hour intervening  
 It had waited his return,  
 And he felt his bosom burn,  
 Comprehending all the meaning,  
 When the blessed vision said:  
 "Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled."  
*Henry W. Longfellow.*

### Somebody's Darling

Into a ward of the whitewashed halls,  
 Where the dead and dying lay,  
 Wounded by bayonets, shells, and  
 balls,  
 Somebody's Darling was borne one  
 day—

Somebody's Darling, so young and so  
 brave,  
 Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,  
 Soon to be hid by the dust of the  
 grave,  
 The lingering light of his boyhood's  
 grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,  
Kissing the snow of the fair young  
brow,

Pale are the lips of delicate mold—  
Somebody's Darling is dying now.

Back from his beautiful blue-veined  
brow

Brush all the wandering waves of  
gold,

Cross his hands on his bosom now—  
Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,  
Murmur a prayer both soft and low;  
One bright curl from its fair mates  
take—

They were somebody's pride, you  
know.

Somebody's hand hath rested there—  
Was it a mother's, soft and white?  
And have the lips of a sister fair  
Been baptized in their waves of  
light?

God knows best! he was somebody's  
love;

Somebody's heart enshrined him  
there;

Somebody wafted his name above,  
Night and morn on the wings of  
prayer.

Somebody wept when he marched  
away,

Looking so handsome, brave, and  
grand;

Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,  
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for  
him—

Yearning to hold him again to her  
heart;

And there he lies with his blue eyes  
dim,

And the smiling, child-like lips  
apart.

Tenderly bury the fair young dead,  
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;  
Carve in the wooden slab at his head,  
"Somebody's Darling slumbers  
here."

*Maria La Coste.*

### The Pride of Battery B

South Mountain towered upon our  
right, far off the river lay,  
And over on the wooded height we  
held their lines at bay.

At last the muttering guns were still;  
the day died slow and wan;

At last the gunners pipes did fill, the  
sergeant's yarns began.

When, as the wind a moment blew  
aside the fragrant flood

Our brierwoods raised, within our view  
a little maiden stood.

A tiny tot of six or seven, from fire-  
side fresh she seemed.

(Of such a little one in heaven one  
soldier often dreamed.)

And as we stared, her little hand went  
to her curly head

In grave salute. "And who are *you*?"  
at length the sergeant said.

"And where's your home?" he growled  
again. She lisped out, "Who is me?"

Why, don't you know? I'm little Jane,  
the Pride of Battery B.

My home? Why, that was burned  
away, and pa and ma are dead;

And so I ride the guns all day along  
with Sergeant Ned.

And I've a drum that's not a toy, a  
cap with feathers, too;

And I march beside the drummer boy  
on Sundays at review.

But now our 'bacca's all give out, the  
men can't have their smoke,

And so they're cross—why, even Ned  
won't play with me and joke.  
And the big colonel said to-day—I hate  
to hear him swear—  
He'd give a leg for a good pipe like the  
Yanks had over there.  
And so I thought when beat the drum,  
and the big guns were still,  
I'd creep beneath the tent and come  
out here across the hill  
And beg, good Mister Yankee men,  
you'd give me some 'Lone Jack.'  
Please do: when we get some again,  
I'll surely bring it back.  
Indeed I will, for Ned—says he,—if I  
do what I say,  
I'll be a general yet, maybe, and ride a  
prancing bay."

We brimmed her tiny apron o'er; you  
should have heard her laugh  
As each man from his scanty store  
shook out a generous half.  
To kiss the little mouth stooped down  
a score of grimy men,  
Until the sergeant's husky voice said,  
"Tention squad!" and then  
We gave her escort, till good-night the  
pretty waif we bid,  
And watched her toddle out of sight—  
or else 'twas tears that hid  
Her tiny form—nor turned about a  
man, nor spoke a word,  
Till after awhile a far, hoarse shout  
upon the wind we heard!  
We sent it back, then cast sad eyes up-  
on the scene around;  
A baby's hand had touched the ties that  
brothers once had bound.

That's all—save when the dawn awoke  
again the work of hell,  
And through the sullen clouds of smoke  
the screaming missiles fell,  
Our general often rubbed his glass, and  
marveled much to see

Not a single shell that whole day fell  
in the camp of Battery B.

*Frank H. Gassaway.*

### The Wood-Box

It was kept out in the kitchen, and  
'twas long and deep and wide,  
And the poker hung above it and the  
shovel stood beside,  
And the big, black cookstove, grinnin'  
through its grate from ear to ear,  
Seemed to look as if it loved it like a  
brother, pretty near.  
Flowered oilcloth tacked around it  
kept its cracks and knot-holes hid,  
And a pair of leather hinges fastened  
on the heavy lid,  
And it hadn't any bottom—or, at  
least, it seemed that way  
When you hurried in to fill it, so's to  
get outside and play.

When the noons was hot and lazy and  
the leaves hung dry and still,  
And the locust in the pear tree started  
up his planin'-mill,  
And the drum-beat of the breakers  
was a soothin', temptin' roll,  
And you knew the "gang" was waitin'  
by the brimmin' "swimmin'  
hole"—

Louder than the locust's buzzin', loud-  
er than the breakers' roar,  
You could hear the wood-box holler,  
"Come and fill me up once more!"  
And the old clock ticked and chuckled  
as you let each armful drop,  
Like it said, "Another minute, and  
you're nowheres near the top!"

In the chilly winter mornin's when the  
bed was snug and warm,  
And the frosted winders tinkled 'neath  
the fingers of the storm,  
And your breath rose off the pillar in a  
smoky cloud of steam—

Then that wood-box, grim and empty,  
 came a-dancin' through your  
 dream,  
 Came and pounded at your conscience,  
 screamed in aggravatin' glee,  
 "Would you like to sleep this mornin'?"  
 You git up and 'tend to me!"  
 Land! how plain it is this minute—  
 shed and barn and drifted snow,  
 And the slabs of oak a-waitin', piled  
 and ready, in a row.

Never was a fishin' frolic, never was a  
 game of ball,  
 But that mean, provokin' wood-box  
 had to come and spoil it all;  
 You might study at your lessons and  
 'twas full and full to stay,  
 But jest start an Injun story, and  
 'twas empty right away.  
 Seemed as if a spite was in it, and al-  
 though I might forgit  
 All the other chores that plagued me,  
 I can hate that wood-box yit:  
 And when I look back at boyhood—  
 shakin' off the cares of men—  
 Still it comes to spoil the picture,  
 screamin', "Fill me up again!"

*Joseph C. Lincoln.*

### Inasmuch

Good Deacon Roland—"may his tribe  
 increase!"—  
 Awoke one Sabbath morn feeling at  
 peace  
 With God and all mankind. His wants  
 supplied,  
 He read his Bible and then knelt be-  
 side  
 The family altar, and uplifted there  
 His voice to God in fervent praise and  
 prayer;  
 In praise for blessings past, so rich  
 and free,  
 And prayer for benedictions yet to be.

Then on a stile, which spanned the  
 dooryard fence,  
 He sat him down complacently, and  
 thence  
 Surveyed with pride, o'er the far-  
 reaching plain,  
 His flocks and herds and fields of gold-  
 en grain;  
 His meadows waving like the billowy  
 seas,  
 And orchards filled with over-laden  
 trees.  
 Quoth he: "How vast the products of  
 my lands;  
 Abundance crowns the labor of my  
 hands,  
 Great is my substance; God indeed is  
 good,  
 Who doth in love provide my daily  
 food."

While thus he sat in calm soliloquy,  
 A voice aroused him from his reverie,—  
 A childish voice from one whose shoe-  
 less feet  
 Brought him unnoticed to the deacon's  
 seat;  
 "Please mister, I have eaten naught  
 to-day;  
 If I had money I would gladly pay  
 For bread; but I am poor, and cannot  
 buy  
 My breakfast; mister, would you mind  
 if I  
 Should ask for something, just for  
 what you call  
 Cold pieces from your table, that is  
 all?"  
 The deacon listened to the child's re-  
 quest,  
 The while his penetrating eye did rest  
 On him whose tatters, trembling, quick  
 revealed  
 The agitation of the heart concealed

Within the breast of one unskilled in  
ruse,  
Who asked not alms like one demand-  
ing dues.  
Then said the deacon: "I am not in-  
clined  
To give encouragement to those who  
find  
It easier to beg for bread betimes,  
Than to expend their strength in earn-  
ing dimes  
Wherewith to purchase it. A parent  
ought  
To furnish food for those whom he has  
brought  
Into this world, where each one has  
his share  
Of tribulation, sorrow, toil and care.  
I sympathize with you, my little lad,  
Your destitution makes me feel so sad;  
But, for the sake of those who should  
supply  
Your wants, I must your earnest plea  
deny;  
And inasmuch as giving food to you  
Would be providing for your parents,  
too,  
Thus fostering vagrancy and idleness,  
I cannot think such charity would bless  
Who gives or takes; and therefore I  
repeat,  
I cannot give you anything to eat."  
Before this "vasty deep" of logic stood  
The child nor found it satisfying food.  
Nor did he tell the tale he might have  
told  
Of parents slumbering in the grave's  
damp mould,  
But quickly shrank away to find relief  
In giving vent to his rekindled grief,  
While Deacon Roland soon forgot the  
appeal  
In meditating on his better weal.  
  
Ere long the Sabbath bells their peals  
rang out

To summon worshippers, with hearts  
devout,  
To wait on God and listen to His word;  
And then the deacon's pious heart was  
stirred;  
And in the house of God he soon was  
found  
Engaged in acts of worship most pro-  
found.  
Wearied, however, with his week-day  
care,  
He fell asleep before the parson's  
prayer  
Was ended; then he dreamed he died  
and came  
To heaven's grand portal, and an-  
nounced his name:  
"I'm Deacon Roland, called from earth  
afar,  
To join the saints; please set the gates  
ajar,  
That I may 'join the everlasting song,'  
And mingle ever with the ransomed  
throng."  
Then lo! "a horror of great darkness"  
came  
Upon him, as he heard a voice exclaim:  
"Depart from me! you cannot enter  
here!  
I never knew you, for indeed, howe'er  
You may have wrought on earth, the  
sad, sad fact  
Remains, that life's sublimest, worth-  
iest act—"  
The deacon woke to find it all a dream  
Just as the minister announced his  
theme:  
"My text," said he, "doth comfort only  
such  
As practice charity; for 'inasmuch  
As ye have done it to the least of these  
My little ones' saith He who holds the  
keys  
Of heaven, 'ye have done it unto me,'  
And I will give you immortality."



Straightway the deacon left his cushioned pew,  
 And from the church in sudden haste withdrew,  
 And up the highway ran, on love's swift feet  
 To overtake the child of woe, and greet Him as the worthy representative  
 Of Christ the Lord and to him freely give  
 All needful good, that thus he might atone  
 For the neglect which he before had shown.  
 Thus journeying, God directed all his way,  
 O'er hill and dale, to where the outcast lay  
 Beside the road bemoaning his sad fate.  
 And then the deacon said, "My child, 'tis late;  
 Make haste and journey with me to my home;  
 To guide you thither, I myself have come;  
 And you shall have the food you asked in vain,  
 For God himself hath made my duty plain;  
 If he demand it, all I have is thine;  
 Shrink not, but trust me; place thy hand in mine."  
 And as they journeyed toward the deacon's home,  
 The child related how he came to roam,  
 Until the listening deacon understood  
 The touching story of his orphanhood.  
 Then, finding in the little waif a gem  
 Worthy to deck the Saviour's diadem,  
 He drew him to his loving breast, and said,  
 "My child, you shall by me be clothed and fed;

Nor shall you go from hence again to roam  
 While God in love provides for us a home."  
 And as the weeks and months roll on apace,  
 The deacon held the lad in love's embrace;  
 And being childless did on him confer  
 The boon of sonship.

Thus the almoner  
 Of God's great bounty to the destitute  
 The deacon came to be; and as the fruit  
 Of having learned to keep the golden rule  
 His charity became all-bountiful;  
 And from thenceforth he lived to benefit  
 Mankind; and when in life's great book were writ  
 Their names who heeded charity's request,  
 Lo! Deacon Roland's "name led all the rest."  
*S. V. R. Ford.*

### No Sects in Heaven

Talking of sects quite late one eve,  
 What one and another of saints believe,  
 That night I stood in a troubled dream  
 By the side of a darkly-flowing stream.  
 And a "churchman" down to the river came,  
 When I heard a strange voice call his name,  
 "Good father, stop; when you cross this tide  
 You must leave your robes on the other side."  
 But the aged father did not mind,  
 And his long gown floated out behind  
 As down to the stream his way he took,  
 His hands firm hold of a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven, and when I'm there  
I shall want my book of Common Prayer,  
And though I put on a starry crown,  
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eye on the shining track,  
But his gown was heavy and held him back,  
And the poor old father tried in vain,  
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,  
But his silk gown floated on the tide,  
And no one asked, in that blissful spot,  
If he belonged to "the church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed;  
His dress of a sober hue was made,  
"My hat and coat must be all of gray,  
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin  
And staidly, solemnly, waded in,  
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight  
Over his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat,  
And he sighed a few moments over that,  
And then, as he gazed to the farther shore  
The coat slipped off and was seen no more.

Poor, dying Quaker, thy suit of gray  
Is quietly sailing—away—away,  
But thou'lt go to heaven, as straight as an arrow,  
Whether thy brim be broad or narrow.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of psalms  
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,  
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,  
That the people in heaven, "all round," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,  
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,  
And looked rather surprised, as one by one,  
The psalms and hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,  
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness,  
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do?

The water has soaked them through and through."

And there, on the river, far and wide,  
Away they went on the swollen tide,  
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,  
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name,  
Down to the stream together came,  
But as they stopped at the river's brink,  
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged—may I ask you, friend,  
How you attained to life's great end?  
"Thus, with a few drops on my brow";  
"But I have been *dipped*, as you'll see me now.

"And I really think it will hardly do,  
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with  
you.  
You're bound, I know, to the realms of  
bliss,  
But you must go that way, and I'll go  
this."

And straightway plunging with all his  
might,  
Away to the left—his friend at the  
right,  
Apart they went from this world of  
sin,  
But how did the brethren "enter in"?

And now where the river was rolling  
on,  
A Presbyterian church went down;  
Of women, there seemed an innumera-  
ble throng,  
But the men I could count as they pass-  
ed along.

And concerning the road they could  
never agree,  
The *old* or the *new* way, which it could  
be;  
Nor ever a moment paused to think  
That both would lead to the river's  
brink.

And a sound of murmuring long and  
loud  
Came ever up from the moving crowd,  
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the  
new,  
That is the false, and this is the true";  
Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in  
the new,  
*That* is the false, and *this* is the true."

But the brethren only seemed to speak,  
Modest the sisters walked, and meek,  
And if ever one of them chanced to say  
What troubles she met with on the way,

How she longed to pass to the other  
side,  
Nor feared to cross over the swelling  
tide,  
A voice arose from the brethren then,  
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men,'  
For have ye not heard the words of  
Paul?  
'Oh, let the women keep silence all.'"

I watched them long in my curious  
dream,  
Till they stood by the border of the  
stream,  
Then, just as I thought, the two ways  
met.  
But all the brethren were talking yet,  
And would talk on, till the heaving tide  
Carried them over, side by side;  
Side by side, for the way was one,  
The toilsome journey of life was done,  
And priest and Quaker, and all who  
died,  
Came out alike on the other side;  
No forms or crosses, or books had they,  
No gowns of silk, or suits of gray,  
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,  
For all had put on "Christ's righteous-  
ness."

*Elizabeth H. Jocelyn Cleaveland.*

### The Railroad Crossing

I can't tell much about the thing, 'twas  
done so powerful quick;  
But 'pears to me I got a most outland-  
ish heavy lick:  
It broke my leg, and tore my skulp,  
and jerked my arm 'most out.  
But take a seat: I'll try and tell jest  
how it kem about.

You see, I'd started down to town,  
with that 'ere team of mine,  
A-haulin' down a load o' corn to Ebe-  
nezer Kline,

And drivin' slow; for, jest about a day  
or two before,  
The off-horse run a splinter in his foot,  
and made it sore.

You know the railroad cuts across the  
road at Martin's Hole:  
Well, thar I seed a great big sign,  
raised high upon a pole;  
I thought I'd stop and read the thing,  
and find out what it said,  
And so I stopped the hosses on the  
railroad-track, and read.

I ain't no scholar, rekollect, and so I  
had to spell,  
I started kinder cautious like, with  
R-A-I and L;  
And that spelt "rail" as clear as mud;  
R-O-A-D was "road."  
I lumped 'em: "railroad" was the  
word, and that 'ere much I knowed.

C-R-O and double S, with I-N-G to  
boot,  
Made "crossing" jest as plain as Noah  
Webster dared to do't.  
"Railroad crossing"—good enough!—  
L double-O-K, "look";  
And I was lookin' all the time, and  
spellin' like a book.

O-U-T spelt "out" just right; and there  
it was, "look out,"  
I's kinder cur'us like, to know jest  
what 'twas all about;  
F-O-R and T-H-E; 'twas then "look  
out for the—"  
And then I tried the next word; it  
commenced with E-N-G.

I'd got that fur, when suddintly there  
came an awful whack;  
A thousand fiery thunderbolts just  
scooped me off the track;

The hosses went to Davy Jones, the  
wagon went to smash,  
And I was histed seven yards above  
the tallest ash.

I didn't come to life ag'in fur 'bout a  
day or two;  
But, though I'm crippled up a heap, I  
sorter struggled through;  
It ain't the pain, nor 'tain't the loss o'  
that 'ere team of mine;  
But, stranger, how I'd like to know the  
rest of that 'ere sign!

*Hezekiah Strong.*

## The Sunset City

I

Turn back the leaves of history. On  
yon Pacific shore  
A world-known city's fall and rise shall  
thrill your hearts once more.  
'Twas April; nineteen-six the year;  
old San Francisco lay  
Effulgent in the splendor of the dying  
orb of day  
That bathed in flood of crimson light  
Mount Tamalpais' lonely height  
And kissed the sister towns "good-  
night" across the misty bay.

It burst in glory on the hills, lit up  
the princely homes,  
And gleamed from lofty towers and  
spires and flashed from gilded  
domes;  
It glorified the massive blocks caught  
in its widening flow,  
Engulfed the maze of streets and parks  
that stretched away below,  
Till marble white and foliage green  
and vales of gray, and silvery  
sheen  
Of ocean's surface vast, serene, were  
tinted by its glow.

The tranquil murmurs of the deep  
 were borne on balmy air  
 All odorous with lily breath and roses  
 sweet and rare.  
 The zephyrs sang a lullaby as the slow,  
 fiery ball  
 Ended its trail of gorgeousness be-  
 hind horizon's wall.  
 Then gray absorbed each rainbow hue  
 and dark the beauteous landscape  
 grew  
 As shadowy Evening softly drew her  
 curtain over all.

## II

That night around the festal board,  
 'mid incandescence gay,  
 Sat Pomp and Pride and Wealth and  
 Power, in sumptuous array.  
 That night the happy, careless throng  
 were all on pleasure bent,  
 And Beauty in her jewelled robes to  
 ball and opera went.  
 'Mid feasting, laughter, song and jest;  
 by music's soothing tones caressed;  
 The Sunset City sank to rest in peace,  
 secure, content.

## III

Unconscious of approaching doom, old  
 San Francisco sleeps  
 While from the east, all smilingly, the  
 April morning creeps.  
 See! Playful sunbeams tinge with gold  
 the mountains in the sky,  
 And hazy clouds of gray unfold—but,  
 hark! What means that cry?  
 The ground vibrates with sudden shock.  
 The buildings tremble, groan and  
 rock.  
 Wild fears the waking senses mock,  
 and some wake but to die.

A frightful subterranean force the  
 earth's foundation shakes;

The city quivers in the throes of fierce,  
 successive quakes,  
 And massive structures thrill like giant  
 oaks before the blast;  
 Into the streets with deafening crash  
 the frailer ones are cast.  
 Half garbed, the multitude rush out in  
 frantic haste, with prayer and  
 shout,  
 To join the panic stricken rout. Ho!  
 DEATH is marching past.

A rumbling noise! The streets up-  
 heave, and sink again, like waves;  
 And shattered piles and shapeless  
 wrecks are strewn with human  
 graves.  
 Danger at every corner lurks. De-  
 struction fills the air.  
 Death-laden showers of mortar, bricks,  
 are falling everywhere.

## IV

"Fire! Fire!" And lo! the dread fiend  
 starts. Mothers with babes clasped  
 to their hearts  
 Are struggling for the open parts in  
 frenzy of despair.

A hundred tiny tongues of flame forth  
 from the ruins burst.  
 No water! God! what shall we do to  
 slake their quenchless thirst?  
 The shocks have broken all the mains!  
 "Use wine!" the people cry.  
 The red flames laugh like drunken  
 fiends; they stagger as to die,  
 Then up again in fury spring, on high  
 their crimson draperies fling;  
 From block to block they leap and  
 swing, and smoke clouds hide the  
 sky.

Ha! from the famed Presidio that  
 guards the Golden Gate



Come Funston and his regulars to  
match their strength with Fate.  
The soldiers and the citizens are fight-  
ing side by side  
To check that onslaught of red wrath,  
to stem destruction's tide.  
With roar, and boom, and blare, and  
blast, an open space is cleared at  
last.  
The fiends of fury gallop past with  
flanks outstretched and wide;

Around the city's storehouses they  
wreathe and twine and dance,  
And wealth and splendor shrivel up be-  
fore their swift advance.  
Before their devastating breath the  
stricken people flee.  
"Mine, mine your treasures are!" cried  
Death, and laughs in fiendish  
glee.

Into that vortex of red hell sink church  
and theatre, store, hotel.  
With thunderous roar and hissing yell  
on sweeps the crimson sea.

Again with charge of dynamite the  
lurid clouds are riven;  
Again with heat and sulphur smoke  
the troops are backward driven.  
All day, all night, all day again, with  
that infernal host  
They strive in vain for mastery. Each  
vantage gained is lost,—  
On comes the bellowing flood of flame  
in furious wrath its own to claim;  
Resistless in its awful aim each space  
is bridged and crossed.

Ah God! the miles and miles of waste!  
One half the city gone!  
And westward now—toward Van Ness  
—the roaring flames roll on.  
"Blow up that mile of palaces!" It is  
the last command,

And there, at broad Van Ness, the  
troops make their heroic stand.  
The fight is now for life—sweet life,  
for helpless babe and homeless  
wife—  
The culmination of the strife spectacu-  
larly grand.

On sweeps the hurricane of fire. The  
fatal touch is given.  
The detonation of the blast goes shriek-  
ing up to heaven.  
The mansions of bonanza kings are  
tottering to their doom;  
That swirling tide of fiery fate halts  
at the gaping tomb.  
Beyond the cataclysm's brink, the mul-  
titude, too dazed to think,  
Behold the red waves rise and—sink  
into the smoldering gloom.

V

The fire has swept the waterfront and  
burned the Mission down,  
The business section swallowed up,  
and wiped out Chinatown—  
Full thirty thousand homes destroyed,  
Nob Hill in ashes lies,  
And ghastly skeletons of steel on Mar-  
ket Street arise.  
A gruesome picture everywhere! 'Tis  
desolation grim and bare  
Waits artisan and millionaire beneath  
rank sulphurous skies.

To-night, within the city parks, fam-  
ished, benumbed and mute,  
Two hundred thousand refugees, home-  
less and destitute!  
Upon the hard, cold ground they crouch  
—the wrecks of Pomp and Pride;  
Milady and the city waifs are huddled  
side by side.  
And there, 'neath shelter rude and frail,  
we hear the new-born infants wail,

While nations read the tragic tale—  
how San Francisco died.

## VI

## PROPHECY—1906

Not dead! Though maimed, her soul  
yet lives—indomitable will—  
The Faith, the Hope, the Spirit bold  
nor quake nor fire can kill.  
To-morrow hearts shall throb again  
with western enterprise,  
And from the ruins of to-day a city  
shall arise—  
A monument of beauty great reared by  
the Conquerors of Fate—  
The City of the Golden Gate and match-  
less sunset skies!

## VII

## FULFILLMENT—1915

Reborn, rebuilt, she rose again, far  
vaster in expanse—  
A radiant city smiling from the ashes  
of romance!  
A San Francisco glorified, more beau-  
teous than of yore,  
Enthroned upon her splendid hills,  
queen of the sunset shore;  
Her flags of industry unfurled, her  
portals open to the world!  
Thus, in the Book of Destiny, she lives  
for evermore.

*Isabel Ambler Gilman.*

## Autumn

## A DIRGE

The autumn is old;  
The sere leaves are flying;  
He hath gathered up gold,  
And now he is dying:  
Old age, begin sighing!

The vintage is ripe;  
The harvest is heaping;

But some that have sowed  
Have no riches for reaping:—  
Poor wretch, fall a-weeping!

The year's in the wane;  
There is nothing adorning;  
The night has no eve,  
And the day has no morning;  
Cold winter gives warning.

The rivers run chill;  
The red sun is sinking;  
And I am grown old,  
And life is fast shrinking;  
Here's enow for sad thinking!

*Thomas Hood.*

## Grandmother's Quilt

Why, yes, dear, we can put it by. It  
does seem out of place  
On top of these down comforts and  
this spread of silk and lace.  
You see, I'm used to having it lie so,  
across my feet,  
But maybe I won't need it here, with  
this nice furnace heat;  
I made it? Yes, dear, long ago. 'Twas  
lots of work, you think?  
Oh, not so much. My rose quilt, now,  
all white and green and pink,  
Is really handsome. This is just a  
plain, log cabin block,  
Pieced out of odds and ends; but still  
—now that's your papa's frock  
Before he walked, and this bit here is  
his first little suit.  
I trimmed it up with silver braid. My,  
but he did look cute!  
That red there in the centers, was your  
Aunt Ruth's for her name,  
Her grandmother almost clothed the  
child, before the others came.  
Those plaids? The younger girls',  
they were. I dressed them just  
alike.

And this was baby Winnie's sack—the  
precious little tyke!  
Ma wore this gown to visit me (they  
drove the whole way then).  
And little Edson wore this waist. He  
never came again.  
This lavender par'matta was your  
Great-aunt Jane's—poor dear!  
Mine was a sprig, with the lilac  
ground; see, in the corner here.  
Such goods were high in war times.  
Ah, that scrap of army blue;  
Your bright eyes spied it! Yes, dear  
child, that has its memories, too.  
They sent him home on furlough once  
—our soldier brother Ned;  
But somewhere, now, the dear boy  
sleeps among the unknown dead.  
That flowered patch? Well, now, to  
think you'd pick that from the  
rest!  
Why, dearie—yes, it's satin ribbed—  
that's grandpa's wedding vest!  
Just odds and ends! no great for looks.  
My rose quilt's nicer, far,  
Or the one in basket pattern, or the  
double-pointed star.  
But, somehow—What! We'll leave it  
here? The bed won't look so neat,  
But I think I would sleep better with  
it so, across my feet.

### The Two Angels

Two angels, one of Life and one of  
Death,  
Passed o'er our village as the morn-  
ing broke;  
The dawn was on their faces, and be-  
neath,  
The sombre houses hearsed with  
plumes of smoke.  
Their attitude and aspect were the  
same,  
Alike their features and their robes  
of white;

But one was crowned with amaranth,  
as with flame,  
And one with asphodels, like flakes of  
light.

I saw them pause on their celestial  
way;  
Then said I, with deep fear and  
doubt oppressed,  
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou  
betray  
The place where thy beloved are at  
rest!"

And he who wore the crown of as-  
phodels,  
Descending, at my door began to  
knock,  
And my soul sank within me, as in  
wells  
The waters sink before an earth-  
quake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,  
The terror and the tremor and the  
pain,  
That oft before had filled or haunted  
me,  
And now returned with threefold  
strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly  
guest,  
And listened, for I thought I heard  
God's voice;  
And, knowing whatso'er he sent was  
best,  
Dared neither to lament nor to re-  
joice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house  
with light,  
"My errand is not Death, but Life,"  
he said;  
And ere I answered, passing out of  
sight,  
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend! and not  
 at mine,  
 The angel with the amaranthine  
 wreath,  
 Pausing, descended, and with voice di-  
 vine,  
 Whispered a word that had a sound  
 like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden  
 gloom,  
 A shadow on those features fair and  
 thin;  
 And softly, from that hushed and dark-  
 ened room,  
 Two angels issued, where but one  
 went in.

All is of God! If he but waves his  
 hand,  
 The mists collect, the rain falls  
 thick and loud,  
 Till, with a smile of light on sea and  
 land,  
 Lo! he looks back from the depart-  
 ing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are his;  
 Without his leave they pass no  
 threshold o'er;  
 Who, then, would wish or dare, believ-  
 ing this,  
 Against his messengers to shut the  
 door?

*Henry W. Longfellow.*

### The Witch's Daughter

It was the pleasant harvest-time,  
 When cellar-bins are closely stowed,  
 And garrets bend beneath their load,  
 And the old swallow-haunted barns—  
 Brown-gabled, long, and full of  
 seams  
 Through which the moted sunlight  
 streams—

And winds blow freshly in, to shake  
 The red plumes of the roosted  
 cocks,  
 And the loose hay-mow's scented  
 locks—  
 Are filled with summer's ripened  
 stores,  
 Its odorous grass and barley  
 sheaves,  
 From their low scaffolds to their  
 eaves.

On Esek Harden's oaken floor,  
 With many an autumn threshing  
 worn,  
 Lay the heaped ears of unhusked  
 corn.  
 And thither came young men and  
 maids,  
 Beneath a moon that, large and low,  
 Lit that sweet eve of long ago.  
 They took their places; some by  
 chance,  
 And others by a merry voice  
 Or sweet smile guided to their  
 choice.

How pleasantly the rising moon,  
 Between the shadow of the mows,  
 Looked on them through the great  
 elm-boughs!—  
 On sturdy boyhood, sun-embrowned,  
 On girlhood with its solid curves  
 Of healthful strength and painless  
 nerves!  
 And jests went round, and laughs that  
 made  
 The house-dog answer with his howl,  
 And kept astir the barn-yard fowl.

And quaint old songs their fathers  
 sung,  
 In Derby dales and Yorkshire  
 moors,  
 Ere Norman William trod their  
 shores;

And tales, whose merry license shook  
The fat sides of the Saxon thane,  
Forgetful of the hovering Dane!

But still the sweetest voice was mute  
That river-valley ever heard  
From lip of maid or throat of bird;  
For Mabel Martin sat apart,  
And let the hay-mow's shadow fall  
Upon the loveliest face of all.  
She sat apart, as one forbid,  
Who knew that none would condescend  
To own the Witch-wife's child a friend.

The seasons scarce had gone their round,  
Since curious thousands thronged to see  
Her mother on the gallows-tree;  
And mocked the palsied limbs of age,  
That faltered on the fatal stairs,  
And wan lip trembling with its prayers!  
Few questioned of the sorrowing child,  
Or, when they saw the mother die,  
Dreamed of the daughter's agony.  
They went up to their homes that day,  
As men and Christians justified:  
God willed it, and the wretch had died!

Dear God and Father of us all,  
Forgive our faith in cruel lies,—  
Forgive the blindness that denies!  
Forgive Thy creature when he takes,  
For the all-perfect love Thou art,  
Some grim creation of his heart.  
Cast down our idols, overturn  
Our bloody altars; let us see  
Thyself in Thy humanity!

Poor Mabel from her mother's grave  
Crept to her desolate hearth-stone,  
And wrestled with her fate alone;

With love, and anger, and despair,  
The phantoms of disordered sense,  
The awful doubts of Providence!  
The school-boys jeered her as they passed,  
And, when she sought the house of prayer,  
Her mother's curse pursued her there.  
And still o'er many a neighboring door  
She saw the horseshoe's curvèd charm,  
To guard against her mother's harm;—

That mother, poor, and sick, and lame,  
Who daily, by the old arm-chair,  
Folded her withered hands in prayer;—  
Who turned, in Salem's dreary jail,  
Her worn old Bible o'er and o'er,  
When her dim eyes could read no more!

Sore tried and pained, the poor girl kept  
Her faith, and trusted that her way,  
So dark, would somewhere meet the day.  
And still her weary wheel went round,  
Day after day, with no relief:  
Small leisure have the poor for grief.

So in the shadow Mabel sits;  
Untouched by mirth she sees and hears,  
Her smile is sadder than her tears.  
But cruel eyes have found her out,  
And cruel lips repeat her name,  
And taunt her with her mother's shame.

She answered not with railing words,  
But drew her apron o'er her face,  
And, sobbing, glided from the place.



And only pausing at the door,  
Her sad eyes met the troubled gaze  
Of one who, in her better days,  
Had been her warm and steady friend,  
Ere yet her mother's doom had made  
Even Esek Harden half afraid.

He felt that mute appeal of tears,  
And, starting, with an angry frown  
Hushed all the wicked murmurs  
down.

"Good neighbors mine," he sternly  
said,

"This passes harmless mirth or jest;  
I brook no insult to my guest.

"She is indeed her mother's child;  
But God's sweet pity ministers  
Unto no whiter soul than hers.  
Let Goody Martin rest in peace;  
I never knew her harm a fly,  
And witch or not, God knows,—not  
I.

I know who swore her life away;  
And, as God lives, I'd not condemn  
An Indian dog on word of them."

Poor Mabel, in her lonely home,  
Sat by the window's narrow pane,  
White in the moonlight's silver rain.  
The river, on its pebbled rim,  
Made music such as childhood  
knew;

The door-yard tree was whispered  
through

By voices such as childhood's ear  
Had heard in moonlights long ago;  
And through the willow boughs be-  
low

She saw the rippled waters shine;  
Beyond, in waves of shade and light  
The hills rolled off into the night.

Sweet sounds and pictures mocking so  
The sadness of her human lot,  
She saw and heard, but heeded not.

She strove to drown her sense of  
wrong,  
And, in her old and simple way,  
To teach her bitter heart to pray.

Poor child! the prayer, begun in faith,  
Grew to a low, despairing cry  
Of utter misery: "Let me die!  
Oh! take me from the scornful eyes,  
And hide me where the cruel speech  
And mocking finger may not reach!

"I dare not breathe my mother's  
name:

A daughter's right I dare not crave  
To weep above her unblest grave!  
Let me not live until my heart,  
With few to pity, and with none  
To love me, hardens into stone.  
O God! have mercy on thy child,  
Whose faith in Thee grows weak  
and small,  
And take me ere I lose it all."

The broadest lands in all the town,  
The skill to guide, the power to awe,  
Were Harden's; and his word was  
law.

None dared withstand him to his face,  
But one sly maiden spake aside:  
"The little witch is evil-eyed!

Her mother only killed a cow,  
Or witched a churn or dairy-pan;  
But she, forsooth, must charm a  
man!"

A shadow on the moonlight fell,  
And murmuring wind and wave be-  
came

A voice whose burden was her name.  
Had then God heard her? Had he sent  
His angel down? In flesh and  
blood,  
Before her Esek Harden stood!

He laid his hand upon her arm:  
 "Dear Mabel, this no more shall be;  
 Who scoffs at you, must scoff at me.  
 You know rough Esek Harden well;  
 And if he seems no suitor gay,  
 And if his hair is mixed with gray,  
 The maiden grown shall never find  
 His heart less warm than when she  
 smiled  
 Upon his knees, a little child!"

Her tears of grief were tears of joy,  
 As folded in his strong embrace,  
 She looked in Esek Harden's face.  
 "O truest friend of all!" she said,  
 "God bless you for your kindly  
 thought,  
 And make me worthy of my lot!"

He led her through his dewy fields,  
 To where the swinging lanterns  
 glowed,  
 And through the doors the huskers  
 showed.  
 "Good friends and neighbors!" Esek  
 said,  
 "I'm weary of this lonely life;  
 In Mabel see my chosen wife!"

"She greets you kindly, one and all:  
 The past is past, and all offence  
 Falls harmless from her innocence.  
 Henceforth she stands no more alone;  
 You know what Esek Harden is;—  
 He brooks no wrong to him or his."

Now let the merriest tales be told,  
 And let the sweetest songs be sung,  
 That ever made the old heart young!  
 For now the lost has found a home;  
 And a lone hearth shall brighter  
 burn,  
 As all the household joys return!

Oh, pleasantly the harvest moon,  
 Between the shadow of the mows,

Looked on them through the great  
 elm-boughs!  
 On Mabel's curls of golden hair,  
 On Esek's shaggy strength it fell;  
 And the wind whispered, "It is  
 well!"

*John G. Whittier.*

### David's Lament for Absalom

King David's limbs were weary. He  
 had fled  
 From far Jerusalem; and now he  
 stood  
 With his faint people for a little rest  
 Upon the shore of Jordan. The light  
 wind  
 Of morn was stirring, and he bared  
 his brow  
 To its refreshing breath; for he had  
 worn  
 The mourner's covering, and he had  
 not felt  
 That he could see his people until now.

They gathered round him on the fresh  
 green bank  
 And spoke their kindly words, and as  
 the sun  
 Rose up in heaven he knelt among  
 them there,  
 And bowed his head upon his hands to  
 pray.  
 Oh! when the heart is full—where bit-  
 ter thoughts  
 Come crowding thickly up for utter-  
 ance,  
 And the poor common words of  
 courtesy  
 Are such a mockery—how much  
 The bursting heart may pour itself in  
 prayer!  
 He prayed for Israel—and his voice  
 went up  
 Strongly and fervently. He prayed  
 for those

Whose love had been his shield—and  
 his deep tones  
 Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom,  
 For his estranged, misguided Absalom—  
 The proud, bright being who had burst  
 away  
 In all his princely beauty to defy  
 The heart that cherished him—for him  
 he prayed,  
 In agony that would not be controll'd,  
 Strong supplication, and forgave him  
 there  
 Before his God for his deep sinfulness.

The pall was settled. He who slept  
 beneath  
 Was straightened for the grave, and  
 as the folds  
 Sank to their still proportions, they be-  
 trayed  
 The matchless symmetry of Absalom.  
 The mighty Joab stood beside the bier  
 And gazed upon the dark pall stead-  
 fastly,  
 As if he feared the slumberer might  
 stir.  
 A slow step startled him. He grasped  
 his blade  
 As if a trumpet rang, but the bent  
 form  
 Of David entered; and he gave com-  
 mand  
 In a low tone to his few followers,  
 And left him with the dead.

The King stood still  
 Till the last echo died; then, throwing  
 off  
 The sackcloth from his brow, and lay-  
 ing back  
 The pall from the still features of his  
 child,

He bowed his head upon him and broke  
 forth  
 In the resistless eloquence of woe:

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou  
 shouldst die!  
 Thou who wert made so beautifully  
 fair!  
 That death should settle in thy glori-  
 ous eye,  
 And leave his stillness in this clus-  
 tering hair!  
 How could he mark thee for the silent  
 tomb,  
 My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am  
 chill  
 As to my bosom I have tried to press  
 thee!  
 How was I wont to feel my pulses  
 thrill  
 Like a rich harp-string yearning to  
 caress thee,  
 And hear thy sweet 'my father!' from  
 those dumb  
 And cold lips, Absalom!

"But death is on thee! I shall hear  
 the gush  
 Of music, and the voices of the  
 young;  
 And life will pass me in the mantling  
 blush,  
 And the dark tresses to the soft  
 winds flung;—  
 But thou no more, with thy sweet  
 voice, shalt come  
 To meet me, Absalom!

"And oh! when I am stricken, and my  
 heart,  
 Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be  
 broken,  
 How will its love for thee, as I depart,

Yearn for thine ear to drink its last  
 deep token!  
 It were so sweet, amid death's gather-  
 ing gloom,  
 To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give  
 thee up,  
 With death so like a gentle slumber  
 on thee!—  
 And thy dark sin! Oh! I could drink  
 the cup,  
 If from this woe its bitterness had  
 won thee.  
 May God have called thee, like a wan-  
 derer, home,  
 My lost boy, Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed  
 himself  
 A moment on his child; then, giving  
 him  
 A look of melting tenderness, he clasp-  
 ed  
 His hands convulsively, as if in prayer,  
 And, as if strength were given him of  
 God,  
 He rose up calmly, and composed the  
 pall  
 Firmly and decently—and left him  
 there,  
 As if his rest had been a breathing  
 sleep.

*N. P. Willis.*

### Christmas Day in the Work- house

It is Christmas day in the workhouse,  
 And the cold bare walls are bright  
 With garlands of green and holly,  
 And the place is a pleasant sight:  
 For with clean-washed hands and faces,  
 In a long and hungry line  
 The paupers sit at the tables,  
 For this is the hour they dine.

And the guardians and their ladies,  
 Although the wind is east,  
 Have come in their furs and wrappers  
 To watch their charges feast;  
 To smile and be condescending,  
 Put pudding on pauper plates,  
 To be hosts at the workhouse banquet  
 They've paid for—with the rates.

Oh, the paupers are meek and lowly  
 With their "Thank'ee kindly,  
 mum's";  
 So long as they fill their stomachs,  
 What matter whence it comes?  
 But one of the old men mutters,  
 And pushes his plate aside:  
 "Great God!" he cries; "but it chokes  
 me;  
 For this is the day *she* died."

The guardians gazed in horror,  
 The master's face went white:  
 "Did a pauper refuse their pudding?"  
 "Could their ears believe aright?"  
 Then the ladies clutched their hus-  
 bands  
 Thinking the man would die,  
 Struck by a bolt, or something,  
 By the outraged One on high.

But the pauper sat for a moment,  
 Then rose 'mid a silence grim,  
 For the others had ceased to chatter,  
 And trembled in every limb.  
 He looked at the guardians' ladies,  
 Then, eyeing their lords, he said:  
 "I eat not the food of villains  
 Whose hands are foul and red,

"Whose victims cry for vengeance  
 From their dark unhallowed graves."  
 "He's drunk!" said the workhouse mas-  
 ter,  
 "Or else he's mad, and raves."  
 "Not drunk or mad," cried the pauper,  
 "But only a hunted beast,

Who, torn by the hounds and mangled,  
Declines the vulture's feast.

"I care not a curse for the guardians,  
And I won't be dragged away.  
Just let me have the fit out,  
It's only on Christmas day  
That the black past comes to goad me,  
And prey on my burning brain,  
I'll tell you the rest in a whisper,—  
I swear I won't shout again.

"Keep your hands off me, curse you!  
Hear me right out to the end.  
You come here to see how paupers  
The season of Christmas spend.  
You come here to watch us feeding,  
As they watch the captured beast,  
Hear why a penniless pauper  
Spits on your paltry feast.

"Do you think I will take your bounty,  
And let you smile and think  
You're doing a noble action  
With the parish's meat and drink?  
Where is my wife, you traitors—  
The poor old wife you slew?  
Yes, by the God above us,  
My Nance was killed by you!

"Last winter my wife lay dying,  
Starved in a filthy den;  
I had never been to the parish,—  
I came to the parish then.  
I swallowed my pride in coming,  
For, ere the ruin came,  
I held up my head as a trader,  
And I bore a spotless name.

"I came to the parish, craving  
Bread for a starving wife,  
Bread for the woman who'd loved me  
Through fifty years of life;  
And what do you think they told me,  
Mocking my awful grief?  
That 'the House' was open to us,  
But they wouldn't give 'out relief.'

"I slunk to the filthy alley—  
'Twas a cold, raw Christmas eve—  
And the bakers' shops were open,  
Tempting a man to thief:  
But I clenched my fists together,  
Holding my head awry,  
So I came to her empty-handed  
And mournfully told her why.

"Then I told her 'the House' was open;  
She had heard of the ways of *that*,  
For her bloodless cheeks went crimson,  
And up in her rags she sat,  
Crying, 'Bide the Christmas here, John,  
We've never had one apart;  
I think I can bear the hunger,—  
The other would break my heart.'

"All through that eve I watched her,  
Holding her hand in mine,  
Praying the Lord, and weeping  
Till my lips were salt as brine.  
I asked her once if she hungered,  
And as she answered 'No,'  
The moon shone in at the window  
Set in a wreath of snow.

"Then the room was bathed in glory,  
And I saw in my darling's eyes  
The far-away look of wonder  
That comes when the spirit flies;  
And her lips were parched and parted,  
And her reason came and went,  
For she raved of our home in Devon  
Where our happiest years were spent.

"And the accents, long forgotten,  
Came back to the tongue once more,  
For she talked like the country lassie  
I woo'd by the Devon shore.  
Then she rose to her feet and trembled,  
And fell on the rags and moaned,  
And, 'Give me a crust—I'm famished—  
For the love of God!' she groaned.

"I rushed from the room like a mad-  
man,



And flew to the workhouse gate,  
 Crying 'Food for a dying woman?'  
 And the answer came, "Too late."  
 They drove me away with curses;  
 Then I fought with a dog in the  
 street,  
 And tore from the mongrel's clutches  
 A crust he was trying to eat.

"Back, through the filthy by-lanes!  
 Back, through the trampled slush!  
 Up to the crazy garret,  
 Wrapped in an awful hush.  
 My heart sank down at the threshold,  
 And I paused with a sudden thrill,  
 For there in the silv'ry moonlight  
 My Nance lay, cold and still.

"Up to the blackened ceiling  
 The sunken eyes were cast—  
 I knew on those lips all bloodless  
 My name had been the last:  
 She'd called for her absent husband—  
 O God! had I but known!—  
 Had called in vain, and in anguish  
 Had died in that den—*alone*.

"Yes, there, in a land of plenty,  
 Lay a loving woman dead,  
 Cruelly starved and murdered  
 For a loaf of the parish bread.  
 At yonder gate, last Christmas,  
 I craved for a human life.  
 You, who would feast us paupers,  
*What of my murdered wife!*

\* \* \* \* \*

"There, get ye gone to your dinners;  
 Don't mind me in the least;  
 Think of the happy paupers  
 Eating your Christmas feast;  
 And when you recount their blessings  
 In your snug, parochial way,  
 Say what you did for me, too,  
 Only last Christmas Day."

*George R. Sims.*

## Our Presidents—A Memory Rhyme

First on the list is Washington, Vir-  
 ginia's proudest name;  
 John Adams next, the Federalist, from  
 Massachusetts came;  
 Three sons of old Virginia into the  
 White House go—  
 'Twas Jefferson, and Madison, and  
 then came James Monroe.

Massachusetts for one term sent  
 Adams called John Q.,  
 And Tennessee a Democrat, brave  
 Jackson staunch and true.  
 Martin Van Buren of New York, and  
 Harrison we see,  
 And Tyler of Virginia, and Polk of  
 Tennessee.

Louisiana Taylor sent; New York Mil-  
 lard Fillmore;  
 New Hampshire gave us Franklin  
 Pierce; when his term was o'er  
 The Keystone state Buchanan sent.  
 War thunders shook the realm,  
 Abe Lincoln wore a martyr's crown,  
 and Johnson took the helm.

Then U. S. Grant of Illinois who ruled  
 with sword and pen;  
 And Hayes, and Garfield who was shot,  
 two noble Buckeye men.  
 Chester Arthur from New York, and  
 Grover Cleveland came;  
 Ben Harrison served just four years,  
 then Cleveland ruled again.

McKinley—shot at Buffalo—the nation  
 plunged in grief,  
 And "Teddy" Roosevelt of New York  
 served seven years as chief.  
 Taft of Ohio followed him. Then  
 Woodrow Wilson came—  
 New Jersey's learned Democrat; war  
 set the world aflame;

And when the tide of strife and hate  
its baneful course had run,  
The country went Republican and  
Warren Harding won.  
No duty would he shirk,—he died while  
on a western trip;  
Coolidge of Massachusetts then as-  
sumed the leadership.

*Isabel Ambler Gilman.*

### **Annie and Willie's Prayer**

'Twas the eve before Christmas; "Good  
night" had been said,  
And Annie and Willie had crept into  
bed;  
There were tears on their pillows, and  
tears in their eyes,  
And each little bosom was heaving with  
sighs,  
For to-night their stern father's com-  
mand had been given  
That they should retire precisely at  
seven  
Instead of at eight; for they troubled  
him more  
With questions unheard of than ever  
before;  
He had told them he thought this de-  
lusion a sin,  
No such being as Santa Claus ever had  
been,  
And he hoped, after this, he should  
never more hear  
How he scrambled down chimneys with  
presents, each year.  
And this was the reason that two little  
heads  
So restlessly tossed on their soft  
downy beds.  
  
Eight, nine, and the clock on the stee-  
ple tolled ten;  
Not a word had been spoken by either  
till then;  
When Willie's sad face from the blank-  
et did peep,

And whispered, "Dear Annie, is oo  
fast asleep?"  
"Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet  
voice replies,  
"I've tried it in vain, but I can't shut  
my eyes;  
For somehow, it makes me so sorry be-  
cause  
Dear papa has said there is no Santa  
Claus;  
Now we know there is, and it can't be  
denied,  
For he came every year before mamma  
died;  
But then I've been thinking that she  
used to pray,  
And God would hear everything mam-  
ma would say;  
And perhaps she asked him to send  
Santa Claus here  
With the sacks full of presents he  
brought every year."  
"Well, why tant we pray dest as mam-  
ma did then,  
And ask Him to send him with presents  
aden?"  
"I've been thinking so, too," and, with-  
out a word more,  
Four little bare feet bounded out on the  
floor,  
And four little knees the soft carpet  
pressed,  
And two tiny hands were clasped close  
to each breast.  
"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly  
believe  
That the presents we ask for we're sure  
to receive;  
You must wait just as still till I say  
the 'Amen,'  
And by that you will know that your  
turn has come then.  
Dear Jesus, look down on my brother  
and me,  
And grant us the favor we are asking  
of Thee!

I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,  
And an ebony work-box that shuts with  
a spring.

Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him  
to see

That Santa Claus loves us far better  
than he;

Don't let him get fretful and angry  
again

At dear brother Willie, and Annie,  
Amen!"

"Peas Desus 'et Santa Taus tum down  
to-night,

And bing us some presents before it is  
'ight;

I want he should div me a nice little  
sed,

With bight, shiny unners, and all paint-  
ed yed;

A box full of tandy, a book and a toy—  
Amen—and then Desus, I'll be a dood  
boy."

Their prayers being ended they raised  
up their heads,

And with hearts light and cheerful  
again sought their beds;

They were soon lost in slumber both  
peaceful and deep,

And with fairies in dreamland were  
roaming in sleep.

Eight, nine, and the little French clock  
had struck ten

Ere the father had thought of his chil-  
dren again;

He seems now to hear Annie's half  
suppressed sighs,

And to see the big tears stand in  
Willie's blue eyes.

"I was harsh with my darlings," he  
mentally said,

"And should not have sent them so  
early to bed;

But then I was troubled,—my feelings  
found vent,

For bank-stock to-day has gone down  
ten per cent.

But of course they've forgotten their  
troubles ere this,

And that I denied them the thrice  
asked-for kiss;

But just to make sure I'll steal up to  
their door,

For I never spoke harsh to my darlings  
before."

So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,  
And arrived at the door to hear both  
of their prayers.

His Annie's "bless papa" draws forth  
the big tears,

And Willie's grave promise falls sweet  
on his ears.

"Strange, strange I'd forgotten," said  
he with a sigh,

"How I longed when a child to have  
Christmas draw nigh.

I'll atone for my harshness," he in-  
wardly said,

"By answering their prayers, ere I  
sleep in my bed."

Then he turned to the stairs, and softly  
went down,

Threw off velvet slippers and silk  
dressing-gown;

Donned hat, coat, and boots, and was  
out in the street,

A millionaire facing the cold driving  
sleet,

Nor stopped he until he had bought  
everything,

From the box full of candy to the tiny  
gold ring.

Indeed he kept adding so much to his  
store

That the various presents outnumbered  
a score;

Then homeward he turned with his  
holiday load

And with Aunt Mary's aid in the nur-  
sery 'twas stowed.

Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine-tree,  
By the side of a table spread out for a tea;  
A work-box well filled in the centre was laid,  
And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed;  
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled  
With bright shining runners, and all painted red;  
There were balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see,  
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree,  
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,  
As if getting ready more presents to drop.  
And as the fond father the picture surveyed,  
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid;  
And he said to himself as he brushed off a tear,  
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year.  
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before—  
What care I if bank-stocks fall ten per cent more.  
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,  
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas eve."  
So thinking he gently extinguished the light,  
And tripped down the stairs to retire for the night.

As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun  
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars, one by one,  
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,

And at the same moment the presents espied;  
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,  
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found;  
They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,  
And shouted for papa to come quick and see  
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night  
(Just the things that they wanted) and left before light;  
"And now," added Annie, in a voice soft and low,  
"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know";  
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,  
Determined no secret between them should be,  
And told in soft whispers how Annie had said  
That their blessed mamma, so long ago dead,  
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,  
And that God, up in heaven, had answered her prayer!  
"Then we dot up, and payed dust as well as we tould,  
And Dod answered our payers; now wasn't he dood?"

"I should say that he was if he sent you all these,  
And knew just what presents my children would please.  
Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,  
"Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself."

Blind father! who caused your proud heart to relent,

And the hasty word spoken so soon to  
repent?

'Twas the Being who made you steal  
softly upstairs,

And made you His agent to answer  
their prayers.

*Sophia P. Snow.*

### Trailing Arbutus

I wandered lonely where the pine-  
trees made

Against the bitter East their barri-  
cade,

And, guided by its sweet  
Perfume, I found, within a narrow  
dell,

The trailing spring flower tinted like  
a shell

Amid dry leaves and mosses at my  
feet.

From under dead boughs, for whose  
loss the pines

Moaned ceaseless overhead, the blos-  
soming vines

Lifted their glad surprise,  
While yet the bluebird smoothed in  
leafless trees

His feathers ruffled by the chill sea-  
breeze,

And snow-drifts lingered under  
April skies.

As, pausing, o'er the lonely flower I  
bent,

I thought of lives thus lowly clogged  
and pent,

Which yet find room,  
Through care and cumber, coldness  
and decay,

To lend a sweetness to the ungenial  
day

And make the sad earth happier for  
their bloom.

*J. G. Whittier.*

### When the Light Goes Out

Tho' yer lamp o' life is burnin' with a  
clear and steady light,

An' it never seems ter flicker, but it's  
allers shinin' bright;

Tho' it sheds its rays unbroken for a  
thousand happy days—

Father Time is ever turnin' down the  
wick that feeds yer blaze.

So it clearly is yer duty ef you've got  
a thing to do

Ter put yer shoulder to ther wheel an'  
try to push her through;

Ef yer upon a wayward track you bet-  
ter turn about—

You've lost ther chance to do it

When the

Light

Goes

Out.

Speak kindly to the woman who is  
working fer yer praise,

Ther same way as you used ter in  
those happy courtin' days;

She likes appreciation just the same ez  
me an' you,

And it's only right and proper that yer  
give her what is due.

Don't wait until her lamp o' life is  
burnin' dim an' low,

Afore you tell her what you orter told  
her long ago—

Now's ther time ter cheer her up an'  
put her blues to rout—

You've lost ther chance to do it

When the

Light

Goes

Out.

Don't keep a-puttin' matters off an'  
settin' dates ahead—

To-morrow's sun'll find a humared  
thousand of us dead:



Don't think because yer feelin' well  
 you won't be sick no more—  
 Sometimes the reddest pippin has a  
 worm-hole to the core.  
 Don't let a killin' habit grow upon you  
 soft and still  
 Because you think thet you ken throw  
 it from you at your will—  
 Now's ther time ter quit it when yer  
 feelin' brave an' stout—  
 You've lost ther chance to do it  
 When the  
     Light  
       Goes  
         Out.

I'd rather die with nothin' then ter  
 hev ther people say  
 That I had got my money in a robbin',  
 graspin' way;  
 No words above my restin' place from  
 any tongue or pen  
 Would hev a deeper meanin' than "He  
 helped his fellow-men."  
 So ef you hev a fortune and you want  
 to help the poor,  
 Don't keep a-stavin' off until you get  
 a little more;  
 Ef yer upon a miser's track you better  
 turn about—  
 Yer record keeps on burnin'  
 When the  
     Light  
       Goes  
         Out.  
         *Harry S. Chester.*

### Prayer and Potatoes

An old lady sat in her old arm-chair,  
 With wrinkled visage and disheveled  
 hair,  
 And pale and hunger-worn fea-  
 tures;  
 For days and for weeks her only fare,  
 As she sat there in her old arm-chair,  
 Had been potatoes.

But now they were gone; of bad or  
 good,  
 Not one was left for the old lady's food  
 Of those potatoes;  
 And she sighed and said, "What shall  
 I do?  
 Where shall I send, and to whom shall  
 I go  
 For more potatoes?"

And she thought of the deacon over the  
 way,  
 The deacon so ready to worship and  
 pray,  
 Whose cellar was full of potatoes;  
 And she said: "I will send for the dea-  
 con to come;  
 He'll not mind much to give me some  
 Of such a store of potatoes."

And the deacon came over as fast as  
 he could,  
 Thinking to do the old lady some good,  
 But never thought of potatoes;  
 He asked her at once what was her  
 chief want,  
 And she, simple soul, expecting a  
 grant,  
 Immediately answered, "Potatoes."

But the deacon's religion didn't lie that  
 way;  
 He was more accustomed to preach and  
 pray  
 Than to give of his hoarded pota-  
 toes;  
 So, not hearing, of course, what the old  
 lady said,  
 He rose to pray with uncovered head,  
 But *she* only thought of potatoes.

He prayed for patience, and wisdom,  
 and grace,  
 But when he prayed, "Lord, give her  
 peace,"  
 She audibly sighed "Give pota-  
 toes";

And at the end of each prayer which  
 he said,  
 He heard, or thought that he heard in  
 its stead,  
 The same request for potatoes

The deacon was troubled; knew not  
 what to do;

'Twas very embarrassing to have her  
 act so

About "those carnal potatoes."

So, ending his prayer, he started for  
 home;

As the door closed behind him, he  
 heard a deep groan,

"Oh, give to the hungry, potatoes!"

And that groan followed him all the  
 way home;

In the midst of the night it haunted his  
 room—

"Oh, give to the hungry, potatoes!"

He could bear it no longer; arose and  
 dressed;

From his well-filled cellar taking in  
 haste

A bag of his best potatoes.

Again he went to the widow's lone hut;  
 Her sleepless eyes she had not shut;  
 But there she sat in that old arm-chair,  
 With the same wan features, the same  
 sad air,

And, entering in, he poured on the floor  
 A bushel or more from his goodly store  
 Of choicest potatoes.

The widow's cup was running o'er,  
 Her face was haggard and wan no  
 more.

"Now," said the deacon, "shall we  
 pray?"

"Yes," said the widow, "*now* you may."  
 And he knelt him down on the sand-  
 ed floor,

Where he had poured his goodly store,  
 And such a prayer the deacon prayed

As never before his lips essayed;  
 No longer embarrassed, but free and  
 full,

He poured out the voice of a liberal  
 soul,

And the widow responded aloud  
 "Amen!"

But spake no more of potatoes.

And would you, who hear this simple  
 tale,

Pray for the poor, and praying, "pre-  
 vail"?

Then preface your prayers with alms  
 and good deeds;

Search out the poor, their wants and  
 their needs;

Pray for peace, and grace, and spiritual  
 food,

For wisdom and guidance,—for all  
 these are good,—

*But don't forget the potatoes.*

*J. T. Pettee.*

### The Parts of Speech

Three little words you often see  
 Are articles *a*, *an*, and *the*.

A noun's the name of anything,  
 As *house* or *garden*, *hoop* or *swing*.

Instead of nouns the pronouns stand—  
*Her* head, *your* face, *his* arm, *my* hand.

Adjectives tell the kind of noun,  
 As *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white* or *brown*.

Verbs tell something to be done—  
 To *read*, *count*, *sing*, *laugh* or *run*.

How things are done the adverbs tell,  
 As *slowly*, *quickly*, *ill* or *well*.

Conjunctions join the words together,  
 As *men and* women, *wind or* weather.

The preposition stands before

A noun, as *in* or *through* a door.

The interjection shows surprise,  
 As *oh!* how pretty, *ah!* how wise.

The whole are called nine parts of  
 speech,

Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

### A New Leaf

He came to my desk with quivering  
lip—

The lesson was done.

"Dear Teacher, I want a new leaf," he  
said,

"I have spoiled this one."

I took the old leaf, stained and blotted,  
And gave him a new one all unspotted,  
And into his sad eyes smiled,

"Do better, now, my child."

I went to the throne with a quivering  
soul—

The old year was done.

"Dear Father, hast Thou a new leaf  
for me?

I have spoiled this one."

He took the old leaf, stained and  
blotted,

And gave me a new one all unspotted,  
And into my sad heart smiled,

"Do better, now, my child."

*Carrie Shaw Rice.*

### The Boy With the Hoe

How are you hoeing your row, my boy?

Say, how are you hoeing your row?

Do you hoe it fair?

Do you hoe it square?

Do you hoe it the best that you  
know?

Do you cut out the weeds as you ought  
to do?

Do you plant what is beautiful there?

For the harvest, you know,

Will be just what you sow;

Are you working it on the square?

Say, are you killing the weeds, my boy?

Are you hoeing your row neat and  
clean?

Are you going straight

At a hustling gait?

Are you cutting out all that is mean?

Do you whistle and sing as you toil  
along?

Are you finding your work a delight?

If you do it this way

You will gladden the day,

And your row will be tended right.

Hoeing your row with a will, my boy,

And giving it thought and care,

Will insure success

And your efforts bless,

As the crop to the garner you bear;

For the world will look on as you hoe  
your row,

And will judge you by that which  
you do;

Therefore, try for first prize,

Though your utmost it tries,

For the harvest depends on you.

*T. B. Weaver.*

### Our Flag

Fling it from mast and steeple,

Symbol o'er land and sea

Of the life of a happy people,

Gallant and strong and free.

Proudly we view its colors,

Flag of the brave and true,

With the clustered stars and the stead-  
fast bars,

The red, the white, and the blue.

Flag of the fearless-hearted,

Flag of the broken chain,

Flag in a day-dawn started,

Never to pale or wane.

Dearly we prize its colors,

With the heaven light breaking  
through,

The clustered stars and the steadfast  
bars,

The red, the white, and the blue.

Flag of the sturdy fathers,

Flag of the loyal sons,

Beneath its folds it gathers  
 Earth's best and noblest ones.  
 Boldly we wave its colors,  
 Our veins are thrilled anew  
 By the steadfast bars, the clustered  
 stars,  
 The red, the white, and the blue.  
*Margaret E. Sangster.*

### The Little Fir-Trees

Hey! little evergreens,  
 Sturdy and strong,  
 Summer and autumn-time  
 Hasten along.  
 Harvest the sunbeams, then,  
 Bind them in sheaves,  
 Range them and change them  
 To tufts of green leaves.  
 Delve in the mellow-mold,  
 Far, far below.  
 And so,  
 Little evergreens, grow!  
 Grow! Grow!  
 Grow, little evergreens, grow!

Up, up so airily,  
 To the blue sky,  
 Lift up your leafy tips  
 Stately and high;  
 Clasp tight your tiny cones,  
 Tawny and brown,  
 By and by buffeting  
 Rains will pelt down.  
 By and by bitterly  
 Chill winds will blow,  
 And so,  
 Little evergreens, grow!  
 Grow! Grow!  
 Grow, little evergreens, grow!

Gather all uttermost  
 Beauty, because,—  
 Hark, till I tell it now!  
 How Santa Claus,  
 Out of the northern land,  
 Over the seas,

Soon shall come seeking you,  
 Evergreen trees!  
 Seek you with reindeer soon,  
 Over the snow:  
 And so,  
 Little evergreens, grow!  
 Grow! Grow!  
 Grow, little evergreens, grow!

What if the maple flare  
 Flaunting and red,  
 You shall wear waxen white  
 Taper instead.  
 What if now, elsewhere,  
 Birds are beguiled,  
 You shall yet nestle  
 The little Christ-Child.  
 Ah! the strange splendor  
 The fir-trees shall know!  
 And so,  
 Little evergreens, grow!  
 Grow! Grow!  
 Grow, little evergreens, grow!  
*Evaleen Stein.*

### He Worried About It

The sun's heat will give out in ten mil-  
 lion years more—  
 And he worried about it.  
 It will sure give out then, if it doesn't  
 before—  
 And he worried about it.  
 It will surely give out, so the scien-  
 tists said  
 In all scientific books he had read,  
 And the whole boundless universe  
 then will be dead—  
 And he worried about it.

And some day the earth will fall into  
 the sun—  
 And he worried about it—  
 Just as sure and as straight as if shot  
 from a gun—  
 And he worried about it.

"When strong gravitation unbuckles  
her straps,  
Just picture," he said, "what a fearful  
collapse!

It will come in a few million ages,  
perhaps"—

And he worried about it.

And the earth will become much too  
small for the race—

And he worried about it—

When we'll pay thirty dollars an inch  
for pure space—

And he worried about it.

The earth will be crowded so much,  
without doubt,

That there won't be room for one's  
tongue to stick out,

Nor room for one's thought to wander  
about—

And he worried about it.

And the Gulf Stream will curve, and  
New England grow torrid—

And he worried about it—

Than was ever the climate of southern-  
most Florida—

And he worried about it.

Our ice crop will be knocked into  
small smithereens,

And crocodiles block up our mowing-  
machines,

And we'll lose our fine crops of po-  
tatoes and beans—

And he worried about it.

And in less than ten thousand years,  
there's no doubt—

And he worried about it—

Our supply of lumber and coal will  
give out—

And he worried about it.

Just then the ice-age will return  
cold and raw,

Frozen men will stand stiff with  
arms outstretched in awe,

As if vainly beseeching a general  
thaw—

And he worried about it.

His wife took in washing—half a dol-  
lar a day—

He didn't worry about it—

His daughter sewed shirts the rude  
grocer to pay—

He didn't worry about it.

While his wife beat her tireless rub-  
a-dub-dub

On the washboard drum of her old  
wooden tub,

He sat by the stove, and he just let  
her rub—

He didn't worry about it.

*Sam Walter Foss.*

## The President

No gilt or tinsel taints the dress  
Of him who holds the natal power,  
No weighty helmet's fastenings press  
On brow that shares Columbia's dower,  
No blaring trumpets mark the step  
Of him with mind on peace intent,  
And so—HATS OFF! Here comes the  
State,

A modest King:

THE PRESIDENT.

No cavalcade with galloping squads  
Surrounds this man, whose mind con-  
trols

The actions of the million minds  
Whose hearts the starry banner folds;  
Instead, in simple garb he rides,  
The King to whom grim Fate has lent  
Her dower of righteousness and faith  
To guide his will:

THE PRESIDENT.

The ancient lands are struck with awe,  
Here stands a power at which they  
scoffed,  
Kings, rulers, scribes of pristine states



Are dazed,—at Columbia they mocked;  
 Yet human wills have forged new  
 states,  
 Their wills on justice full intent,  
 And fashioned here a lowly King,  
 The People's choice:

THE PRESIDENT.

War-ravaged, spent, and torn—old  
 worlds  
 With hatred rent, turn to the West,  
 "Give help!" they cry—"our souls are  
 wracked,  
 On every side our kingdom's pressed."  
 And see! Columbia hastens forth,  
 Her healing hand to peace is lent,  
 Her sword unsheathed has forged the  
 calm,  
 Her sons sent by

THE PRESIDENT.

Full many a storm has tossed the  
 barque  
 Since first it had its maiden trip,  
 Full many a conflagration's spark  
 Has scorched and seared the laboring  
 ship;  
 And yet it ploughs a straightway  
 course,  
 Through wrack of billows; wind-tossed,  
 spent,  
 On sails the troubled Ship of State,  
 Steered forward by

THE PRESIDENT.

STAND UP! HATS OFF! He's coming by,  
 No roll of drums peals at his course,  
 NOW GIVE A CHEER! He's part of you,  
 Your will with his: the nation's force.  
 And—as he passes—breathe a prayer,  
 May justice to his mind be lent,  
 And may the grace of Heaven be with  
 The man who rules:

OUR PRESIDENT.

*Charles H. L. Johnston.*

**Lullaby**

Sleepy little, creepy little goblins in the  
 gloaming,  
 With their airy little, fairy little  
 faces all aglow,  
 Winking little, blinking little brownies  
 gone a-roaming,  
 Hear the rustling little, bustling little  
 footfalls as they go.  
 Laughing little, chaffing little voices  
 sweetly singing  
 In the dearest little, queerest little  
 baby lullabies,  
 Creep! Creep! Creep!  
 Time to go to sleep!  
 Baby playing 'possum with his big  
 brown eyes!

Cricket in the thicket with the oddest  
 little clatter  
 Sings his rattling little, prattling  
 little, tattling little tune;  
 Fleet the feet of tiny stars go patter,  
 patter, patter,  
 As they scamper from the heavens  
 at the rising of the moon.  
 Beaming little, gleaming little fireflies  
 go dreaming  
 To the dearest little, queerest little  
 baby lullabies.  
 Creep! Creep! Creep!  
 Time to go to sleep!  
 Baby playing 'possum with his big  
 brown eyes!

Quaking little, shaking little voices all  
 a-quiver  
 In the mushy little, rushy little,  
 weedy, reedy bogs,  
 Droning little, moaning little chorus  
 by the river,  
 In the croaking little, joking little  
 cadence of the frogs.  
 Eerie little, cheery little glowworms in  
 the gloaming

Where the clover heads like fairy  
 little nightcaps rise,  
 Creep! Creep! Creep!  
 Time to go to sleep!  
 Baby playing 'possum with his big  
 brown eyes!

*J. W. Foley.*

### Chums

If we should be shipwrecked together  
 And only had water for one,  
 And it was the hottest of weather  
 Right out in the boiling sun,  
 He'd tell me—no matter how bad he  
 Might want it—to take a drink first;  
 And then he would smile—oh, so glad  
 he  
 Had saved me!—and perish from  
 thirst!

Or, if we were lost on the prairie  
 And only had food for a day,  
 He'd come and would give me the share  
 he

Had wrapped up and hidden away;  
 And after I ate it with sadness  
 He'd smile with his very last breath,  
 And lay himself down full of gladness  
 To save me—and starve right to death.

And if I was wounded in battle  
 And out where great danger might be,  
 He'd come through the roar and the  
 rattle  
 Of guns and of bullets to me.  
 He'd carry me out, full of glory,  
 No matter what trouble he had,  
 And then he would fall down, all gory  
 With wounds, and would die—but be  
 glad!

We're chums—that's the reason he'd  
 do it;  
 And that's what a chum ought to be.  
 And if it was fire he'd go through it,  
 If I should call him to me.

You see other fellows may know you,  
 And friends that you have go and  
 come;

But a boy has one boy he can go to,  
 For help all the time—that's his chum.

*J. W. Foley.*

### Jim Brady's Big Brother

Jim Brady's big brother's a wonderful  
 lad,  
 And wonderful, wonderful muscles he  
 had;  
 He swung by one arm from the limb  
 of a tree  
 And hung there while Jim counted up  
 forty-three  
 Just as slow as he could; and he leap-  
 ed at a bound  
 Across a wide creek and lit square on  
 the ground  
 Just as light as a deer; and the things  
 he can do,  
 So Jimmy told us, you would hardly  
 think true.

Jim Brady's big brother could throw a  
 fly ball  
 From center to home just like nothing  
 at all;  
 And often while playing a game he  
 would stand  
 And take a high fly with just only one  
 hand;  
 Jim Brady showed us where he knock-  
 ed a home run  
 And won the big game when it stood  
 three to one  
 Against the home team, and Jim  
 Brady, he showed  
 The place where it lit in the old wagon  
 road!

Jim Brady's big brother could bat up a  
 fly  
 That you hardly could see, for it went  
 up so high;

He'd bring up his muscle and break  
any string

That you tied on his arm like it wasn't  
a thing!

He used to turn handsprings, and cart-  
wheels, and he

Could jump through his hands just as  
slick as could be,

And circuses often would want him to  
go

And be in the ring, but his mother said  
no.

Jim Brady's big brother would often  
make bets

With boys that he'd turn two complete  
summersets

From off of the spring-board before he  
would dive,

And you'd hardly think he would come  
up alive;

And nobody else who went there to  
swim

Could do it, but it was just easy for  
him;

And they'd all be scared, so Jim said,  
when he'd stay

In under and come up a half mile  
away.

Jim Brady's big brother, so Jim said,  
could run

Five miles in a race just as easy as  
one.

Right often he walked on his hands  
half a block

And could have walked more if he'd  
wanted to walk!

And Jimmy says 'wait till he comes  
home from school,

Where he is gone now, and some day,  
when it's cool,

He'll get him to prove everything to be  
true

That Jimmy told us his big brother  
could do!

*J. W. Foley.*

## The Gray Swan

"Oh tell me, sailor, tell me true,  
Is my little lad, my Elihu,

A-sailing with your ship?"

The sailor's eyes were dim with dew,—

"Your little lad, your Elihu?"

He said with trembling lip,—

"What little lad? what ship?"

"What little lad! as if there could be  
Another such a one as he!

What little lad, do you say?

Why, Elihu, that took to the sea

The moment I put him off my knee!

It was just the other day

The *Gray Swan* sailed away."

"The other day?" the sailor's eyes  
Stood open with a great surprise,—

"The other day? the *Swan*?"

His heart began in his throat to rise.

"Ay, ay, sir, here in the cupboard lies

The jacket he had on."

"And so your lad is gone?"

"Gone with the *Swan*." "And did she  
stand

With her anchor clutching hold of the  
sand,

For a month, and never stir?"

"Why, to be sure! I've seen from the  
land,

Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,

The wild sea kissing her,—

A sight to remember, sir."

"But, my good mother, do you know  
All this was twenty years ago?

I stood on the *Gray Swan's* deck,

And to that lad I saw you throw,

Taking it off, as it might be, so,

The kerchief from your neck."

"Ay, and he'll bring it back!"

"And did the little lawless lad  
That has made you sick and made you  
sad,

Sail with the *Gray Swan's* crew?"  
 "Lawless! the man is going mad!  
 The best boy ever mother had,—  
 Be sure he sailed with the crew!  
 What would you have him do?"

"And he has never written line,  
 Nor sent you word, nor made you sign  
 To say he was alive?"

"Hold! if 'twas wrong, the wrong is  
 mine;

Besides, he may be in the brine,  
 And could he write from the grave?  
 Tut, man, what would you have?"

"Gone twenty years,—a long, long  
 cruise,

'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse;  
 But if the lad still live,  
 And come back home, think you you  
 can

Forgive him?"—"Miserable man,  
 You're mad as the sea,—you rave,—  
 What have I to forgive?"

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,  
 And from within his bosom drew  
 The kerchief. She was wild.

"My God! my Father! is it true  
 My little lad, My Elihu?

My blessèd boy, my child!

My dead,—my living child!"

*Alice Cary.*

## The Circling Year

### SPRING

The joys of living wreath my face,  
 My heart keeps time to freshet's race;  
 Of balmy airs I drink my fill—  
 Why, there's a yellow daffodil!  
 Along the stream a soft green tinge

Gives hint of feathery willow fringe;  
 Methinks I heard a Robin's "Cheer"—  
 I'm glad Spring's here!

### SUMMER

An afternoon of buzzing flies,  
 Heat waves that sear, and quivering  
 rise;  
 The long white road, the plodding  
 team,  
 The deep, cool grass in which to  
 dream;  
 The distant cawing of the crows,  
 Tall, waving grain, long orchard rows;  
 The peaceful cattle in the stream—  
 Midsummer's dream!

### AUTUMN

A cold, gray day, a lowering sky,  
 A lonesome pigeon wheeling by;  
 The soft, blue smoke that hangs and  
 fades,  
 The shivering crane that flaps and  
 wades;  
 Dead leaves that, whispering, quit their  
 tree,  
 The peace the river sings to me;  
 The chill aloofness of the Fall—  
 I love it all!

### WINTER

A sheet of ice, the ring of steel,  
 The crunch of snow beneath the heel;  
 Loud, jingling bells, the straw-lined  
 sleigh,  
 A restless pair that prance and neigh;  
 The early coming of the night,  
 Red glowing logs, a shaded light;  
 The firelit realm of books is mine—  
 Oh, Winter's fine!

*Ramona Graham.*

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100

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+ 53



